PARIS
THE BEAUTIFUL

LILIAN WHITING

Margaret B. Herman

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PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL

Tower of St. Jacques, Paris

PARIS
THE BEAUTIFUL

BY

LILIAN WHITING

AUTHOR OF "THE FLORENCE OF LANDOR," "ITALY, THE MAGIC LAND," "BOSTON DAYS," "A STUDY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING," "THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL," ETC.

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TO

HENRY HAYNIE

(Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur of France)

TO WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT AND GRACIOUS KINDNESS I AM INDEBTED IN WAYS WHICH ONLY THE RECORDING ANGEL CAN FITLY EXPRESS, THIS EFFORT TO MAKE SOME INTERPRETATION OF PARIS, THE BEAUTIFUL, IS INSCRIBED WITH THE EVER GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF

LILIAN WHITING.

Paris, May Days, 1908.

"Qui aime la France, aime Paris. Qui ne connait Paris, ignore la France."

PREFATORY NOTE

THE very atmosphere of Paris is fascination that inspires perpetual record in pictorial or literary expression. Of the numerous latter-day books written on some of the various phases of this wonderful city, there stands, preëminently, one, — the "Paris Past and Present" by Henry Haynie, Chevalier in the French Legion of Honor, who, alone, of all who have attempted interpreting Paris and *la vie Parisienne*, in all its phases of letters, art, science; its historic associations and monuments; its fashion, wit and grace; its scenic enchantment, its serious purposes and significant progress, has, out of a prolonged residence extending over fifteen years, given to the world a volume which is, at once, a permanent literary achievement and the embodiment of an ideal to which any subsequent writer may well look.

The attempt to make some interpretation of Paris, The Beautiful, in this volume is like recalling

> —"the memories of sweet summer eves
> Of moonlit waves and willowy way,
> Of stars and flowers and dewy eves,"—

recalling the peculiar thrill and joy of impressions through a series of spring and early summer sojourns, revivified by this present return to Paris, and in which all the enchantment of all the summers rises again like an incantation. To stand again in Sainte-Chapelle in the incomparable light of the great rose window with a new

realization of the strange and superstitious mysticism of Louis XI; to linger in the Panthéon and recall the wonderful story of Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, whose marvellous history is depicted on the walls by the master hand of Puvis de Chavannes in his series of decorative paintings; to loiter in the gardens of the Tuileries where statues gleam whitely amid the glow of scarlet geraniums in the great vases, and the vista down the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées is framed in the stately Arc de Triomphe at the Etoile; to renew acquaintance with contemporary French art through the two salons in the splendid galleries of the Grand Palais, — in all these experiences one unites the joy and beauty of

> —" the suns that have long since set
> And the glory of summers that are not yet."

The French Capital is the most prismatic of cities. It is all agleam and aglow with a radium-like brilliancy. When it is not mediæval, it is the most modern of all great cities. Art and Science are its handmaids. And always is it seen through this very atmosphere of fascination — under a spell which eludes analysis or definition but which holds for every visitor its dream of enchantment, investing Paris, the Beautiful.

39 Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris,
Midsummer, 1908.

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Paris is the battlefield of labor, and without mentioning its savants, surgeons, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, physicians, lawyers and other earnest students in and professors of every branch of Science, Philosophy and Liberal Arts, it may be truthfully asserted that to its free scientific colleges and art ateliers, to its schools and studios flock men and women from every country on earth, seeking knowledge; attracted, not by its vices or its pleasures, but by its artistic treasures, its brilliant ideas, its rich music, its fine literature, its beautiful mind, its undoubted excellence in everything.

HENRY HAYNIE.

PARIS, THE BEAUTIFUL

I

PARIS, THE BEAUTIFUL

"River and bridge and street and square
Lay mine, as much at my beck and call
Through the live, translucent bath of air
As the sights in a magic crystal ball."

Paris, the Beautiful, has for every visitor and sojourner an indescribable fascination that eludes comparison with the special charm of every other city. Even when the pale gold of the winter sunshine is falling over the Jardin des Tuileries and the Champs Élysées; when the long lines of statues, the groups of sculpture, and the marble urns for flowers are gleaming whitely from the clustering evergreens that define the paths, there is almost as distinctive a beauty as when, in all the glory of the early summer, the flowers are glowing in scarlet masses and the fountains are sending their

showers of spray an hundred feet into the air. The many spaces enchant the eye, — great avenues, vast parks and wide streets; beautiful views allure the gaze, melting into arch or monument or the picturesque façade of some church, or gateway, or the noble Arc de Triomphe, which forms a vista from the twelve great avenues that radiate from the Étoile.

Paris is neither mediæval nor modern; it refuses to be assigned to any definite chronology; it is unique, and there is a suggestion of a vast realm of life that is aglow with wonderful possibilities. Infinite trains of thought are inspired: one realizes that he is in the centre of art, of scientific activity and discovery, and that he treads on the very threshold of surprises that may, any morning, quite transform the course of progress. There is a curious sense of satisfaction with one's environment, as being that which contains and offers everything, and stimulates the purposes of life in myriad directions.

The French capital is a paradise of beauty; it is also a paradise of opportunity. The spirit experiences a sense of liberation from barriers and obstacles inseparable from all other cities or localities; a sense of being set free to observe,

to study, to enter into new and undreamed of realizations, and to enjoy. There is a wonderful exhilaration, as if, for the first time, one treads the Promised Land. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new. Art, in all its varied forms of expression, — in painting, sculpture, music, the drama, lyric art, architecture, — pervades the entire atmosphere. Society, in the brilliancy of ceremonial life, of fashion, or that of the savant, the scholar, the thinker, is here. Invention and research find in Paris their scientific home.

The generous hospitality of the French government to the student is unprecedented and unrivalled in the entire world. The splendid galleries of the Musées du Louvre, open daily (Mondays excepted) throughout the year, are free to each and all; the galleries of the Musée du Luxembourg are also free; the splendid courses of lectures given at the Sorbonne, the Institute, the Collège de France and many other institutions, there being often as many as thirty separate courses of lectures given at the same time, are open to all who wish to enjoy them. The Bibliothèque Nationale, with its three million volumes, is open daily, except on holidays, free to those who seek its magnificent

resources and its rare treasures of medals and antiques, manuscripts, maps and engravings. The Opéra, the Théâtre Français, the great concerts and the dramatic productions at all the theatres are available to the public at moderate prices. To live in Paris is to find that the most ideal and inestimable privileges of life are offered freely to all, without money and without price.

The popular idea that Paris is the synonym of frivolity, not to say of things far worse than frivolity, is utterly remote from the truth. The French do not, indeed, take their pleasures sadly, but joyously; sadness and seriousness, however, are by no means equivalent. That the *joie de vivre* is in the very air in Paris does not argue that Parisian life is lacking in significance. On the contrary, every phase of interest is represented, — the scholarly, the artistic, the mystic, as well as the most brilliant social life that the world has known. The complex, many-faceted French life is the wonder of contemporary civilization.

If one shall seek a key-note to Paris, he may find it in the inscription over the portals of the Panthéon, "*Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante*," placed there in 1791,

when the church of Sainte Geneviève was converted into a national memorial temple.

No city so honors its great men as does Paris. It perpetuates their memory in the names of streets and avenues, and one treads the Rue Bonaparte, the Avenue Victor Hugo, the Boulevard Haussmann, the Rue Gustave Courbet, the Avenue Bosquet, the Rues Richelieu, Danton, Eugène Delacroix, Henri Martin, Lamartine, Greuze, Pascal or Racine; the Avenue Prud'hon, the Rues Sévigné, Théophile Gautier; the Passage Thierry; the Quai Voltaire, and the Rue Rosa Bonheur. Who can traverse the narrow, gloomy little street of the Rue des Saints Pères without some passing speculation as to the " saintly fathers " whom it commemorates? Paris still bears traces of the Benedictine, the Franciscan, and the Dominican fraternities, and symbolism, historic allusion, legend and story are to be read in her thoroughfares.

But these are more a scenic setting to the life of to-day; an incidental background lending a mild, picturesque interest to the hour, rather than the special object of pursuit, as in the Italian cities. The great historic structures, such as Notre Dame, the Panthéon, the Sorbonne, the Musée Cluny, Sainte-Chapelle, the

Madeleine, and also the churches of Saint Germain-des-Prés, Saint Sulpice, Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois, Saint Etienne-du-Mont and Saint Roch attract a visit, perhaps repeated pilgrimages, from the occasional sojourner in Paris. But after these and a few other important buildings, such as the Hôtel de Ville, the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Musée Carnavalet are seen once or twice, they are then taken for granted, and merge into a part of the general interest of Paris. The tourist, of course, goes to Versailles and to Fontainebleau, to Barbizon and to the Château de Rosa Bonheur near Thomèry, where Mlle. Anna Klumpke, the artist-friend of the great woman painter of France, and the one to whom Mlle. Bonheur devised her entire estate, so hospitably opens the doors of the château to all who desire to inspect the home and work of Rosa Bonheur. He drives through the wonderful forests of Fontainebleau; he loiters away a summer afternoon in the wooded grounds of the Grand or the Petit Trianon; he makes a pilgrimage to Giverny for Monet, and to Meudon for Rodin; he drives to Sacré-Cœur for the wonderful view over Paris from the heights of Montmartre, and he passes a morning with the ghosts of the past in the dim

The Petit Trianon, Versailles

arcades of the Palais Royal. Some fine day he betakes himself to the Ile de la Cité for a prowl among historic associations and spends a lingering hour in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with perhaps a latent wonder if he will meet " the monk, the white horse, and the two women " of legend. He discovers the Passage du Pont Neuf, and gazes at the very scene in which Zola's tragic tale, called " Thérèse Raquin," is laid.

This corner, surrounded by dingy buildings, is one of the forsaken nooks of Paris to-day. The Rue Mazarine is defined by a grim, black wall, and M. Georges Cain, the eminent curator of the Musée Carnavalet, and of the historic collections of Paris, says that this nook always recalls to him a paragraph in the " Fils Naturel " by the younger Dumas, who, in some reminiscence of his childhood, recalls the return from the *première* of the play " Charles VI chez ses grands vassaux," given at the Odéon in 1831, with doubtful success, which presaged no relief from the dreary poverty of the household. Alexandre Dumas had heavy burdens to support, — his mother, in addition to his own household — and he had but the meagre salary of his position under the Duc d'Orléans. It was not his talents, but his star that he doubted;

and the younger Dumas always remembered his father's broad shadow cast by the moon on the dark, gloomy wall of the Institute, and himself, timidly guessing at his father's anxieties, and endeavoring to keep up with the strides of the good-natured giant.

Near the Place de la Bastille, in the centre of which the Colonne de Juillet (erected in 1831-40, to the memory of the heroes of the Revolution of 1830) towers into the air, is the Passage Charlemagne in the Rue Saint Antoine, the very epitome of picturesque decay, and now swarming with a population that suggests the characters in the novels of Gaboriau. They are peaceful enough, however, although the nondescript throng offer for barter and sale the very flotsam and jetsam of civilization, which suggest all varieties of stratagem and spoil, if not treason. The once magnificent mansion of Hugues Aubriot which, under Charles V was a notable social centre, is here occupied by venders of milk and provisions, old chairs, broken kitchen furnishings which have apparently seen their best days, and the rags of utter squalor. Yet the façade of this mansion retains its architectural beauty, and there are still remaining the turrets of five centuries ago, which enclosed the

grand staircase. From the broken, neglected casements, one reconstructs, in fancy, the windows from which the Duc de Berri, the Duc d'Orléans, and Jean de Montaigne have gazed, as guests in this once noble mansion.

Hugues Aubriot was made Provost of Paris under Charles V, and this building, then known as the provost's palace, was noted for the tower and spiral staircase, which is the only part now remaining intact.

In this vicinity, also, assembled the Précieuses, with Mlle. de Scudéry as their leader under the name of Sapho. As the reader will recall, this society of Nouvelles Précieuses is satirized by Molière in his "Précieuses Ridicules." In the spring of 1612, Marie de Médicis, Queen Regent, gave a tournament to celebrate the conclusion of peace with Spain, to which all the Précieuses proceeded in high state. They journeyed, at times, in the enormous, clumsy coaches of the day, specimens of which are preserved in the Musée de Cluny, to Mme. de Sévigné's, and to the stately hôtel of Marion de Lorme.

The authors of "The Stones of Paris" say of the Précieuses: "For this spot was not only the centre of the supreme social movement of

the capital during this long period, but it was the cradle of that *bourgeois* existence which grew absurd in its swelling resolve to grow as big as that above it. The Hôtel Rambouillet, for all its affectations, did some slight service to good literature and good morals; it rated brains and manners above rank and money; it paid a formal and skin-deep homage to decency. Molière himself, rebelling, had to yield, and his early license became restraint, at least. In the wild days of the Fronde, men and women were in earnest, and then came the days when they were in earnest only about trifles; when the 'infinitely little' was of supremest importance, when shallow refinements concealed coarseness, stilted politeness covered mutual contempt, and the finest sentiments of a Joseph Surface in the *salon* went along with unrestricted looseness outside. To seem clean was the epidemic of the time, and its chronic malady was cant, pretence, and pollution."

Here, also, the nieces of Mazarin took their outings in sedan-chairs.

In the Rue des Vosges, adjacent, stood the Hôtel Rambouillet, which initiated the delightful Paris fashion of tall windows opening from

Interior of Rosa Bonheur's Studio, Fontainebleau

floor to ceiling. "Behind them, the spacious blue and yellow *salons* were hung with Italian velvets, or with Flemish and French tapestries, interspaced with Venetian mirrors. Lebrun and his like decorated the ceilings later, and the cornices were heavily carved, and the furniture was in keeping with its surroundings. The arcades of brick, picked out with stone ribs — a trifle too low and heavy, it may be, for their symmetry with the otherwise perfect proportions of these façades — were imitated from those of Italy, to serve for shelter from sun, and for refuge from rain, to the strollers who thronged them for over a century. To tell over their names, one has merely to look down the list of men who made themselves talked about, through the whole of Louis XIII's and almost to the close of Louis XIV's reign. Then there were the women, lovely or witty or wicked, and those others, (*entre deux âges*,) for whom the Marais was noted. The creations of comedy are here, too, and Molière's Mascarille and le Menteur of Corneille are as alive as their creators, under these arcades."

All this region is peopled with ghosts and spectres and phantoms of the past. Lingering here on some spring day, when white clouds are

flitting over the blue sky, one finds the air vocal with voices long since silent. This squalid and grim region was the very heart of the most important and dominating social movement of the day. The domicile of Mlle. de Scudéry, where she wrote her "Artamène," is in a narrow passage near; and here she lived to the age of more than ninety years. In this house she wrote the poem that won her the appellation of the Tenth Muse, and here she received the homage and adulation of her bevy of admirers.

The entire locality of the Rue Saint Antoine and Place des Vosges is filled with landmarks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that left their impress on the nineteenth. In the Place Royale was the Hôtel de Richelieu, with ceilings painted by Lebrun; and in near proximity lived Molière, the Marquis de Breteuil, the Comte de Tresmes, and the Marquis du Camilloc. Mlle. Rachel had her home at one time in the Place Royale, and in his early days, Victor Hugo lived near by. In the centre of the square is a statue of Louis XIII. Here Mme. de Sévigné was born, in the street that now bears her name, and which was then known as the Rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine. The names of Mlle. du Châtelet and of Théophile

Gautier are also associated with this locality, and the invocation of the ghosts of those centuries forever gone from all save memory would call up a host of the most varied spirits from the vasty deep. After all,

> "Men and women make the world
> As head and heart make human life,"

and the interest of Paris is largely that of the successive dramas that have been enacted in her streets by the mercurial populace who have fashioned the city.

The entire history of Paris is one involving psycho-pathological problems of intense interest. The frenzies that have engulfed the people, at times, simply offer a study into the phenomena of hysteria, into what Frederick Myers has well called the epochs of "disturbances of personality." In one of the illuminative paragraphs of Mr. Myers, he compares this state of hysteria that sometimes seizes and dominates thousands of men, with those of normal personality:

"Might not all the historic tale be told, *mutato nomine*, of the whole race of mortal men? What assurance have we that from some point of higher

vision we men are not as these shrunken and shadowed souls? Suppose that we had all been a community of hysterics, all of us together subject to these shifting losses of sensation, these inexplicable gaps of memory, these sudden defects and paralyses of movement and of will. Assuredly we should soon have argued that our actual powers were all with which the human organism was or could be endowed. . . . Nay, if we had been a populace of hysterics we should have acquiesced in our hysteria. We should have pushed aside as a fantastic enthusiast the fellow-sufferer who strove to tell us that this was not all that we were meant to be. As we now stand, — each one of us *totus, teres, atque rotundus* in his own esteem, — we see at least how cowardly would have been that contentment, how vast the ignored possibilities, the forgotten hope. Yet who assures us that even here and now we have developed into the full height and scope of our being? A moment comes when the most beclouded of these hysterics has a glimpse of the truth. A moment comes when, after a profound slumber, she wakes into an *instant clair* — a flash of full perception, which shows her as solid, vivid realities all that she has in her bewilderment been apprehending

phantasmally as a dream. . . . Is there for us also any possibility of a like resurrection into reality and day? Is there for us any sleep so deep that waking from it after the likeness of perfect man we shall be satisfied; and shall see face to face; and shall know even as also we are known."

It is a far cry from the Paris of Richelieu and Molière, the Paris of the Place Royale and the Rue Saint-Antoine, to that of the Champs Élysées, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Avenue de Bois, — the Paris of wit, elegance, luxury, power and beauty, — the magic Paris of to-day, with its atmosphere of the triumphal achievement of that which is worth having in life. The contrast of the streets of Paris and London would furnish reflections on the contrast of nature between the French and the English. It is perhaps true that one never finds himself near the English side of the Channel that he is not overcome by the call of Paris and Italy, and will not take leisure to see his London adequately. He thinks of it as a reckless waste to pass any time in England that he might pass in Paris. Yet all the while he realizes that London is, without doubt, the intellectual capital of the world; the absolute centre — the won-

derful focus of every conceivable interest. London cannot but impress one, in many ways, as the most marvellous human spectacle on the face of the earth! It is like the most gigantic and colossal machine in which both people and mechanism meet, and fit into each other like cogs in a groove. It is like an infinitely vast human dynamo. The rush of the machine never stops, but nothing veers amiss. Every cog and pin keeps perfectly in its place. The streets are a swiftly moving river of traffic and travel, but no one is hurt, no accident happens. There is not the danger in this unspeakable turmoil that there is in the quiet and supremely decorous Back Bay region of Boston. Take, for one feature, the motor 'bus. It is as large as a house, as an hotel, as a warehouse, as a ship, — almost. It looms up like the very car of Juggernaut. It comes down upon one like the wolf on the fold. It could crush fifty people at once and no one would ever even notice the catastrophe. But as a matter of fact, it seems as harmless as a flying bird. Then the 'bus, — with its two swift horses; the hansom cab, darting everywhere; the private motor car; the carriages, and always and everywhere the pedestrians; and yet, all this complex, countless

and indescribable throng and mass some way go and come, and cross the streets, and thread the labyrinths safe and untouched. How it is done is a miracle. It is the most impressive illustration of absolutely perfect adjustment of people and environment. The great " motor 'bus " lines are all gloriously named. One line bears proudly its title of the " Union Jack." Another is the " Vanguard," while a third is the " General." They run from the city to Kensington, to Bayswater, to Hampstead, — to the moon, for aught one knows. They are everywhere and they go everywhere. They carry a roof-deck full of passengers at the same price as the seats within. Then there is the new " tube," which seems to be perfection itself. It is as perfect as New York's subway is defective. In the latter, any journey is like taking a steam bath. The air is bad, the service itself not over-good, and the temperature more or less intolerable. But the air in the London " tube " is as pure as the famous " strained " air of a certain modern New York hotel, which thus improves upon the natural air to prepare it for their guests to breathe. The electric trains in the " tube " are so swift-gliding that the passenger almost arrives before he starts. But

the getting to these " tube " trains is a process. One goes down a long flight of steps and at the foot finds an elevator; but this is not a device to carry him to the surface again, but, instead, he is elevated down — if the reader will pardon the contradiction. He descends to the centre of the earth, or somewhere along there and then enters his train. The whole process is a swift one and is carried out more quickly than could be imagined. It is all like clockwork.

Now while all this adjustment of persons and places, of people and traffic is carried on in London with the calm power of some colossal Juggernaut proceeding on its way, in Paris it is very different. Nothing can be more quiet and commonplace than the taking of a 'bus, or " tube," or motor in England. In the streets of Paris it is a spectacle. It is an event. It is a drama. Each passenger obtains his " numéro " from the wayside office and the conductor calls out the number. He who has the card bearing " 61 " must wait patiently until " 60 " is seated, and if then the seats are filled, if the great vehicle is " *tout complet*," he must await the next one. An American could board a train to cross the continent with less display of energy. Everything in Paris, from the most important

to the most insignificant movement, is done with a certain *réclame*. It is the French temperament, and the psychologist may ask whether this national excitability of temperament is not the outcome of that tragic hysteria which culminated in the French Revolution. To a great extent, also, it is the artistic temperament. Every action, every gesture is pictorial. Paris is the city, not so much of progressive growth, as of successive transformations. The city of Louis XIII was no more the city of Napoleon III, than is that of Louis-Philippe the city of President Fallières. Paris is always being transformed, something after the fashion recommended by Saint Paul, — by the renewing of its mind. Its mercurial temperament is creative. It originates new designs in art, in letters, in general progress, as it does in fashions. The French capital evidently holds the mental conviction regarding any change that:

> "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly."

Nowhere can the national genius of a people be more justly studied in its streets than in Paris.

The Christmas season, for instance, is something to be reckoned with, in the French capital. From the week before Christmas up to Twelfth Night, the holiday festivities take precedence of every other conceivable event or interest. The genius of the French people is for festivals. Whatever the holidays are elsewhere, they have hardly the absolute abandon to gaiety seen in Paris. They all seem to believe with the Spanish as expressed in the proverb: "God first; amusement second, and work is for the donkeys." For the time all business, save that of shopping, goes to the winds. Neither modiste nor milliner, nor laundress nor any one else will undertake any work, for love, or money, or any other consideration. All along the boulevards rows of temporary booths are erected with all sort of *bijouterie* for sale. Trinkets and tinsel, and toys make gay the spectacle. Every one is buying who is not selling. Fakirs whirl impossible showers of electric lights; biographs shown from the second story of buildings hold crowds and throngs gazing at these curious moving pictures from the opposite side of the street; the cafés are crowded with people who take their coffee and ices — and heaven knows what less innocent

dainties — while listening to an orchestra throned above on the flower screened balcony. Everything is movement and gaiety. All Paris is abroad, and pleasure is the business of life. Everything else is incidental. Work is simply a means to an end, and that end is pleasure. The Café de Paris, in the Avenue de l'Opéra, is a typical French interior. It is the centre where most do congregate the aristocracy and also the gorgeous beings of that half-world which is such a feature of the French capital. American visitors are apt to make up little parties for the café on festive occasions, as they would go to the theatre or opera, as a spectacle of the city. New Year's Eve this interior is apt to be resplendent with flowers and colored lights, and displays elaborate costumes and marvellous jewels. Almost every modern language is heard. The dinner and music are prolonged well into the morning hours, and the streets are filled with revellers more vociferous than our own Fourth of July throngs, that keep up their merriment till dawn. New Years is the great Parisian festival — far more than is Christmas, while across the Channel the English reverse this valuation.

But for those of us to whom the world has

other interests than spectacles and festivities, there is a feeling of relief when all this incessant merrymaking is at last ended, and one may begin to fall upon rational days again.

At all times and seasons, Paris offers in her streets a series of pictorial effects that captivate the eye. Entering the Avenue des Champs Élysées from the Place de la Concorde, the site of the guillotine by which Marie Antoinette was beheaded is marked by a colossal group of sculpture. Entering the avenue, one soon comes to the two great buildings of white marble — the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts and the Petit Palais — standing opposite each other on either side the street that runs over the Pont Alexandre III — the most decorative and elaborate bridge over the Seine, which was constructed to celebrate the grand exposition of 1900. The two palaces of art were also built for that year. In the Grand Palais are held the annual Salons — both societies, each spring — but the Petit Palais holds a permanent exposition of furniture, bronzes, ivory carvings, tapestries and wonderful clocks, old musical instruments, and other curious and interesting things. In this Palais are also displayed the furniture and sculpture which France has purchased from the Spring

Salons since 1875. On one side of the Avenue des Champs Élysées, entering from the Place de la Concorde, are a series of cafés chantants — the Grand Palais de Glace and numerous pavilions, with arches and circles and clusters of electric lamps, which, when lighted at night, gleaming in all colors, rose and amber, and violet and emerald and scarlet, amid the foliage in the summer, offer an enchanted scene. Looking up the avenue, whether in the golden glow of the summer days or in the pale shadows of winter, the magnificent Arc de Triomphe meets the eye, with its stately and impressive vista. The Étoile is the centre of all social Paris, its great avenues branching in all directions.

The Arc de Triomphe is one of the architectural glories of the world, being the largest of all the triumphal arches, — one hundred and sixty-four feet in height and about the same in width, with a thickness of seventy-five feet. It was begun in 1805 by order of Napoleon I, as a memorial of the triumphs achieved by the French troops in the Austerlitz campaign, and it was completed in 1836 by Louis Philippe. It is adorned with groups of sculpture representing scenes in the history of France from

the breaking out of the revolutionary war in 1792 until the peace of 1815, such as the departure of troops in 1792, the battle of Aboukir, the defence against the invaders in 1814, and other scenes. On the arch are inscribed more than six hundred and fifty names of officers in the armies of the Napoleonic period, those of generals who died in battle being underlined.

The tomb of Napoleon is another of the impressive monuments of Paris, and is in the Dôme des Invalides, which was erected by the famous architect Mansard in 1706. The exterior elevation is adorned with Doric and Corinthian columns, and is approached by a broad flight of steps.

There are statues representing Justice, Temperance, Prudence, and Strength, and effigies of Charlemagne and St. Louis surrounding the aisles. The height to the summit of the cross is three hundred and forty feet, the diameter of the dome is nearly ninety feet. Like St. Paul's, London, this dome is not of stone, but of wood covered with lead. The pavement displays a handsome mosaic design of the time of Louis XIV. In the chapels around the dome are the tombs of two members of the Bonaparte family,— Joseph, King of Spain during the

Peninsular War, and Jerome, the Emperor's youngest brother, King of Westphalia.

But it is as one bends over the balustrade and looks down into the tomb, an open crypt some twenty feet deep by forty feet in diameter, that he gains the most complete idea of the impressive nature of the vast monumental structure; for here, directly under the lofty dome, in a great sarcophagus of red Finland granite, the gift of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, is deposited the body of the great Napoleon. It was in 1840, nineteen years after his death, that the Emperor's remains were brought to France by the Prince de Joinville, a son of King Louis-Philippe, in the warship La Belle Poule, in fulfilment of the dead Emperor's wish, expressed in his will, now inscribed over the bronze entrance to the crypt.

As a work of art, the Emperor's tomb is characterized by a grandeur and solemnity thoroughly in keeping with the feeling of France. Twelve colossal figures, representing the chief victories of Napoleon, surround the gallery and contemplate the sarcophagus. They are the best works of Pradier. Between the statues are aptly placed fifty-four flags, arranged in six trophies. They were taken at the battle of

Austerlitz. The mosaic pavement of the crypt represents a laurel wreath.

The inscription from the Emperor's will is as follows: — "*Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé.*" One feature of beauty is a large window of yellow glass, making a perpetual golden light that falls over the crypt and seems to enshrine the sarcophagus in a halo of glory.

The most beautiful view of Notre Dame is attained from a boat on the river. At the eastern end of the Ile de la Cité, the twin towers rise against the sky and make one of the beautiful pictures of Paris. The present edifice has had several predecessors, for as early as A. D. 365 there was a cathedral church on the site. Childebert, the successor of Clovis, the real founder of the Frankish kingdom in Gaul, built a second cathedral on the northern side of the Ile de la Cité, and dedicated it to Saint Étienne. It is now one of the finest specimens in Europe of decorated Gothic architecture. Above the central entrance is depicted the Last Judgment; the central door is adorned by a colossal statue of Christ, the right-hand door with a statue of St. Marcel, and the left-hand door with one

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA. *Vicenzo Vela*

of the Virgin Mary. In the niches above the doors are twenty-eight modern statues of kings. The statues of Adam and Eve and the central figure of the Virgin, above the niches, are by Geoffrey Dechaume; the two kneeling angels by Toussaint and Chenillon, respectively. The towers were originally meant to support spires. Admission is given at a door in the left tower to those who wish to ascend the towers, which may be done by paying a fee of fifty centimes. Viollet-le-Duc's steeple, rising to a height of two hundred and eighty-five feet from the ground, is worthy of special remark for its beauty and lightness. It is of timber covered with lead. The interior consists of a principal nave and a double series of aisles. Around the walls of the church are thirty-seven chapels. The pulpit is from a design of Viollet-le-Duc; the fine organ by Cliquot, restored by Cavaillé-Coll, is a marked feature of the church; but there are few paintings of much value, and the interest is historic rather than artistic.

The French Institute, where "Immortals" are created, is a conspicuous object from the Garden of the Tuileries. The Palais de l'Institut, a large building surmounted by

a dome, is on the left bank of the Seine, near where once stood the Tour de Nesle, where Margaret of Burgundy, the wife of Louis X, is said to have entertained young strangers whom, as a final office of hospitality, she afterwards caused to be thrown into the Seine.

The edifice, built in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was used as a prison during the Revolution and in 1795 was ceded to the five Académies which form the Institute. While it has no particular architectural or artistic attractions — an indifferent statue of Voltaire being almost the only work of art that decorates it, the interest of association always draws visitors.

Originally founded for educational purposes by Cardinal Mazarin, the Institute is now the goal of ambition to every French savant, and the annual meetings, when a new member is received, are occasions of national interest. The audience is composed of the most notable people of the day, — statesmen, scientists, men of letters, artists, and women of society and fame, who are in the most fashionable costumes and represent the titled aristocracy, and the celebrities of genius, of beauty and of social prominence. Tickets of admission can only be

obtained from members of the Institute, and they are greatly sought for, the demand always far exceeding the supply.

The French Institute comprises five Académies; the Académie Française, which devotes itself to the French language and the care and progress of the dictionary; the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, whose specialty is law, jurisprudence, moral philosophy and statistics; the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, whose scope includes history, geography, antiquities, Oriental and mediæval languages; the Académie des Sciences, devoting itself exclusively to scientific research; and the Académie des Beaux Arts, whose field is that of painting, sculpture, music, engraving and architecture. Each of these Académies has forty members, save that of Science, which admits sixty-six to its membership. Each of these bodies holds a weekly meeting, all of them meeting once a year, for the general meeting (the *Séance Annuelle*), when new members are received. Women, however notable for genius or achievements, are not eligible to membership.

In 1795, the Academy founded by Cardinal Richelieu was united with the Institute, and the

latter divided into three classes, each of which has since become, of itself, an academy. Each member of the Institute receives a salary of twelve hundred francs, and some five hundred and twenty-five thousand francs a year are devoted to prizes. The *Prix Jean Renaud* (ten thousand francs) is awarded to poets; the *Prix Gobert* to the best writer of the year on French history; and the *Prix Carnot* (eleven thousand francs) is devoted to some fifty families of workmen who are left in need. It was before the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques that Guizot delivered that course of brilliant and profound lectures that were afterwards embodied in his monumental work, the "History of Civilization."

Napoleon took a great personal interest in the Institute, and contributed to its organization. One of its most interesting features is the Bibliothèque Mazarin, the collection of books bequeathed to France by Cardinal Mazarin, — some three hundred thousand volumes, with more than sixty thousand rare and valuable manuscripts, representing the great authors of almost every age and nationality. There are also cases of historic souvenirs, as a large terrestrial globe of copper, which Louis XVI

had made for the instruction of the Dauphin, and the inkstand that belonged to Condé. There is also a collection that interests the archæologist in a number of models of Pelasgic monuments from Asia Minor, Greece and Southern Italy.

The little Musée de Caën is quite worth seeing, though this can only be arranged by special permission. Some forty years ago the Countess de Caën made a bequest to the Institute of France for the benefit of art students in Rome, with the condition that each one who shared in the benefit should contribute one work of art in painting, sculpture, or in architectural design to the Museum. Near the entrance to the Musée de Caën is a statue of Condorcet.

The Conciergerie is defined by its mediæval towers, and is a part of that vast architectural pile, the Palais de Justice, which almost covers the Ile de la Cité, to which the Pont Neuf leads, adorned with a bronze equestrian statue of Henri IV, placed there in 1818, by public subscription, and which was unveiled by Louis XVIII, with great pomp and ceremony. The Conciergerie and the Tour de l'Horloge are the survival of the mediæval palace built by Hugues Capet, to which the more modern structures

have been, from time to time, added. The splendid clock, the oldest timepiece in France, was placed by Charles V, and this gave the name to the Tour de l'Horloge.

The Conciergerie is still entered through a gloomy, arched door, at the further end of a narrow courtyard, as it was when Marie Antoinette was taken through it to the dungeon (Aug. 5, 1792), where only a single basement window admitted a gleam of light. Here she passed the last thirty-five days of her life before she was conveyed in the tumbril to the Place de la Concorde, where she was executed by the guillotine. The cells are shown that were occupied by Danton, Mme. Elizabeth, Camille Desmoulins, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, André Chénier and others of those ill-starred days; and the narrow spiral staircase, leading to the chamber of the Revolutionary Tribunal, still remains.

It is a relief to turn from all this gloom and horror to the Holy Chapel (Sainte-Chapelle) which was built by Louis IX to be a permanent sanctuary for the sacred relics that had been brought together by Saint Louis, purchased from Jean de Berinne, King of Jerusalem. They included a Greek cross, silver busts of

St. Denis and St. Louis, a gold cross belonging to Thomas à Becket, and various reliquaries and chalices. These have, however, since been removed to the sacristy of Notre Dame, where they can usually be seen on application to the sacristan. The Sainte-Chapelle was consecrated in 1248. The lower chapel, consisting only of nave and aisles, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and it contains the tombs of the canons of the church. The upper chapel, dedicated to the Holy Crown of Thorns, is reached by a spiral staircase. Its magnificent rose window, of fifteenth century work, represents the visions of the Apocalypse. There are fifteen windows, each fifty feet in height, of the most exquisite glass, which make a blaze of color. This interior is alone worth a visit to Paris. The scheme of decoration is one of the richest in the world. It is as if one beheld the marvellous vision of Saint John at Patmos. It is entering into a Temple of Glory.

"Add to the beauty of the chapel all the associations which crowd upon the memory," writes Sophia Beale in "The Churches of Paris," a most convenient hand-book, — "add to the beauty the faith and noble life of Saint Louis; his enthusiasm for God's work and man's

welfare; add to it all the ceremonies and the processions that have here been celebrated, with their lights and flowers and incense, and imagination forms a picture which no hand could paint." An art writer in a critique on Parisian architecture asserts of the Sainte-Chapelle that "the noble simplicity of its design, the majesty of its tall windows, and the beauty of all its details render it one of the most perfect examples of the Gothic style." Statues of the twelve apostles are placed against the pillars which divide the windows and support the roof. Between the arches are mosaic paintings, depicting subjects from the Bible and the martyrdom of the saints. Typical scenes from the lives of Saint Denis, Saint Lawrence, Saint Sebastian, Saint Stephen and many others are presented with convincing realism. There is but one service a year held in the Sainte-Chapelle, the "Mass of the Holy Ghost," on November third, at which the Archbishop of Paris officiates. From the chamber of the Tribune of Commerce in the Palais de Justice the judges and counsel' in robes of black silk, enter in stately procession; the judges and advocates from the Court of Appeal follow, in robes of scarlet cashmere, bordered with ermine; these are supported by

long processions from the Civil Tribunal and the Order of Advocates. The altar is ablaze with the light of a thousand candles; the attendant prelates are in their richest vestments; the archbishop, with his jewelled cross, and with his mitre and rich robes, is seated on the archiepiscopal throne. Then the legal bodies are seated. They offer a study of color; and the marvellous brilliancy of the deep-toned light falling through the pictured windows may well seem the light of the new Jerusalem. The entire interior is resplendent as if it were some palace of the sun, formed entirely of the intense vibrations of scarlet and violet and gold with rose and pearl and amber. It is like an interior made from jewels and gems all aglow. The spectacle of this annual "Mass of the Holy Ghost" in the Sainte-Chapelle is hardly approached elsewhere in the world for its magnificence of color and grouping.

"The interior of Sainte-Chapelle produces the effect of harmonious splendor that belonged to it in the days of Saint Louis," says Philip Gilbert Hamerton: "of all the Gothic edifices I have ever visited, this one seems to me preeminently that of a visible poem. It is hardly of this world; it hardly belongs to the realities of

life. . . . Every inch of wall is illuminated like a missal. When the eye becomes somewhat accustomed to the universal splendor, we begin to perceive that these windows are full of pictorial compositions, each window containing more than one thousand pictures."

Of these innumerable pictures, each detail is worked out in stained glass in the most delicate and exquisite gradations of color. The lover of art can only stand in this wonderful chapel entranced in ecstasy.

Looking up the river Seine from the Palais de Justice, the vast Gothic pile of Notre Dame stands out, — the cathedral church of Paris, with its twin towers, dark and impressive, — the scenic setting of Victor Hugo's immortal romance. In the late afternoon sunset, it appears as a violet-tinted mass, superb and imposing against the sky. From the Pont Neuf the splendid art palace of the Musées du Louvre, the mediæval Tour de Saint Jacques, the aerial spire of Sainte-Chapelle and the campanile of Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois merge into a landscape picture of surpassing loveliness, bathed in the liquid gold of the air all shimmering with opalescent tints that fade into the azure and gray of the wonderful French twilights.

"*I will make me a city of gliding and wide wayed silence,*
With a highway of glass and of gold;
With life of a colored peace and a lucid leisure
Of smooth, electrical ease,
Of sweet excursion of noiseless and brilliant travel.
With room in your streets for the soul."

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

II

THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES REGION

THE Avenue of the Champs Élysées, — that magnificent thoroughfare beginning at the Place de la Concorde, and extending to the Arc de l'Étoile, — almost illustrates the poet's ideal of "a highway of glass and of gold." But it cannot be described as a "wide wayed silence;" rather as a wide wayed and perpetual rush and flash of motor cars, a very race-course of chariots. This splendid avenue is divided into three roads; each of the two outer ones are for vehicles going in either direction, while on the middle course there are two lines of locomotion, up and down, so that the problem of crossing the avenue on foot is a complicated one, and is almost as perilous as the attempt to cross several railroad tracks at a time when trains are passing in different directions. There is a demand, indeed, that subway crossings for foot-passengers shall be made under the Champs

Élysées, as the risks and the hairbreadth escapes are fairly startling. No words could exaggerate the constant rush and the never-ending procession of the motor cars. It is fairly inconceivable that in any one street these vehicles should be so in evidence. But this avenue is not only the gateway to the fashionable residential regions of Paris; but also to the Bois de Boulogne, and to many of the suburbs and suburban towns. Like Piccadilly in London, and the Corso in Rome, the driving constitutes a ceaseless procession from morning until well after midnight.

The Champs Élysées offers a dazzling spectacle of *la vie mondaine.* A living stream pours by, and one vehicle has hardly flashed past before another follows, almost touching it. The very atmosphere is that of buoyant abandon and exhilaration. It is as though the entire populace had taken the wings of the morning and were flying joyously through space. The scene is the very centre of gaiety of the world's pleasure city. It is a spectacle absolutely unique. From the Place de la Concorde one gazes to the east down the long Garden of the Tuileries to the Palace of the Louvre, and to the west up the Avenue des Champs Élysées to the Arc de

Triomphe, — a vista unsurpassed in any city in the world. Between the Place de la Concorde and the Rond-Point the avenue is a road through a park, where seats are numerous under the chestnut trees, and cafés abound. It is a general recreation ground.

The Garden of the Tuileries is rich in sculpture to a degree that renders it almost an al fresco museum. The air of Paris is so clear and pure, so entirely unpervaded by smoke, that it renders possible the exposure of marble statues in the open air without injury. This garden, designed by Catherine de Médicis, consists largely of a series of paths and avenues crossing each other at right angles, with splendid rows of chestnut and lime trees, and with *salles de verdure* alternating with the gravelled spaces. The combination of terraces and sculpture and architecture with the luxuriant foliage and scarlet verbenas and geraniums in marble urns, making vivid dashes of color, is an impressionistic picture. Among the statues are the "Quand-même" of Mercié; the group of "Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus" by Maillet; the "Penelope" of Maniglier; Lepautre's "Æneas and Anchises;" Eude's "Omphale;" the "Ganymede" of Barthélemy,

and "The Awakening" by Mayer; Lévêque's "Diana and the Nymph of Fontainebleau;" the "Cassandra and Minerva" by A. Millet; Lemaire's "Alexander," Barye's "Lion and Serpent;" the "Aurora" of Magnier; Debay's "Pericles," and many others. There are also groups of river-gods, and statues representing the seasons; and a monument to Gambetta; and the colossal Arc de Triomphe, which Napoleon commanded Fontaine and Percier to erect to commemorate the victories of his armies in 1805–1806, dominates the scene. This work imitates the Arch of Severus in Rome.

The Place de la Concorde is one of the most magnificent squares of the entire world. It is far more beautiful than is Trafalgar Square in London, and at night it sparkles with ten thousand lights as if the constellations had fallen from the skies. It is accented by the obelisk which Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, presented to Louis-Philippe. Surrounding it are colossal fountains with figures of Nereids and Tritons and on the pavilions that mark the Place with their imposing edifices are eight gigantic stone figures, representing the principal towns of France: Lyons, Marseilles, Rouen, Brest, Bordeaux and Nantes, with Lille and

Strasburg, the two latter fantastically hung with crape and mourning emblems in remembrance of Alsace and Lorraine. The Pont de la Concorde, that crosses the river here, is built of stones from the Bastille, and is ornamented with statues of famous generals. The view from this bridge includes a vast array of notable architectural monuments, gardens and vistas, for from it may be seen the Place de la Concorde, the Madeleine, and the Chamber of Deputies; the Tuileries Garden, a pavilion of the Tuileries and one of the Louvre, the Pont Solférino and the Pont Royal; the ruined Palais du Quai d'Orsay, in front of which is the little dome of the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, the dome of the Institute, the towers of Notre Dame, the spire of the Sainte-Chapelle, and the dome of the Tribunal de Commerce. On one side rises the Palais de l'Industrie; then the Pont des Invalides, and, farther off, the two towers of the Trocadéro; to the left the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the lofty pile of the Eiffel Tower. The golden dome of the Invalides can be seen from a little below the bridge, to the right of the Chamber of Deputies, and the spires of Sainte Clotilde to the left, above the houses that form a picturesque sky-line.

No one can cross the Place de la Concorde in all this stately beauty of to-day, without finding himself haunted by the tragic scenes that invested it more than a hundred years ago.

It was on the eleventh of August, 1792 (the day after the capture of the Tuileries) that the Legislative Assembly advised the removal of the statue of the king, which was melted down and coined into two-sous pieces. In this year the fatal guillotine was established here. " Louis XVI was executed in the Place on January 21, 1793. On the seventeenth of July, Charlotte Corday was beheaded; on October 2 Brissot, chief of the Gironde, with twenty-one of his adherents; on October 16, the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette; on November 14, Philippe Égalité, Duke of Orléans, father of King Louis-Philippe; on May 12, 1794, Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI. On the fourteenth of March, through the influence of Danton and Robespierre, Hébert, the most determined opponent of all social rule, together with his partisans, also terminated his career on the scaffold. The next victims were the adherents of Marat and the Orléanists; then on April 8, Danton himself and his party, among whom was Camille Desmoulins; and

on April 16, the atheists Chaumette and Anacharsis Cloots, and the wives of Camille Desmoulins, Hébert, and others. On July 28, 1794, Robespierre and his associates, his brother, Dumas, Saint Just, and other members of the '*comité du salut public*' met a retributive end here; a few days later the same fate overtook eighty-two members of the Commune, whom Robespierre had employed as his tools. Lasource, one of the Girondists, said to his judges: '*Je meurs dans un moment où le peuple a perdu sa raison; vous, vous mourrez le jour où il la retrouvera.*' Between January 21, 1793, and May 31, 1795, upwards of twenty-eight hundred persons perished here by the guillotine.

"In March, 1871, the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Élysées were occupied by the German army. Here in May of the same year was the scene of fierce conflicts between the Versailles troops and the Communards, who had erected a barricade at the end of the Rue Royale commanding the Place."

The stranger who enters the Avenue Champs Élysées from the Place de la Concorde between the two statues of the Horse Tamers that guard the entrance, is hardly prepared for the magnificence that greets his eye when he reaches the

Rond-Point. Wide and magnificent avenues radiate from a circular space adorned with beds of flowers and with six fountains, flinging their spray into the air. The Rue Montaigne and the Rue Pierre Charron are especially noted for handsome architectural effects. The Rue d'Antin, crossing here, extends into the old Faubourg Saint-Honoré to the Church of Saint Philippe-du-Roule; the new Avenue Nicholas II leads over the new and splendid bridge, the Pont Alexandre III, built to commemorate the Exposition of 1900, and a work of the most interesting and superb artistic decoration. At the entrance are pillars supporting allegorical figures of gilded bronze, representing art, commerce, science and manufactures, each with a hand on a Pegasus. On either side of the pillars is a lion, two by Dalou and two by Granet. The symbolic figures are from Frémiet, Steiner and Granet. The corners of the pillars are supported by Ionic columns, and an ornamental frieze enriches the entablature. At the base are the arms of Russia and France united. On pedestals there are several statues of heroic size, symbolizing various epochs of French history. France under Charlemagne is represented by Lenoir; during the Renaissance by Coutan; under Louis XIV

by Marqueste, and the France of to-day by Michel. The *motif* of the entire scheme of decoration is the alliance between France and Russia, and the two genii, one on either side of the bridge, typify the Seine and the Neva.

Standing in the Avenue Alexandre III, looking on the magnificent bridge with its sculptures and reliefs and bronzes, the golden dome of the Invalides — under which is the tomb of Napoleon — is in the direct line of vision in the near distance.

The largest triumphal arch in the world is the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile from which star-like center the twelve principal avenues of Paris radiate. The Champs Élysées leads from the Place de l'Étoile to the Place de la Concorde, and the Avenue de la Grande Armée is its continuation on the opposite side to Neuilly, while the splendid Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne is the thoroughfare to the famous park of that name; the Avenue Hoche leads to the Parc Monceau between the Boulevard Malesherbes and the Boulevard de Courcelles; the Avenue Kléber leads to the Trocadéro, and in this avenue, behind a high, wrought iron fence, with gilded tops, was the Palais de Castile, which formerly belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain,

but this palace has recently been torn down to make room for one of the new and luxurious hotels.

The Avenue Victor Hugo is named in honor of the illustrious man whose name is one of the modern glories of France, and who died May 22, 1885, at his home in this avenue. Previous to this, Victor Hugo had lived in the Rue de Clichy, in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, in the Place des Vosges, and in the Rue du Dragon. His residence in the latter street dates back to 1821, when he was but nineteen years of age, and shared a garret of two compartments with a cousin, who was a law student. One of these rooms they made into a salon, whose chief attraction was a golden lily hung over the marble mantel. Hugo is said to have lived for one year on seven hundred francs, refusing aid from his father, who imposed on it the condition that his son should resign literary work. The elder Hugo little dreamed of the impress his son was to make on the life and literature of his century. A writer who visited the great poet and novelist in his home in Avenue Victor Hugo wrote of the house as being "quite unpretentious, but surrounded by a pretty garden." A tablet is now placed

VICTOR HUGO. *Rodin*

on the front to distinguish it to the passers-by. Of Victor Hugo's receptions, one visitor wrote: "An elderly man opened the door and showed me into the reception-room. A genial wood fire was burning in the fireplace, and under the ceiling and along the walls about fifty candles were burning in Venetian glass of artistic design. The room was not large, and was divided by a heavy silk portière of Pompeiian red, with here and there a dash of yellow. The window curtains and the tapestries on the walls were of the same stuff and color. A number of costly ornaments in bronze were scattered about the room. Large mirrors in bronze frames in elaborate designs ornamented the walls, and the magnificent Japanese screens challenged attention by the gorgeousness of their colors, and their exquisite embroidery."

He was the very ideal of courtesy and chivalry to his guests. He kissed the hand of every woman; he gave the greatest attention to each and all. In conversation, when he became interested, he often lapsed into monologue, but in a manner so brilliant and enthralling that his guests found listening a privilege. His marriage to Mlle. Adèle Foucher was celebrated in October, 1822, in the Chapel of the Virgin in

Saint Sulpice — the Chapel where the statue of the Virgin on Clouds is seen, lighted from above. Their early home was in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and of this spot Mme. Hugo afterward wrote: "The avenue was continued by a garden, whose laburnums touched the windows of his rooms. A lawn extended to a rustic bridge, the branches of which grew green in summer."

The authors of "The Stones of Paris," referring to this period in Victor Hugo's life, say: —

"The rustic bridge, the lawn, and the laburnums are no longer to be found, but the house is untouched, save by time and the elements. Behind those windows of the second floor, where was their apartment, was written 'Marion Delorme,' his strongest dramatic work, in the short time between the first and the twenty-fourth of June, 1829; and there he read it to invited friends, among whom sat Balzac, just then finishing, in his own painstaking way, 'Les Chouans.' In October of this year 'Hernani' was written and put on the boards of the Comédie Française, long before reluctant censors allowed 'Marion Delorme' to be played.

"To these rooms came, of evenings, those brilliant young fellows and those who were

bent on being brilliant, who made the vanguard of the Romanticists. Here was formed '*le Cénacle.*' Here Sainte-Beuve dropped in, from his rooms a few doors off, at No. 19, now No. 37, Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs; dropped in too frequently, for the 'smiling critic' came rather to smile on young Madame Hugo than for other companionship. Sometimes of an afternoon, such of the group as were walkers would start for a long stroll out to and over the low hills surrounding the southern suburbs, to see the sun set beyond the plains of Vanves and Montrouge. As they returned they would rest and quench their modest thirst in a suburban *guinguette* and listen to the shrill fiddling of '*la mère Saguet.*' All this and much more is told in Hugo's verse. The town has grown around and beyond the tavern, where it stands on the southwestern corner of Rue de Vanves and Avenue du Maine. . . . Late in 1830, or early in 1831, they went across the river to No. 9 Rue Jean-Goujon, where, in an isolated house surrounded by gardens, in the midst of the then deserted and desolate Champs Élysées, they could be as noisy as they and their friends chose. Soon after coming here they took their new daughter and their last child, Adèle, to

Saint Philippe-du-Roule for her baptism, as Hugo recalled, twenty years later, at Balzac's burial service in the same church. But here, despite the fields that tempted to walks in all directions, Hugo shut himself in and shut out his friends. For he was bound, by contract with his publisher, to produce ' Notre Dame de Paris ' within a few months. With his eye for effect, he put on a coarse, gray, woollen garment, reaching from neck to ankles, locked up his coats and hats, and went to work, stopping only to eat and sleep. He began his melodramatic book to the booming of the cannon of a Parisian insurrection, and he ended it in exactly five and one-half months, just as he had got to the last drop of ink in the bottle he had bought at the beginning. He thought of calling this romance ' What there is in a Bottle of Ink,' but gave that title to Alphonse Karr, who used it later for a collection of stories. Goethe's verdict on ' Notre Dame de Paris ' must stand ; it is a dull and tiresome show of marionettes.

" This house has gone, that street has been rebuilt, the whole quarter has a new face and an altered aspect. After his book was finished, Hugo hurried out to see the barricades of 1832, which he has glorified in ' Les Miserables.'

At this time he permits a glimpse of his home life. It is seen by a friend who, ushered into a large room, furnished with simple but elegant taste, was struck with the womanly beauty of Mme. Hugo, who had one of her children on her knee. When he saw the poet, sitting by the fireside, close by, 'he was vividly impressed with the resemblance of the entire scene to one of Van Dyck's finest pictures.' "

At the head of the Avenue Victor Hugo is a memorial group depicting the poet, but it is one of those merely monumental sculptures that have little artistic excellence or interest. The magnificent Avenue de Bois-du-Boulogne runs to the Bois from the Place de l'Étoile and the drive leads to the lakes in the park, of which one alone, the Lac Inférieur, covers nearly thirty acres. Cascades and waterfalls have been created, and while the purely artificial character of most of the decorative features is sufficiently obvious, there is an idyllic atmosphere, as if Puck and Ariel haunted the scenes. A great mass of rocks and earth, some fifty feet high, is piled above a stone basin, and sheets of water are sent falling through the various crevices and cracks in a picturesque manner. It is a very ingenious piece of rock-work con-

struction, and may even offer hints of value to nature herself. The visitors may further solace themselves with refreshments in the Café de la Cascade, where the height of the prices quite exceeds that of the waterfall, and the simplest *déjeuner* for two persons is apt to cost fifty francs or more. In the evening, when hundreds of nightingales are singing in the trees, floats with colored lanterns are provided for a row on the lake for those who incline to this poetic little festivity.

The Bois de Boulogne comprises some two thousand two hundred and fifty acres, and it is the especial happy hunting-ground of the Parisians. Every afternoon the driving is a brilliant spectacle. The finest and most elaborate motors, from the large touring car holding a dozen people, to the fairy-like electric coupé, with blue silk canopy, are seen, and the beauty and fashion of Paris are here on parade. It is one of the spectacles of the French capital, and of all is perhaps the most typical.

In the Avenue des Champs Élysées was the residence of the Duc de Malokoff; in the Rue Bayard, Gustave Doré and Jules Ferry had their homes. Doré had also lived in the Rue Monsieur le Prince, and, about 1848, in the Rue

Saint-Dominique. It was here that Mme. Doré held her famous Sunday evening receptions, preceded by an elaborate dinner-party. Doré had studios, however, almost over all Paris. His income at one time was enormous, and between 1850–1870 he is said to have received over two hundred and eighty thousand pounds (one million, four hundred thousand dollars) for his illustrations. It is recorded that he sometimes earned two thousand dollars (four hundred pounds) in a single morning. His early death, at the age of fifty-one, is not unaccountable when it is learned that he seldom slept more than three hours a night.

The Rue François I is a beautiful street, now the seat of the American Embassy, made so attractive to all Americans by the gracious hospitalities of the Ambassador and Mrs. Henry White.

In the Rue Chaillot was the home of "Delphine Gay," Mme. de Girardin. Balzac, writing of a visit to her in 1846, says: "She had her two great men, Hugo and Lamartine, with her. After a political *tartine* of Hugo's, I let myself go to an improvisation, in which I fought and beat him with some success, I assure you. Lamartine seemed charmed, and thanked me heartily."

It was Mme. Girardin, it will be recalled, who, under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay, wrote the "Lettres Parisiennes" in the "Courrier de Paris," of which her husband, Émile Girardin, was the editor, — letters that were considered as contributing signally to the elevation of French society. Somewhere, Théophile Gautier writes of this brilliant French woman of letters, and thus pictures her: —

. . . "Mme. de Girardin was then in all the pride of her beauty. The face which, as a *jeune fille*, too much resembled a carving in marble, suited admirably the woman, with her fine figure and statuesque pose. Her neck and shoulders, relieved by her favorite black velvet costume, were of a perfection which time did not diminish. Her rooms were hung with sea-green damask, and to her evenings came Victor Hugo, Balzac, Eugène Sue, Alphonse Karr and Alfred de Musset. No fête could yield her the enjoyment she found in seeing the chairs in her salon filled. Just after her death, in 1855, Charles Dickens dined with M. Girardin, and described in a letter the three gorgeous drawing-rooms with the thousand wax candles in golden sconces, terminating in a dining-room of unprecedented magnificence."

The Rue de la Pompe — now one of the most fashionable residential streets and the present home of the American Consulate, where the Consul-General and Mrs. Mason dispense their courteous and beautiful hospitality — was the home of Jules Janin, the "prince of critics," of whom Thackeray wrote, after visiting him in 1849: "Janin has the most wonderful *verve*, oddity, honesty and *bonhomie;* a magnificent, jolly, intelligent face, such as would suit Pan, I should think; and a flood of humorous, rich, jovial talk.

"In his beautiful châlet in the Rue de la Pompe the study occupies the entire length of the house. His library was one of the most extensive and complete private libraries in Paris, and the salons abounded in rich bronzes, marbles and pictures."

Quite near Janin lived the great French historian, Henri Martin, who died in 1883, in his house in the Rue Vital. His first great work, the "Histoire de France," appeared in part between 1836 and 1853 and the subsequent volumes between 1878–1879. He was conceded to hold the supreme place in the Thierry school of historians.

One of the many homes of Balzac was in this

vicinity, in the Rue Basse. In the Avenue de Trocadéro lived Lamartine, and in the Rue de Longchamps Théophile Gautier had his home and offered his generous and open hospitalities.

In the cemetery at Passy is the mausoleum temple containing the tomb of Marie Bashkirtseff, the temple constructed by Émile Bastien-Lepage. In the interior is a bust of the ill-starred young artist, with a volume of her diary in manuscript, and her palette, writing-desk, and other relics,— the entire mausoleum being most bizarre, and in startlingly bad taste.

In this vicinity are several museums: the Musée de Galliéra, containing the statues of "The Sorceress" by Béguine, and "The Future" by Moreau; and the Musée Guimet, largely devoted to a collection of Oriental pottery, antiquities and a library of Oriental literature, with statues of Mondshu and Fughen, the two chief disciples of Buddha; with relics from temples, and carvings from the chariots of Brahma, and many paintings illustrating the religions of Japan. There is a large model of an Indian temple; bronze statues of Vishnu, Siva, and Brahma; the Indian Venus of the sixteenth century; paintings depicting Brahma

THE APPARITION. *Moreau*

in the states of birth, penitence and transfiguration; a numerous array of idols; many glass cases containing beautiful examples of jade and of other gems of India; many rich vestments of the priests; wonderful examples of cloisonné and of enamels; and colossal bronze groups illustrating religious legends.

One small, but beautiful object of interest in Paris is the memorial chapel near the Place d'Iéna commemorating the site where many visitors to a Bazaar were burned; and in this chapel is the recumbent figure of Christ, an exquisite work in sculpture — the work of Moses Ezekiel of Rome — generously donated by Mrs. Jackson, a prominent American lady of Paris.

The Palais du Trocadéro was the permanent legacy of the Paris Exposition of 1878, as are the splendid Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts and the Petit Palais of the Exposition of 1900. "The site of the Trocadéro is incomparable," says Philip Gilbert Hamerton; "it stands upon a stately height from which a beautiful garden slopes down to the river, crossed there by one of the finest of its bridges; and when the sky is full of stars, and the scene covered with lights like an illumination, it is enough to inspire a poet, and it would be in the highest

degree poetic if not so modern and so easily accessible. Only forget that it is in familiar Paris, a day's journey from London; forget that these stately domes and lofty towers are not the dwelling of some mysterious Oriental potentate."

Various statues and monumental groups adorn the spacious grounds. The Palais du Trocadéro also contains a museum of casts, illustrating the progress of monumental sculpture from mediæval to modern times. Many curious and interesting things are seen: casts from the cathedrals of Amiens, Strasburg, Autun, and Bourges; reliefs from the cathedral of Siena; a "Visitation" from Saint Jean of Troyes; the Holy Sepulchre from the abbey-church of Solesmes; a cross from Auvergne; a twelfth century portal from Sainte Marie-des-Dames at Saintes; sepulchral statues from Saint Denis, and a multitude of similar objects, including the tomb of the children of Charles VIII at Tours.

Through the beautiful rotunda of the Salle des Fêtes, one may pass to the Ethnographical Museum, of special interest to students of ethnography.

The Parc Monceau is a pretty region, and the centre of a fashionable and artistic residen-

tial quarter. In this vicinity Paderewski, Rostand, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and other celebrities are domiciled, and in the Avenue Wagram is the magnificent private hôtel of the late Countess of Caithness, the celebrated and eccentric Theosophical adept. Lady Caithness (later the Duchesse de Pommes) believed herself the reincarnation of Mary, Queen of Scots, and in a little book she describes her sensations in passing a night in Holyrood Palace. Lady Caithness had a number of the salons in her house decorated in cryptic and occult designs; and the ceiling of her boudoir was painted with the signs of the zodiac. She was the acknowledged leader of the Theosophical cult in Paris, until her death, in the last years of the nineteenth century. She opened her salons for lectures and entertained as her private guests many of the well-known speakers, — Dr. Anna Kingsford, the remarkable woman who wrote " The Perfect Way " and " Clothed with the Sun; " Annie Besant, Mr. Colville, the spiritualist lecturer so well known in London, Boston, and on the Pacific coast, the Countess Wachmeister and many others. She was a woman of very remarkable power.

The Parc itself is like a private garden,

exquisitely kept, and in it are several groups of sculpture, — Verlet's memorial group to Alfred de Musset, the "Burial of Abel" by Barrias; a bronze statue of Hylas; Chapu's "The Sower," and others by Lenoir, Mabille, Gumery and Gaudez, with portrait statues of Gounod, Chopin and Bizet. The Avenue de Villiers, the Boulevard Malesherbes, the Place Wagram, the Rue Fortuny, the Place Malesherbes, and the Avenue Wagram are of this region, and contain some of the most beautiful architecture in private houses in all Paris. But the Parc Monceau *quartier* is a veritable haunt of the muses and the gods. It is beloved of authors and artists. At the end of the Avenue Hoche, one of those beautiful vistas of which Paris holds the secret, is the Russian church with its gilded domes and rich interiors.

Near the miniature lake in the Parc Monceau is a memorial group of sculpture to Ambroise Thomas, consisting of a statue of Ophelia, half reclining, pulling flowers apart, while near it, on a great rock, is the sculptured figure of the composer gazing upon his heroine.

In this region, in various streets and avenues, are statues representing the "Genius of Music;" the "Grief of Orpheus;" portrait statues of

Statue of Jeanne d'Arc. *Chapu*

Alexandre Dumas, of de Neuville, the celebrated painter of battle scenes, and many others.

It is somewhere in this vicinity, too, that Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor, the brilliant and versatile genius, has his studio and laboratories and shops, where he is constructing a new and curious invention.

Mr. Landor, who is entitled to write F. R. I., F. R. S. C., and several other learned appellations after his name in recognition of his varied achievements, is one of the most remarkable young men of the day. He is an artist, a traveller, an explorer, an author and an inventor; and he has "made good" in all these directions already, except that in the last he is still in the experimental stage, although he has achieved some minor inventions. But the great invention on which he is now engaged and of which his working model is eminently successful, is a fairly revolutionary one in transit, in case it fulfills its promise. For in this Mr. Landor has taken three kingdoms for his own, — earth, air and water. His aeroplane is intended to be a car of progress that will adapt itself to each of these, and will run on the ground, skim the surface of water and fly in the air. While this may sound like an Arabian Nights' tale, it

must be remembered that we are living in an Arabian Nights' age. Mr. Landor has left one breathless by so many other of his achievements that no idea of his would be rejected as inconceivable. He holds the world record as a mountaineer, having ascended twenty-three thousand, four hundred and ninety feet on Mount Lumpa, Nepal (Himalayas), in 1899; he was the first white man to explore Central Mindanao Island, where he discovered the white tribe (Mansakas); the first white man to settle the problem that no range higher than the Himalayas existed north of the Brahmaputra, and the first white man to reach both sources of the Brahmaputra river and establish their exact geographical position — a feat he achieved in 1897. In 1900 he accompanied the allied troops on the march to Pekin, and was the first Anglo-Saxon to enter the Forbidden City, riding side by side with the doyen General Linievitch on the day of the entry of the allies. His travels have extended over Japan, China, Corea, Mongolia, Tibet, India, Nepal; across Persia, Beluchistan, the Philippines, and the Sulu archipelago; over North America, Australia, the Azores and Africa; among the Ainu of Yezo and the Kurile Islands. January 6, 1906, he set out

to cross Africa in the widest part, which is over eight thousand miles, arriving January 5, 1907, at the opposite coast. He made this exploration entirely alone save for his black men and his mules and camels. During these three hundred and sixty-four days Mr. Landor had not one human being with whom to exchange a word in the sense of companionship. In reply to some exclamation regarding the inconceivable loneliness of this journey, Mr. Landor said that solitude was his best condition for the working out of any of his problems of research and life, whether of literary work, exploration, ethnological study, or invention. "I believe it is the law," he remarked, "that one's work must be developed and matured in silence. The moment one announces his projects, a thousand counter influences set in; discussions, adverse vibrations, the myriad subtle, but intensely potent things that make for failure. I never tell what I am going to do. I do it first — if I can. If I fail, I say nothing about it," he added laughingly; "if I succeed, I announce it."

There can be no question but that in this method Mr. Landor obeys an occult law that is of the utmost importance and with which no

one can trifle with impunity. One's plan, or project, or idea is as a seed which must lie in the ground, in darkness and untouched, to germinate; and which, if it were taken out and looked at every day, would never germinate and grow.

Henry Savage Landor is a grandson of Walter Savage Landor, the great English writer, the author of those unsurpassed "Imaginary Conversations," of great poetry, and of great criticism. He left England for Italy when a young man, living much in Florence from 1821 until his death, in 1864. In a book entitled "The Florence of Landor," [1] there is pictured something of his wonderful life in the "Flower City."

The present year of 1908 is most remarkable in Paris for the advance in removing the aeroplane from the flights of imagination to flights in the air. M. Santos-Dumont, M. Blériot, M. Delagrange and others have made a series of important experimental flights, which are regarded with profound interest by the populace. Mr. Landor's invention is the most remarkable of any heretofore attempted, and if its success should be demonstrated, such a vehicle of transit

[1] The Florence of Landor: Little, Brown, & Co., 1905.

would do much to modify and advance existing phases of civilization.

No more brilliant thoroughfare exists in Paris than that of the Avenue de l'Opéra, a magnificent modern street leading from the Place du Théâtre Français to the Place de l'Opéra, the space in front of the superb Grand Opera House, — one of the richest structures in the world, which bears the inscription of the " Académie Nationale de Musique," and which covers an area of three acres. The Théâtre Français, the " House of Molière," at the foot of the avenue, contains, in its vestibule and corridors, statues of Talma, Houdon's Voltaire, a group representing comedians crowning Molière, a statue of George Sand, and symbolic figures of Tragedy and Comedy. The decorations of the ceiling of the auditorium typify the laurels of France bestowed on her three greatest dramatists, Molière, Corneille and Racine.

On the Place du Théâtre Français is a statue of Alfred de Musset. The vista looking up the Avenue de l'Opéra to the Grand Opera House almost rivals the one seen up the Avenue des Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe.

The Avenue de l'Opéra is most attractive as a residential region. The fine hotels and shops,

and especially the Brentano establishment, with its wealth of books and all that delights the book-lover and the writer, is a special attraction. It is no exaggeration to say it is the largest bookstore on the continent, and even in London there is no one house at all equal to it in space and convenient arrangement of books. The Brentano house is a signal landmark for Americans in Paris.

The superb Opera House designed by Charles Garnier is approached by a series of broad steps, and the seven arches of the portico are embellished with groups of sculpture, typical of "Lyric Poetry," "Music," "Song," "Declamation," "Idyllic Poetry," "Drama," "Dance," and "Lyric Drama." There are medallions of Bach, Pergolese, Haydn and Cimarosa. There are sculptured groups, representing Music and Poetry attended by muses and goddesses. There are statues of Händel, Gluck, Lully, Rameau and many others. The "Escalier d'Honneur" is a most beautiful creation of white marble, Algerian onyx, and *rosso antico*, and thirty monolithic columns of colored marbles rise to the third floor. The ceilings are richly decorated with paintings of mythological scenes. There are four tiers of boxes in the auditorium.

The grand foyer, lined with mirrors and sumptuously decorated with paintings, statues, and groups of sculpture, is a hundred and seventy-five feet in length and some fifty in width, with a height of fifty feet. It is one of the most stately and splendid interiors. The opera house contains a fine musical library, a museum of manuscript scores, busts and portraits of composers and artists, and various relics and objects of more or less interest.

The Rue Royale offers another lovely vista, affording a splendid view of the classic design of the Madeleine, at its head. The interior of the church is lighted only from the top, like the Pantheon in Rome. The Madeleine is celebrated in Paris for its music, and it is here that Chopin's funeral march was first given at the funeral of the composer himself. The midnight mass on Christmas Eve is rendered by great artists chosen from the Grand Opera, and the kneeling crowds completely fill the vast temple on this occasion. The Madeleine has been noted, indeed, for producing the music of the great masters, and the noblest masses of the world are sung there.

The Church of Saint Philippe-du-Roule, in the Rue Saint-Honoré, near the Élysée Palace,

divides with Saint Augustin the title of being the modern fashionable church. The Church of Saint Augustin is richly decorated, but has nothing of the interest attached to the ancient churches of Paris.

In the Boulevard Haussmann is an interesting monument, in the Chapel Expiatoire de Louis XVI, which was erected in 1820–1826 to the memory of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, on the site of the old cemetery of the Madeleine, where they were interred from 1793 to 1815, when their remains were removed to the royal vault at Saint Denis. In front of the chapel is a court flanked with galleries in imitation of ancient tombs, and intended as a monument to other victims of the Revolution. The chapel is in the form of a Greek cross, with a portico, and is covered with a dome. There are portrait statues of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. On the pedestal of the former is inscribed the king's last will, while on that of the queen is inscribed extracts from her last letter to Madame Elizabeth, who, in the group, is symbolized as Religion.

La Trinité is another of the more prominent modern churches, and it was here that the funeral of Rossini was held in 1868. The music

on that occasion is said to have been "the finest ever heard outside Saint Peter's." Mme. Alboni and Mme. Patti sang the duet from the "Stabat Mater," — the *Quis est Homo*, in a manner that deeply affected all present, and Mme. Christine Nilsson sang the aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth" from the great oratorio, "The Messiah." The casket was covered with Parma violets, the favorite flower of the great composer. While the body of Rossini was first committed to Père-Lachaise, it was removed afterward to Florence, where his tomb is now seen in Santa Croce, near that of Alfieri.

The Jardin des Plantes, though not within the region geographically of the Champs Élysées and its adjacent streets and boulevards, is an object of special interest to many visitors. It is not only a popular resort as a botanical garden, but it is an important government enterprise, in that it is a scientific museum, endowed by the state, and maintaining a large staff of specialists, who are its professors and lecturers. The Garden dates back to Louis XIII, by whom it was founded, and the Comte de Buffon was appointed director. Under his administration, the scope was so enlarged as to attract world-

wide attention, and besides the very large assortment of varied and rare plants, shrubs, trees and flowers, it includes a large number of animals and minerals. Buffon founded chemical laboratories, galleries of natural history, and a large amphitheatre for lectures. Bernardin de Saint Pierre (the author of " Paul et Virginie ") succeeded Buffon as director, and in 1805 the botanical department was enriched with generous donations of plants from Baron von Humboldt. The celebrated Cuvier — the naturalist of whom it is said that from one bone of an extinct species he could construct the entire animal — succeeded Saint Pierre as director, and before his death, in 1832, his enthusiasm had won for the Garden large donations and great scientific interest. Besides the superb zoological museum, there are now museums of geology and mineralogy that attract special students from all over the world. The new anatomical and anthropological museum is near the entrance of the Jardin des Plantes, the façade being decorated with sculptures by Barrias and Marqueste.

Scientific Paris is a universe in itself. The Observatoire; the Institut Pasteur; the Sorbonne; the great laboratories and clinics; the research work in all directions that is being

carried on, contribute signally to the progress of the entire world.

The Champs Élysées, as a private residential quarter, is most attractive in its broad avenues, its constant spaces devoted to small parks and the Places filled with trees and flowers, offering masses of color everywhere to the eye. Each avenue commands the vista of the magnificent Arc de l'Étoile, and the long lines of architectural beauty, all in white stone, are peculiarly attractive to the eye. It is a white city. The air is transparent; there is no dust or smoke; the streets, paved with white asphalt, are spotlessly clean; the government superintendence of architecture ensures taste and a due sense of relative values, and the eye is constantly gratified with the beauty all around and about, as a constant environment. To live in such an atmosphere of beauty is a most significant factor in development, and in all the noble advancement of human progress. It is a feature of incalculable importance, and in no city in the world is the gospel of beauty such a factor in municipal life as in Paris, the Beautiful.

"Art's a Service, — mark."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"The whole language of men, especially of artists, in reference to this subject, points at the belief that every work of art, in proportion to its excellence, partakes of the precision of fate: no room was there for choice, no play for fancy; for in the moment, or in the successive moments, when that form was seen, the iron lids of Reason were unclosed, which ordinarily are heavy with slumber. The individual mind became for the moment the vent of the mind of humanity. . . .

"In sculpture, did ever anybody call the Apollo a fancy piece? Or say of the Laocoon how it might be made different? A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal."

EMERSON.

III

THE LOUVRE AND THE LUXEMBOURG

"And so every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. The gayest charm of beauty has a root in the constitution of things. The Iliad of Homer, the songs of David, the odes of Pindar, the tragedies of Æschylus, the Doric temples, the Gothic cathedrals, the plays of Shakspeare, all and each were made not for sport, but in grave earnest, in tears and smiles of suffering and loving men."

EMERSON.

THAT splendid palace of art galleries, the Louvre, offers to the visitor an excursion of two hours merely to walk through it, and, with the exception of Mondays and certain holidays, it is open and free to the public throughout the entire year. The conditions on which artists may copy from the great works here are very liberal, and the opportunity for study is an art education in itself.

These vast collections of work, representative of almost every age and country and school of

painting, date only from the sixteenth century, when the French kings of the Renaissance were in close intimacy with Italy in political interests and relations, and thus became inspired with enthusiasm for Italian genius and culture. François I formed a taste for Italian art during his campaigns in Italy, and he constantly invited the leading artists of that " magic land " to his court. Raphael and Michael Angelo were unable to accept his hospitalities, and to them he gave princely orders. Some fifty choice pictures by great masters were acquired by François I, and he made a large collection of antiquities, medals, vases, cameos, bronzes and statues. Among the pictorial treasures of his collection were the Leda of Michael Angelo (which was afterward destroyed), and works by Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Bordone, Fra Bartolommeo, Titian, Raphael and Sebastian del Piombo.

Under Louis XIV the number of works was greatly increased; and on the death of Cardinal Mazarin, Colbert, then Minister, purchased for the king the large array of pictures, statues and busts that the Cardinal had amassed, so that by 1680 there were some three thousand works of art in the galleries.

Galerie d'Apollon, Louvre

The superb salon known as the Galerie d'Apollon was completed, and then, as now, glittered with gold. Eleven of the lofty rooms of the Louvre were filled with pictures that included sixteen by Raphael, twelve by Guido, eighteen by Paul Veronese, six by Correggio, eight by Domenichino, twenty-three by Titian, six by Tintoretto, fourteen by Van Dyck, five by Giulio Romano, seventeen by Poussin, and six by Le Brun, and there were also many from Rubens, Antonio Moro, and other artists of renown.

Subsequently a portion of these were taken to the palace at Versailles; some were lost, and some of the collection was afterward conveyed to the Luxembourg, to which the public was admitted twice a week.

Under Louis XVI, the pictorial treasures of the government were almost equally divided between the Luxembourg and Versailles. M. Viardot, writing of this period, says that it "was necessary that a new sovereign — the nation — should come into power for all these immortal works rescued from the royal catacombs to be restored to daylight and to life. Who could believe, without authentic proofs, without official documents, at what epoch this

great sanctuary, this pantheon, this universal temple consecrated to all the gods of art, was thrown open to the public?"

It seems incredible, indeed, that in one of the crises of the Revolution, in the terrible year of 1793, — "the year so full of agitation, suffering and horror, when France was struggling with the last energy of despair against her enemies within and without, — that at this supreme moment the National Convention, founding on the ruins of the country a new and rejuvenated land, ordered the formation of a national art collection."

A decree was issued on July 27, 1793, ordering the opening of the "Museum of the Republic," and that all the works and objects of art, as the marble statues, vases and valuable cabinets and other furniture that were "in the houses formerly known as royal" should be transferred to the Louvre. It was further decreed that a hundred thousand francs should be placed annually at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior to be used as a fund with which to purchase from private sales such pictures and statues as it "would not become the Republic to allow to pass into private hands," and which should be placed in the Musée of the

Louvre, which, under the name of the "Central Museum of Arts," was first opened to the public in November of 1793. At that time, David and a number of other French artists had their studios and apartments in the Louvre. By the decree of Napoleon, they were all turned out, and during the wars works of art were acquired from all over continental Europe, especially from Italy and Spain. Many of the most important works from the galleries in Milan, Bologna, Parma, and Modena were, under compulsion, transferred to France; and in 1799 many of the great masterpieces from Rome, Verona, Mantua, and Pesaro were added to the splendid collections. In 1807 France enriched herself with artistic spoils from Holland and Germany, and the nineteenth century opened with exhibitions in which were included such masterpieces of art as "The Laocoön," the "Belvedere Apollo," the "Venus de Milo," Titian's "Assumption," the "St. Jerome" of Correggio, the "St. Elizabeth" of Murillo, the "Descent from the Cross" of Rubens, Tintoretto's "Miracle of St. Mark," the "Last Suppers" (the four) of Paul Veronese, Domenichino's wonderful "Communion of St. Jerome," "The Wrestlers," "The Transfiguration," and

other immortal works. But in 1815, after the campaign at Waterloo, France was forced to restore many of the works she had acquired by force, to the galleries and museums from which they had been taken.

After the First Empire, the "Venus de Milo" was brought back and placed in that prominent position where the statue now arrests the attention of all who pass into the Salle de la Venus de Milo. As is well known, this statue was found imbedded in the earth at the island of Melos, at the entrance to the Greek Archipelago in 1820, and was purchased for six thousand francs by the French government. "This is the only statue of Aphrodite handed down to us which represents her, not merely as a beautiful woman, but as a goddess," says Lübke. "The form is powerful and majestic, and yet instinct with an indescribable charm of youth and beauty, while the pure and noble expression of the head denotes the goddess's independence of all human requirements, and the calm self-sufficiency of her divine character. The fact that this beautiful work, notwithstanding its great excellence, is not one of those which have been especially extolled by ancient authors, affords us an approximate idea of the beauty of

those lost masterpieces which formed the great marvels of antiquity."

Since the fall of the First Empire, the Louvre has acquired its foreign masterpieces by legitimate means. Murillo's great work, " The Conception," was purchased (under the Second Empire) for six hundred and fifteen thousand and five hundred francs. Under the presidency of M. Thiers, during the Third Republic, the French government paid two hundred and six thousand francs for a fresco by Raphael. The government now makes an allowance of a hundred thousand francs a year to the Minister of Fine Arts for the purchase of pictures, and the collections are also continually increased by the transfer, from the Musée du Luxembourg, of the pictures of artists whose death has occurred, the galleries of the Luxembourg being intended for the pictures of living artists only. On the death of the artist they are sometimes removed, but this rule is not, of late years, invariable, and they may remain during the ten years before they are finally sent to the Louvre, this period of deliberation being allowed that the question of selection may be subjected to critical consideration and final decision.

The arrangement of the pictures in the Louvre

is ideally perfect. In the Salon Carré are collected the immortal masterpieces. In the other salons, the arrangement is historic, so far as possible. There are three floors, the first containing the ancient and modern sculpture and the engravings; the second contains the picture galleries, and the third contains the Musée Chinois, the Musée de Marine, and the Musée Ethnographique, the Thomy-Thiéry collection, and several rooms filled with drawings. On the broad landing of the fine Escalier Daru — the Grand Staircase, whose ceiling is splendidly decorated in mosaic — stands the Nike of Samothrace. The statue rests on a pedestal representing the prow of a trireme. The figure is instinct with motion, and it seems to be invested with an atmosphere that holds all the significance of fate and destiny. The goddess is represented as in the very act of descending from Olympus and alighting on earth. There is purpose and power in every fibre and in every fold of the voluminous drapery. As an example of early Greek art, this figure probably holds the first place of any now in existence. It belongs to the period of about 305 B. C., and was originally created to commemorate the naval victory of Demetrius Poliorcetes. But

beyond the interest of history or classic art is that of the spiritual significance that may be read into this marvellous work. What message has she brought to earth from the heights of the gods? Is it not the assurance of the infinite and the everlasting provision of the divine care and the divine apportioning? Looking at the Nike in all its marvellous sublimity of beauty, its grandeur of action, one cannot but think of the lines:

"Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

"What to thee is shadow to Him is day
And the end He knoweth;
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth."

Headless, unseeing, the onward course is neither a blind nor aimless way! This reflection impresses one while gazing on the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

The ancient sculpture of the Louvre includes many busts and statues of Roman Emperors and conquerors, — Hadrian, Trajan, Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Julius Cæsar, Agrippa;

many fragments and reliefs from the Parthenon; busts and statues of mythological persons.

One very fine relief of Greek sculpture is the group of Orpheus and Eurydice and Hermes — a work of which there are replicas in Rome and in Naples. The relief tells the entire story of the permission given to Orpheus to enter the infernal regions and bring back Eurydice, on the condition that he should not gaze upon her face on the way. But he failed to observe this, and Hermes advances and grasps her hand to lead her back to the shades. In the entire range of classic art, there is nothing more beautiful than this work.

The statue of Euripides is notable; and the world-famous Venus de Milo, the colossal statue of Melpomene, created out of a single block of Pentellic marble, the Borghese Gladiator, a bust of the "Genius of Eternal Sleep," a head of Homer are among the works over which the visitor lingers, and to which he is apt to return.

The Egyptian and the Asiatic departments in the Louvre offer much that is of especial value to the archæologist. There is a sphinx in pink granite; there are statues, sarcophagi, and bas-reliefs. A fragment of the inscription discovered

in the Temple of Karnak is on a wall; there are statuettes, ornaments and pottery. One room in the Egyptian department of the Louvre is called the Salle Funéraire, and it contains endless details pertaining to the Egyptian worship of the dead. The ceiling of this salon is decorated with an allegorical painting by Abel de Pujol, and here are a vast array of mummy-cases, masks, pictures, cabinets and various articles pertaining to a time three thousand years ago, which, to the savant, tell their graphic story.

The gallery of Chinese antiquities is another place of curious interest, with its model of the Temple of Juggernaut; of a Buddhist monastery; its cabinets, enamels, faïence, its ornaments of pearl and jade, its musical instruments and carvings.

The Musée des Antiquités Asiatiques has a most valuable collection of Assyrian antiquities found in vast palaces, the rooms of which were lined with alabaster panels on which historic scenes were carved in relief. The cuneiform inscriptions and the hieroglyphics attract the scholar.

In Renaissance sculpture, while there is much that is deeply interesting, the collection is not, as a whole, remarkable. The Salle

Jean Goujon contains the most famous work of that sixteenth century French sculptor, — a group of Diana and the Stag; and there are works of Frémin, Roussel, Germain Pilon, Le Hongre and Prieur, offering a representative collection of the plastic art in France at that period.

A small and somewhat unimportant collection of Italian sculpture of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries fills the Salle Michel-Ange. Michael Angelo himself is represented by two statues, the "Fettered Slaves," which were designed to form part of a superb monument for Pope Julius II. These were created early in the sixteenth century, but the idea of the memorial monument was abandoned, and these figures were presented by Michael Angelo to Roberto Strozzi, from whom France obtained them. There is in this salon a nymph — a relief in bronze — by Benvenuto Cellini; the bust of the Virgin, believed to be the work of Andrea della Robbia; reliefs by Mino da Fiesole; a bas-relief of Julius Cæsar by Donatello; and some other Italian work of lesser importance.

The Musée des Sculptures Modernes contains French work from Pierre Puget (1622–1694) to

Houdon, Barye and David d'Angers. Puget was a follower of Bernini, and his group of Perseus and Andromeda might easily be taken for some of the theatrical statues of Bernini in Rome. Houdon's bronze statue of Diana, and his busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau and Washington are interesting. Among the works of François Rude are a " Jeanne d'Arc," " Napoleon I Awakening to Immortality," and a " Fisherman " of Naples.

But it is the picture galleries of the Louvre that especially enchain the lover or the student of art. Almost every school is here adequately represented. The Spanish works include the world-famous portrait of Philip IV by Velasquez, a representation of majesty and dignity wonderfully presented; " The Immaculate Conception " of Murillo, the marvellous creation of the woman " clothed with the sun," a crown of twelve stars upon her hair, and the moon beneath her feet, a masterpiece of all the ages. Murillo is also represented by his " Nativity of the Virgin," his " Beggar Boy," " Christ in Gethsemane," and the " Miracle of St. Diego."

The Flemish and Dutch schools are richly represented, there being more than twenty paintings from Rubens alone. The series of

the Marie de Médicis pictures enchant the eye. As the reader will recall, Marie de Médicis, the widow of Henri IV, returned to France as regent for her son, Louis XIII. After her exile she again returned to France in 1620, and engaged Rubens to decorate her palace of the Luxembourg with scenes from her own life. These were painted by the great master (with assistance from his pupils) between 1622 and 1625. A number of the sketches made for this series are preserved in Munich. The scenes of the pictures show, in the first, the Three Fates spinning the fortunes of Marie de Médicis; in the second her birth (in Florence, 1575), and in the third the education of the princess conducted by Minerva, Apollo and Mercury. In the second picture is seen Florentia, the goddess of Florence, holding the infant, while near is the river-god of the Arno, and Lucina (the goddess of births) raises her torch. In the next scene Amor (Love) shows the portrait of the princess to Henri IV, while Gallia stands by the king, and Jupiter and Juno are grouped near. Then follow the pictures showing the marriage by proxy, the bride's uncle, the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, acting for Henri IV; the landing of the queen at Marseilles; the wedding-

festival at Lyons, in which the king appears in the character of Jupiter, and the queen in that of Juno; the birth of Louis XIII, with the goddess Fortuna looking on; Henri IV, leaving for his Austrian campaign, is investing Marie with the regency; the coronation of the queen at Saint Denis by Cardinal de Joyeuse; the Apotheosis of Henri IV, when the mourning queen is seen between Minerva and Victoria, while noblemen group before her; Olympus protecting the regency, with several of the gods and goddesses in various groups around; the queen on a battle-field crowned by Victoria; the scene of the treaty between France and Spain; the typical picture of the prosperity of the country, the queen bearing the scales of justice, while Minerva, Fortuna and Time are seen, with figures representing malice and hatred in the lower background; then there is depicted the queen committing the ship of state to Louis XIII; the flight of the queen; Mercury conducting her to a temple of peace; the queen and her son on Olympus, when Time brings truth to light, and Marie is crowned by Louis XIII with a chaplet of peace — the picture that closes this remarkable series of biography and history depicted in figurative scenes on canvas.

Rubens is also represented by portraits of the parents of Marie de Médicis, — the Grand Duke Francis of Tuscany and Johanna of Austria, by that of Marie de Médicis herself, and by his own portrait, as well as by several other minor works. So it will be seen that Rubens and his school can be well studied in the Louvre.

Many other important works from the Dutch and Flemish schools are in these salons, — the "Earthly Paradise" of Snyders, the "Childhood of Jupiter" by Jordaëns, and "The Beanfeast;" landscapes from Van de Velde; "The Roysterers" from Jan Steen; Rembrandt's "Two Philosophers," and his "Good Samaritan;" landscapes from Wouverman and Van der Heyde; Van Dyck's Elizabeth of Austria, seen as a Clarissine nun; landscapes from Hobbema, Dekker and Van Ruysdael; genre pictures from Metsu and Pieter de Hooch; several pictures from the younger Teniers, and portraits from Sir Peter Lely; Van Dyck's "Children of Charles I," and the "Annunciation" and "Dead Christ" from Mabuse; and "Christ Imparting a Blessing" from Quentin Matsys. There is also a notable portrait of St. Francis of Assisi from Pourbus, and "St.

Augustine in an Ecstatic Trance" from De Crayer.

The French school is represented from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth, inclusive, Jean Cousin's "Last Judgment" being a work especially remarked as one of the only two pictures from this artist now to be found.

The German school of painting is represented by works from the younger Holbein, — a portrait of Sir Richard Southwell; of Kratzer of Munich, astronomer to Henry VIII of England, and of one of the Archbishops of Canterbury, — William Warham, — about 1528; and also by a portrait of Sir Thomas More, Angelica Kauffmann's portrait of the Baroness Krüdener and her daughter, the head of an old man by Albrecht Dürer, and that curious picture, the "Praying Hands," and the "Death of Adonis" from Rottenhammer.

The galleries of French pictures are entered through the Galerie Mollien, the vestibule decorated with carvings from Trajan's Column and by many antique busts. The Galerie d'Apollon, opening into the Salon Carré, is a magnificent apartment, the dome decorated with paintings by Le Brun and Delacroix, and the pictures in both these salons comprise the

choicest gems of the Louvre. Here the visitor finds the "Mona Lisa" of Da Vinci (the "Gioconda"); which Gautier has termed "a miracle of painting" in his fine critique on this work, in which he writes:

"La Gioconda, sphinx of beauty, smiling so mysteriously in the frame of Leonardo da Vinci, and apparently proposing to the admiration of centuries an enigma which they have not yet solved, an invincible attraction still brings me back toward you. Who, indeed, has not remained for long hours before that head, bathed in the half tones of twilight, enveloped in transparency; whose features, melodiously drowned in a violet vapor, seem the creation of some dream through the black gauze of sleep? From what planet has fallen in the midst of an azure landscape this strange being, whose gaze promises unheard-of delights, whose experience is so divinely ironical? Leonardo impresses on his faces such a stamp of superiority that one feels troubled in their presence. The partial shadow of their deep eyes hides secrets forbidden to the profane; and the inflections of their mocking lips are worthy of gods who know everything. . . . La Gioconda would seem to be the Isis of some cryptic religion who, thinking

herself alone, draws aside the folds of her veil, even though the impudent man who might surprise her should go mad and die. Never did feminine ideal clothe itself in more irresistibly seductive forms. Be sure that if Don Juan had met Mona Lisa he would have spared himself the trouble of writing in his catalogue the names of three thousand women. He would have embraced one, and the wings of his desire would have refused to carry him further. They would have melted and lost their feathers beneath the sun of these eyes."

The transcendent glory of Murillo's noble work, "The Immaculate Conception," illumines this salon with perpetual radiance. The beautiful composition of the "Holy Family" of Perugino, and the divine loveliness of Raphael's "Holy Family" render the very atmosphere full of exaltation and power. Curiously, the Salon Carré contains no landscapes, but the collection includes that singular work by Titian, "La Maîtresse," the girl at her dressing-table, where, behind her, a man stands holding two mirrors; Giotto's "St. Francis of Assisi Receiving the Stigmata;" a Madonna from Botticelli; Cimabue's "Virgin and Angels;" Benozzo Gozzoli's "Triumph of St. Thomas

Aquinas;" Correggio's "Betrothal of St. Catherine;" "The Adoration of the Magi," from Rubens; Raphael's "Madonna and Child;" and the "Infanta Margharita" by Velasquez. In the Salon Carré is also the ceiling painting from the Palace of the Doges in Venice, by Paolo Veronese, representing "Jupiter Hurling Thunderbolts at Criminals." Then, too, there are the celebrated "Harvest Festival" of Giorgione, the portrait, by Rubens, of his wife, a gorgeous piece of coloring, and Titian's "Christ in the Tomb." Except a gallery in the Pitti Palace in Florence, no other one gallery in the world is so rich in masterpieces as is the Salon Carré.

The British school is fairly well represented in the Louvre in the way of the early masters. There is the "Hampstead Heath" by Constable; Hoppner's portrait of the Countess of Oxford; landscapes from Gainsborough; Lawrence's portrait of Lord Whitworth; Bonington's "Cardinal Mazarin and Anne of Austria;" Opie's "The Woman in White;" and several other excellent examples of English art.

The picture that first attracts attention in the Salon Carré is "The Marriage of Cana," one of the great masterpieces of Italian art. No

work by Paolo Veronese has inspired more interest than this, not only because of the fact that the figures include several portraits, but also because of the majesty of its proportions, and the richness of its coloring.

French art is represented with a breadth and catholicity of taste and with a chronological accuracy of detail peculiarly characteristic of the genius of the country. The successive schools of the classic, the romantic, the realistic, the impressionistic and that latest of all, the school of intimism, are included. More than one thousand of the entire three thousand pictures in the Louvre are by French artists. Many of the very earliest (of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries) are principally interesting for the subject, — as that of the " Martyrdom of St. Denis," attributed to Malouel and Bellechose, and a portrait of Jean Juvénal des Ursins, president of one of the first parliaments in the fifteenth century. Of this period there is an " Entombment," a " Descent from the Cross," and a picture of Calvary. In the seventeenth century the classic school is represented by Nicolas Poussin, Le Brun, Le Sueur, Claude Lorrain and Rigaud. Among the more important of Poussin's works are the " Landscape

with Orpheus and Eurydice," an "Assumption," "Apollo and Daphne," a "Vision of St. Paul," and numerous other sacred, historic and mythological works which have more claim for their technique than for their imaginative fervor, but several of them have a good degree of poetic illusion, and the visitor lingers before his "Arcadian Shepherd" with its legend, "*Et in Arcadia ego.*" This line has inspired more than one poet to lyrical creation, the most perfect one being, perhaps, Mr. Bunner's "Arcady," in which occurs the stanza:

"There was a time when life was new —
But far away and half forgot —
I only know her eyes were blue:
But Love — I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed for lack of gold
And she is dead and I am old.
All things have come since then to me
Save Love, oh, Love! and Arcady!"

Claude Lorrain was one of the earliest artists to catch the vision of atmospheric transparency and his coloring reveals how keenly he perceived this aspect of nature. In the "Harbor at Sunset," and "Harbor at Sunrise," one sees how delicately he divined the very faintest

difference of light in its diffusion in the air and the marvellous delicacy with which he transferred this to canvas. The green leaves quivering in the breeze had for him their language, — a language which the great Corot was subsequently to grasp and record.

One entire room is given to Eustache Le Sueur for his beautiful series of paintings illustrating the life of Saint Bruno, who founded the order of Carthusians. These were painted (in 1645–1648) for the Carthusian monastery in Paris. Le Sueur is also represented by a picture of "Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalen," "St. Bruno and His Companions Feeding the Poor," "St. Paul Preaching at Ephesus," "St. Scholastica Appearing to St. Benedict," and a "Bearing of the Cross," a picture full of a melancholy sweetness and subtle suggestion of sacrifice.

Philippe de Champaigne (1602–1674) was closely associated with Anne of Austria, and Louis XIII, and with Cardinal Richelieu. His religious paintings were full of mystic and austere quality, and his portraits are remarkable for their individuality of power.

Antoine Watteau (1684–1721) is copiously represented in the French collections with his rather insipid, but decorative pastoral scenes;

and there are several specimens of the art of François Boucher (1704–1770) and of Fragonard (1732–1806) and Chardin (1699–1779), whose specialty was still life. Jean Baptiste Greuze (1725–1805) is seen at his best in his "Marriage Contract;" Jacques Louis David (1748–1825) was drawn to classic subjects, but he is more widely recognized by his portrait of Mme. Récamier, even though unfinished, than by his "Horatii and Curatii," his portrait of Pope Pius VII, or even by his greatest work, depicting the Sabine women interposing between the Sabines and Romans. David's "Death of Socrates" is also a picture of which to take note, but in his portrait of Mme. Récamier he struck that note of intimacy — of painting the mood of the moment in painting the individual, in revealing somewhat of the mystery of the inner life — which is the latest result of the evolutionary progress of the painter's art. It is not the absolute discovery of contemporary artists; Leonardo da Vinci surprised its secret in his immortal work, the "Mona Lisa," and its achievement is always the truest art.

Although both Prud'hon and Ingres belong to the classical school, Ingres fails to catch this note of inner meaning, but Prud'hon is not

without the perception of hidden significances. In his " Forest Landscape," in which is seen the Empress Josephine, there is a sense of intimacy with the meditations of his lonely figure enveloped in exquisite twilight in the lengthening shadows. Prud'hon has a wonderful delicacy of touch; and his historic canvas, " The Meeting of François II and Napoleon after the Battle of Austerlitz," suggests his power of dramatic conception and portrayal.

One of the paintings of Prud'hon, " Crime Pursued by Justice and Divine Vengeance," was painted for a room in the Palais du Justice, and it is one of the most tragic and impressive of his compositions.

The modern romantic school of French art is admirably represented in the Louvre. With Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Ingres, and Vernet, a new era was initiated in French painting. Eugène Delacroix (1799–1863) first appeared at the Salon of 1822 with his picture of " Dante and Virgil," which has since become, if not world-famous, at least familiar to all the world. He passed much time in Algiers, and acquired a mastery of color and tone which finely depicted the poetic and impassioned subjects of his composition.

The "Santa Monica and St. Augustine" of Ary Scheffer, and his sympathetic interpretation of "The Temptation in the Wilderness" are pictures that appeal to the general public, although not rated highly by the critical writers on art.

Tony Robert-Fleury was a noted modern master of the genre work of historical subjects; Corot, with his magical skill that fairly painted the atmosphere, the quivering life of green leaves, and the fragrance of blossoms; Meissonier, with his precision and clear execution; Gérôme, with his rich coloring and classic scenes; Jules Breton, the sympathetic interpreter of peasant life in Brittany and his exquisite transcripts of sunset skies and luminous mornings; Dupré, with his lovely silvery lights of air and landscape; Daubigny, with his vivid, yet delicate treatment of masses of light and shade, Alphonse de Neuville and Detaille, the painters of battle scenes; Troyon, with his cattle; and Rosa Bonheur, preëminent in animal and landscape paintings, — all these gave fame to their century.

In Corot, French landscape painting touched the highest quality that had heretofore been known. The poetic power of a dreamy twi-

Ste. Monica and St. Augustine. *Ary Scheffer*

light, the loveliness of foliage so harmonized with the air that it seemed a part of the very atmosphere, the refinement of his art — all combined to make his transcriptions of nature the register of a new epoch in art. Such a painting as that of the " Bath of Diana " elevated landscape painting to a new rank. Under Corot, with whom may be grouped Rousseau and Monet, landscape painting acquired the illustrious degree that has been accorded it ever since this group of painters made their perfect interpretation of nature in all her moods. Cazin, Besnard, Breton, Raphael Collin, Carrière were to come; but the supreme distinction of Corot can never be denied.

The middle years of the nineteenth century saw the rise of what has been termed the Barbizon school of art as represented by Millet, Courbet and Rousseau.

An increased freedom from the tyranny of conventional schools came with Jean François Millet. The obscure heroism, the unguessed poetry of humble lives found in him their interpreter. " Millet's ' Man With the Hoe ' was a tragic masterpiece," says a French critic. Millet brought the psychological vision into painting. He saw into the springs of life. For

him life was not enjoyment but achievement, and any one lingering over the permanent triumph of his lofty purposes and his noble work can but recall the profound truth in the lines:

> "Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
> Who never spent the darksome hours
> Weeping and watching for the morrow,
> He knows you not, ye unseen Powers."

In "The Gleaners" one reads the lesson of a lifetime. In the wonderful blooming "Printemps," one realizes that eternal joyousness which is always inherent in the painter and the poet.

The ceiling of the Galerie d'Apollon is enriched with a splendid decorative picture, "Apollo's Victory Over the Python," by Delacroix, of whose genius it is one of the finest examples. This salon is one of the most resplendent interiors in the entire world. Its rich decorations comprise paintings from Delacroix, Le Brun and others, and on the walls are panel portraits of twenty-eight of the celebrated kings and artists of France. It is one of the places in which to study Delacroix, who speaks, indeed, with the divine authority of genius. His mastery of

color is also recognized in his decorative paintings in St. Sulpice, — " Jacob Wrestling With the Angel," " St. Michael," and others. His " Algerian Women," and his great historical painting, " The Death of Queen Elizabeth of England;" his picture of " The Barricade " and his " Massacre at Chios " are works that hold their place in memory.

The Galerie d'Apollon contains an array of cases of curios and relics, and of magnificent furniture that makes it one of the spectacles of Paris. These are all comparatively recent, — dating only from the reign of Louis XIV. The cases are of crystal, placed on gilt-bronze stands, and among their treasures are beautiful enamels and cloisonné, jewellers' works in snuff-boxes, medallion miniatures, rings, brooches, chains, pendants, crosses, bracelets and other ornaments of the richest gems and dazzling stones; wonderful pearls and cameos; sceptres and prayer-books used for the coronation of French kings; a mirror and candlestick set with jewels that belonged to Marie de Médicis; the crown jewels, with the Regent diamond, that is said to be worth from twelve to fifteen millions of francs; a rose diamond of immense value, called the Mazarin; the crown of Napoleon I; a chate-

laine chain studded with diamonds that belonged to Catherine de Médicis; a vase belonging to Eleanor of Aquitaine; a casket that belonged to Anne of Austria; a cup of sardonyx, whose handle is made of opals, diamonds and rubies; an enormous crystal; a reliquary and chalices of enamel and an epergne in lapis lazuli; and numerous vases, cups, statuettes, and emblematic devices of silver and gold and gems.

It would require a volume to adequately record the treasures of the Louvre. Its hospitable portals, always open, invite one to spend leisure mornings there. To saunter along from Hôtel Bellevue in the Avenue de l'Opéra on one of those summer mornings when the sun gilds the great statues on the stately Opera House and pours its golden light over all the beautiful and sparkling city, pausing at shop windows which frame priceless pictures and objets d' art, or a wealth of fine books, or engravings, or jewelry, or faïence or bric-à-brac, and, crossing the Place du Théâtre Français, find the very river of life as it flows down the Rue de Rivoli in ceaseless procession, and stroll into the great galleries of the Louvre, is to enjoy one of the supreme privileges of Paris.

The Musée du Luxembourg is equally hos-

THE HERB-GATHERER. *Millet*

pitable. The paintings and sculptures are exclusively the work of contemporary artists, and a survey of its contents gives one a fairly good realization of the French art of to-day. The Luxembourg is small, and the galleries are admirably arranged; but there is no such beauty of interior as is found in many salons of the Louvre.

The sculpture in the Luxembourg includes many very interesting figures and groups, of which "The Death of Alcestis," by Allar, is easily notable. The artist has chosen for his theme the Greek story of King Admetus, who found that he must die unless some one would give up life for him. His wife, Queen Alcestis, offered her own, and it is at the moment of her death that the artist has immortalized her in marble.

Rodin's statue of "St. John" recalls to the observer the story of its creation. In the Salon of 1877 Rodin had exhibited a statue called "The Age of Bronze," which, writes Rudolf Dircks, "has become one of the familiar things of the world — except to the guardians of the gardens of the Luxembourg, as I have had occasion to notice. From its place in the Luxembourg Gardens it has been removed recently to the

Musée du Luxembourg; and it may be mentioned that M. Rodin prefers the open air for the statue, as sculpture, particularly when it is cast in bronze, needs an equal diffusion of light which does not always exist in a gallery. On its exhibition at the Salon the figure was badly placed, and criticized adversely. But its position, and the commentary which within a few years has become entirely reversed, were small matters compared with the grave charge that Rodin had made his figure with moulds cast direct from life. Rodin found this accusation sufficiently disconcerting. The offence was not unknown among sculptors; but it would be difficult to formulate a charge more likely to wound the feelings of a sculptor with a conscience; and it was particularly irrelevant in the case of Rodin. He had neither money nor friends to back him in the matter. So far as the world was concerned, he was merely an employee of Belleuse. But, after all, the charge was groundless, and that was the main thing. Photographs and moulds taken from his model, a young Belgian soldier, which he procured from Brussels, were not sufficient to clear the air. Whereupon Rodin determined to convince his opponents by producing a figure, equally

true to nature, but on a larger scale than life. This figure, St. John the Baptist, was exhibited at the Salon two years later."

The group of artists chosen to investigate this charge against M. Rodin was composed of Falguière, Chaplin, Belleuse, Delaplanche and Paul Dubois. They united in vindicating him, and the purchase of the statue by the French Government gave the final affirmation in favor of his artistic conscience. "St. John the Baptist" has been often chosen as a subject by sculptors. "There are," continues M. Dircks, "the two St. Johns of Donatello; and here, one feels that the sculptor was moved by religious fervor and belief, by an abstract conception of the precursor, while using the symbols associated with St. John, and clothing him after the manner in which he lived. The splendid qualities of his art were put humbly to the service of the realization of a religious conception. With Rodin the process, we fancy, was entirely different. His St. John is perfectly satisfactory as an interpretative figure; criticism at least has been content to accept it from that point of view. But is it the whole point of view? He starts from the concrete, from nature herself, from, in fact, the model.

" Donatello appeals to truth from the abstract; Rodin to the abstract from truth. The one says, in effect, here is Saint John; the other, here is a figure which a literary friend says represents Saint John. In one case the definite title is appropriate; in the other, it is not perhaps of so much importance. It is possibly not carrying the distinction too far, to say that Donatello appeals to one's artistic sense through the emotions occasioned by his realization of the Baptist, and Rodin through the verisimilitude of his figure, apart from any preconceived ideas."

Rodin himself holds that nothing that has life can lack beauty. " Whatever suggests human emotion," he says, " whether of grief or pain, goodness or anger, hate or love, has its individual seal of beauty." Besides this figure of St. John, Rodin is represented in the Luxembourg by " Le Baiser," " La Pensée," the busts of Laurens and of Puvis de Chavannes and by several small bronzes. " Le Baiser " was purchased by France in 1898, and on that occasion M. Bénédite remarked that while it was not a new work, " *l'œil, s'habitue peu à peu inconsciemment à des nouveautés qu'il avait jadis impitoyablement condamnées.*"

THE TWO SORROWS. *Théodore-Auguste Rivière*

A very impressive work among the sculpture of the Luxembourg is the "Two Sorrows" by Rivière, — two female figures, shrouded and hooded, in intimate communion and mutual consolation. Saint Marceaux has a charming figure, the "Youth of Dante;" from Mercié is a figure of "David" in bronze, and from Gérôme a bust of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and one of Napoleon I.

Chapu's "Jeanne d'Arc;" the "Ariadne" of Aimé Millet; the "St. Sebastian" of Becquet; Charpentier's "Improvisatore;" the "Rescue of Iphigenia;" "Ariadne;" "Tarcisius, the Martyr," from Falguière, and the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Cordonnier are among the most individual and valuable creations of this collection. A figure of "Immortality" too, by Longepied should be included among the statues that repay study.

The range of contemporary art offered by the pictures in the Luxembourg indicates with singular accuracy the present outcome of artistic evolution. Here is an array of pictures which introduce thought into art in a new way. Many of them are fairly literary romance transposed into painting, so vividly do they reveal the inner life. The very subjects are intimate in their

nature. Let one pause before Besnard's figure piece called " Woman Warming Herself," and read in it the mystery of daily life. Studying Colin's " Gypsies," how one feels the fantastic tragedy of existence. Or in Cazin's " Ishmael." Here the creator of those exquisitely poetic transcriptions of silvery nights, enchanting unrealities of distance, and mystic mornings, portrays a figure instinct with defiance, and yet conveying the feeling that in an instant, at the right touch, the right word, antagonism would melt into harmony.

In these salons of the Luxembourg one finds Rosa Bonheur's great landscape, " La Nivernaise," where a blue sky, soft and melting into the golden air, bends over the meadows where a husbandman is ploughing with his oxen. The composition is of the simplest, and is yet the most masterly in that the artist makes one fairly feel the infinite space of the far horizon line, the freshness and purity of the morning air, the warmth and glow of the sunshine.

From Zorn there is " A Fisherman," with all the witchery and fascination of color and of atmosphere of which the Swedish artist has surprised the secret. The beautiful " Love and Life " of Watts is in these galleries, — Love

IMMORTALITY. *Longepied*

leading Life up a rocky pathway. Whistler's celebrated portrait of his mother is seen here in a good light; there is a Norwegian landscape from that almost incomparable painter of out-of-door life, Thaulow of Norway; and the two Robert-Fleurys are characteristically represented — Tony Robert-Fleury by a figure piece, "Old Woman of the Piazza Navona, Rome," and J. N. Robert-Fleury by three historical paintings, — "Conference at Poissy in Presence of Catherine de Médicis and Charles IX," "Galileo Before the Inquisition," and "Columbus After His Return From America."

One of the beautiful conceptions of Henner, whose art conjures up nymphs and naiads, is in these galleries, — a reclining figure, veiled in her wonderful bronze gold hair, surprised when sleeping by a still pool in which is reflected the blue sky and the clustering greenery around.

Dagnan-Bouveret is represented by "The Sacred Wafer," a religious scene; Delaunay by the "Communion of the Apostles;" Gustave Doré by a dramatic painting entitled "The Family of Tobias and the Angel," and Jules Dupré by a "Morning" and "Evening." Raphael Collin, one of the most ideal of modern artists, has an interpretation of "May," in which

is condensed the very poetry of spring. Some "Sea Pieces," from Boudin, with the blue, tossing water; an historical painting, "The Last Rebels," from Benjamin Constant; two battle pieces from Detaille, "The Dream" and the "March Out of the Garrison of Hünigen in 1815," are interesting. There are two large historical scenes from Laurens, — the "Deliverance of the Prisoners of Carcassonne," and the "Excommunication of King Robert of France." Hector Le Roux is represented by two archæological paintings, "Herculaneum," and a "Columbarium," which are classic in every detail. Besnard, who is always a poet at heart as well as a painter, is represented by one of the most exquisite marine landscapes of latter-day art, — the "Harbor of Algiers at Sunset." All the wonderful color and almost ethereal loveliness of the atmosphere of Algiers, where sea and sky in the far horizon-line blend into one, are in this picture. One of the notable works of Alexander Harrison, his "Solitude," is in the Luxembourg, and from Walter Gay, also an American artist, is a genre picture called "Saying Grace;" from John Singer Sargent, his celebrated figure piece, "La Carmencita," in all the impassioned floating grace of her dance. A large canvas repre-

senting the " St. Germain-des-Prés " is one of the admirable paintings of interiors, with the sombre light and the dim masses of shadow. An imaginative work, " The Apparition," by Moreau, and his " Orpheus," " Phaeton," and " Death and the Young Man " are a most interesting group. A Venetian scene from Ziem, who has made himself one of the famous interpreters of the Dream City; the " Harvester's Pay-Day," from Lhermitte; the romantic " Evening of a Spanish Festival," by Lunois, with its vivid sun effect, " Serenity," by Henri Martin, are all pictures before which the visitor lingers. M. Martin fairly paints the sunshine and the air in his luminous transcriptions.

Boutet de Monvel reveals his delicate finesse of artistic touch in " The Deserted House," and the " September Evening " and " Jura Mountains " of Pointelin are charming. The very feeling of the early autumn is subtly caught in the " September Evening." From Tissot are several works, — a " Faust and Marguerite " seen in the garden, and others called " A Departure," and " In a Foreign Land," each telling its story in the way of which M. Tissot knows the secret. Puvis de Chavannes is represented by a work called " The Poor Fisherman."

One of those peculiarly exquisite portraits which are inseparably associated with La Gandara, is the " Woman With a Rose." The figure, the pose, the costuming are fairly the type of all that is ideal in womanhood. Adrien Demont, the painter of skies, the painter to whom stars and sunsets tell their story, has a marvellous picture of " Night " — the night in all its infinite space and infinite mystery. Mme. Demont-Breton's skill is seen in her marine picture, " A Beach," when the tide is creeping in. A portrait of Benjamin Constant by Angèle Delasalle is full of life and power, and M. Constant himself is represented by a portrait of his son. From Carolus-Duran are a lovely portrait picture, " Mother and Children;" his " Lady With a Glove;" his " Troubadour;" a portrait of the artist Français, and a charming scene of " Apple-trees " in blossom, with all the fragrance and beauty of the May revealed in the picture.

Eugène Carrière, whose kingdom was that of shadowland, is represented by two pictures, " Family " and " Maternity." The peculiar power of M. Carrière to paint the shadows, as when, for instance, he portrays the audience at a night of Wagner opera, when the lights are turned off and only the fantastic gleam of

FEMME À LA ROSE. *Gandara*

the illumination on the pages of music before the orchestra is seen, — mark him as among the unique modern French painters.

That memorable picture, " The Gleaners," from Jules Breton, and others of his work are here; Bouguereau's " Body of St. Cecilia Laid in the Catacombs," and Cabanel's " Birth of Venus " are typical of the classic school of art in France. A portrait of the Rt. Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, by J. McLure Hamilton, an American artist, is a fine example of portraiture.

The Musée du Luxembourg contains two rooms devoted to the Impressionist School of a quarter of a century or more ago. Both Manet and Monet are represented by several works showing their especial *plein-air* treatment in the initiative phases of this movement, and the early Impressionist work is also shown by examples from Pissarro, Alfred Sisley, Raffaëlli, Mary Cassatt, Renoir, Caillebotte, Berthe Morizot, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas (in " Two Dancers ") and Cézanne. The " Hoar Frost " of Monet and his " Gare St. Lazare " are wonderful out-of-door pictures. The frost glistens in the sunshine, and the very sensation of cool, crisp air is in the picture.

Zuloaga, whose genius has a curious affinity

for the morbid and the repulsive, has a portrait of a " Female Dwarf " painted with his always marvellous technique and intimate revelation of the mood, the thought, the tendency of his subject. Zuloaga is to painting somewhat as Zola is to French literature — a revealer of the life of classes focussed in a distinctive individual type. From Alfred Stevens is a delightful picture entitled " Impassioned Song — After the Ball," the very transcription of a mood. Charles Cottet is the painter of a strong work, " The Lost Boys," and a " Coast Scene " of the most absolute realism of detail. Doucet's portrait of the Princess Mathilde, who was the great friend of the brothers Goncourt, and Jules Lefebvre's portrait of his daughter, Mlle. Yvonne, are most interesting.

The collections of paintings and sculpture in the Musée du Luxembourg are constantly changing. The catalogue is not, by any means, ever brought up to date; but as each work is inscribed with its title and the name of the artist, the opportunity for enjoying these galleries is favorable and they offer a representation of contemporary art impossible to find elsewhere.

It is impossible to give any complete reference to the works of art in either the Louvre

or the Luxembourg. In each, the galleries are undergoing continual change in the acquisition of new works. The Parisians regard these treasure houses as living witnesses of the progressive art of the day, rather than mausoleums to hold fixed and changeless collections. They are each frequented as places of daily resort. A period of ten years must elapse after the death of an artist before his work is admitted to the Louvre; and thus it happens that while, in a general way, the Luxembourg is held to be representative of living artists, in many cases, as that of Puvis de Chavannes, the work of the artist remains after his death until the lapse of the required decade admits it to the galleries of the Louvre.

The Jardin du Luxembourg is the promenade of all that part of Paris in which it is located. In summer the military band plays there three or four afternoons a week; and the seats under the old trees are as invariably filled with people as in Hyde Park. Unlike the latter, they are not, as a rule, of the " smart " world. The monde of fashion is far from Paris during the midsummer days; but the large plots for the children's playground are filled; students, visitors and the people of the locality sit on the

long seats, and the women sew and knit while they exchange talk and gossip. The flowers are in brilliant blossom; the trees are in their luxuriant green, and the sunshine falls over the statues and groups of sculpture with which the garden is adorned. On a wall is a mosaic showing Peace, personified as a female figure, crowning the names of the latter-day French artists, from David to Puvis de Chavannes and Carrière. There is a memorial monument to Eugène Delacroix by Dalou, the design being a fountain and a bust of the artist in bronze with the genius of Time bringing him fame and the genius of Art offering applause. There are monuments to Watteau and to Fabre; there is a bust of Sainte-Beuve on a pedestal, and one also of Eustache Le Sueur; there is a monument to Chopin, to George Sand, and one to Victor Hugo, by Rodin, representing the poet and his muse. A bust of Théodore de Banville; twenty marble statues in honor of celebrated French women; and many other statues, busts and groups abound on the green terraces.

Sainte-Beuve was very fond of strolling in the Luxembourg gardens. "We seem to see there the short, stout figure, erect and active, the bald head covered with a skull-cap, the bushy

Mme. C. E. and Her Children *Carolus-Duran*

red eyebrows, the smooth-shaven face, redeemed from ugliness by its alert intelligence," says a writer on Paris. "His walks were down this slope of Mont-Parnasse, which he thought of as the pleasure-ground of the mediæval students of the University, to the quays, where he hunted among the old-book stalls. And he loved to stroll in the alleys of the Luxembourg gardens. In the Poets' Corner, now made there, you will find his bust along with those of Henri Murger, Leconte de Lisle, Théodore de Banville, and Paul Verlaine."

Michelet lived near, where his windows commanded a view over these beautiful grounds, in the street now called by his name. Although he gave forty years of devoted work to his "History of France," he regarded it as incomplete at the time of his death. "I consider that history should be a resurrection," he said, and he objected to Guizot's definition of it as an analysis. Under the treatment of Michelet history rises from the past like a living drama, miraculously summoned to life and light again by the incantation of genius.

The Luxembourg gardens lend themselves, too, to the romance of lovers. It was here that Victor Hugo walked with Adèle Foucher, while

the chaperonage of Mme. Foucher did not, it is said, prevent their slipping notes into each other's hands to supplement their periods of conversation during this period of courtship. To friends in their *cercle intime* Mme. Hugo often recalled those days in playful allusion or tender reminiscence, and to the lover of Victor Hugo these gardens are haunted by visions of those romantic hours when he strolled under blossoming trees with Mlle. Foucher.

Jules Janin's early home was near the Luxembourg. These gardens are the paradise of Parisian students, who haunt their walks, and many a problem of physics and metaphysics has been pondered over if not solved in the fragrant silence of these beautiful grounds.

Not a sound from the great city that has planted itself on both sides of the Seine is heard in this leafy solitude. Not a hint of the intense throbbing, many-sided life of Paris penetrates into this golden atmosphere, that is freighted with memories and with images of the historic past. The Jardin du Luxembourg is the only Renaissance garden now left in Paris.

"*Can rules or tutors educate*
The semigod whom we await?
He must be musical,
Tremulous, impressional,
Alive to gentle influence
Of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the spirit-touch
Of man's or maiden's eye."

EMERSON.

IV

THE ANNUAL SPRING SALONS

" . . . For in that magic mirror we see our life surrounded with issues viewless to the common eye. We see it compassed about with chariots of fire."

THE new note in French art is the portrayal of those secret analogies which pervade life and make up the texture of character and circumstance, and their result on human destiny. " The soul contains within itself the event that shall presently befall it," says Emerson; " for the event is only the actualization of its thoughts." The artist must be also the seer. He must be the diviner of mental states, the poet of moods, the reader of the unwritten, the discerner of the invisible. To Romanticism succeeded Impressionism; to Impressionism succeeds Intimism. All the merely dogmatic laws of academic rule are swept away, or, rather, are surrounded by and engulfed in the high tide of intimate insight and constructive sympathy. The artist is quickened

by the magnetic suggestion of that which lies beyond the surface. He paints with thought as well as with the brush. A ruined castle on a hillside, silhouetted against the blue sky; the flush of sunset; a reflection in the water; a shadow on the path, — all these subtle hints transpose themselves, in the artist's mind, into new creations and groupings. To what extent has this brilliant, subtle, mercurial and psychological art of the day affinity with the great achievements of the Renaissance, is a question that occurs to the mind. In the Salons of recent years portraiture is seen as an instantaneous, nervous grasp of character and mood and temperament; an impetuosity that seizes on characteristics with a kind of electric verve, as in the portrait of a young man in hunting costume, exhibited in the Spring Salons of 1908, with two tall greyhounds beside him, seen standing on a hillside silhouetted against the far horizon, his right hand raised to hold down his hat, a great coat slung over his left arm, his garments all flying in the wind, and two or three lonely stone-pines on the hill. What an electric impression has M. Bernard Boutet de Monvel depicted in this scene, which is not only a portrait, but a picture, a biography, and the rendering of the

CARMENCITA. *John S. Sargent*

very life of the subject. No artist has more wonderfully and impressively illustrated the new note in portraiture than has M. de Monvel in this work.

Less elaborate but even more penetrating than Sargent's brilliant audacities, is the work of a group of the French, Italian and Spanish painters, typically represented by Boutet de Monvel, Besnard, Boldini, and Degas, who, though his irony is always apparent, is a student of truth. In M. Albert Besnard is fairly initiated a new period in art. Intellectually he is in touch with science, with ethics, with the new social ideal. The superficial critic proclaims him fantastic; but he has the poet's mind, the poet's intricate subtlety, and he who penetrates beneath the surface, and has the intuitive recognition of the hidden significances of M. Besnard's mental processes, finds him singularly luminous, and an artist whose work is a very lens through which one sees that which was before invisible. M. Camille Mauclair regards Besnard as " the artist who will appear in the future as the logical transition between Impressionism and the art of the Twentieth Century." For already, although the first decade of the new century has not yet passed, the keen observer who stands

on the watch-tower of life recognizes the changed point of view reflected in the art as well as in the scientific progress of the day. More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since M. Besnard emancipated himself from all academic traditions. It was in the Salon of 1884 that his portrait of Mme. Roger Jourdain caused a tempest and tumult not unlike the violent storm that broke over the Salon of 1898, caused by Rodin's creation of the statue of Balzac. This portrait, in which Mme. Jourdain is seen near the golden light of a lamp, while a blue-gray twilight still lingers at the window, was well termed an "iridescent fairy-land." There followed the remarkable portraits of Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, and of the artist's wife, herself an artist, — perhaps the first woman sculptor of to-day; and then that epoch-making portrait of Mme. Réjane, in the Salon of 1900, which was continually surrounded by groups of worshippers and of detractors, whose vigorous denunciations left little to the imagination. Equally vigorous, however, was the eloquent language of the devotees to this powerful work. Mme. Réjane is portrayed as in the act of walking across the stage. She is in a pink gown with roses on her corsage, one of which

has fallen to the floor, and in the irresistible motion of the figure the gazer expects to see the rose instantly brushed aside by her trailing draperies, as she moves swiftly on. No critical writer has more admirably defined the art of M. Besnard than has M. Camille Mauclair, when he says:

"Besnard's work is the very expression of contemporary thought, which sometimes it even forestalls; it inaugurates a new era; it is of value not only in itself, but in all the promise it contains, in all that it unveils of a road which nobody had thought of taking, or, at any rate, had dared to take.

"M. Albert Besnard is unquestionably a great painter; but he is also a profound spirit, a well-informed and clear intelligence, deeply interested in science and letters, a firm believer in evolutionistic ideas and one who foresees in scientific truths the elements of a new beauty and a new symbolism. . . . He has had the courage to face science and ethics impartially; he has had faith in his time; he has rejected the theory that there could be ugliness where there is character and life. But if he had confined himself to these sociological ideas, he would not have been a painter; all they did was to

direct and control his instinct. In him was to be found, after the advent of impressionism, a system of decorative ideas which had been unknown hitherto."

In decorative painting M. Besnard is perhaps equally epoch-making. Of his remarkable power of imitation M. Mauclair finely speaks, in a long description of Besnard's celebrated work in the Hôtel de Ville in Paris — the municipal palace corresponding to the City Hall of American cities, — and of these decorative paintings M. Mauclair writes:

"The ceiling of the Salle des Sciences at the Hôtel de Ville is in conformity with the theme, 'Science spreads light over the universe.' . . . He has painted the nocturnal azure as background and upon it has lighted up fiery stars, comets and nebulæ; the moon occupies an entire panel, with her mountains, canals and livid and icy planes. At the background of the ether from the edge of the planets in the making, semi-human and semi-fantastic beings arise, and are whirled away in elliptical movement, led by a nude, haggard goddess, who throws an armful of sheaves of flame into the waste, and who is a flame herself through all the radiations of her gold-colored skin. They advance toward

the brink of the gulf and fall into the void, escorted by figures of pure line, the Sciences that lead them toward the Ideal. Never has the whirl of knowledge, the intoxication with cosmic mystery, been expressed with such a prodigious force as in this ceiling, with its violent blue and orange harmony, which really pierces the roof of the hall and encloses a bold thought in an essentially decorative work. This elliptical and whirling course across the plurality of the worlds is a drama of surprising lyricism, at once natural and strange."

The student of the Salons of 1908 cannot but realize that French landscape art has three distinctive phases; a decorative touch of reality in the noble work of Théodore Rousseau who derived a certain solidity and massiveness from the best traditions of the Dutch school; with Corot, an all-pervading poetry and grace and sentiment entered into landscape painting, which became, under the new lights of Claude Monet, a definite rendering of atmospheric effects. For the *plein air* movement, initiated by Claude Monet by his insight into the analysis of light, brought to bear on art the truth that it is not the object in a landscape, but the effect of the light at a given moment on that object,

which is the important fact to the painter. This resulted in a third innovation, — the recognition of the disassociation of tones, — as astounding to the artistic world, as has been that of Dr. Le Bon's new theories of the disassociation of matter, to the scientific world of this year. These three phases then, typified, in a general way, by the work of Rousseau and Daubigny, by Corot and by Monet, all enter, in varying degrees, into the supreme truth of the insight and the Intimism that stamps the Salons of 1908 with a new significance. Of this evolution of art we find a French critic saying:

"Preoccupied at first with rustic details, with the drawing of the objects of nature, landscape painting turns next toward their moral significance, their soul, their mystery, and finally identifies this soul with light itself, which becomes the essential concern of painting. Commenced by sketches from nature, arranged and composed in the studio, landscape art ends by installing itself on a certain spot with fifteen canvases, upon which the artist works in turn, changing them from hour to hour. Conceived at first almost sculpturally, in great decorative masses, with the intention of giving full expression to the material solidity of wood or rock,

landscape painting becomes volatile and fluid, a mere music of colors, a caress of transparent lights, through which we can see the scene serving as pretext, like the theme of a sonata reappearing through its variations. The old idea of the picturesque, finding a landscape interesting if it contains an accumulation of curious details, yields completely to this passionate love of air, brightness, sunlight and twilight effects. This is the great trait of the history of landscape art from Rousseau to the present day. Thus realism is transformed, reflecting modern sensitiveness in its entirety; and painting is gradually freed of its material character in order to arrive at a kind of comparative immateriality, under the influence of music, which plays the leading part in the history of modern art."

While acknowledging the influence of Rousseau and Daubigny, who felt the grandeur of majestic trees, the enchantment of far horizon lines, the sublimity of colossal masses of rock, Diaz, whose painting of forest depths is characterized by jewel-like splendor of color, in his emerald greens, his topaz and ruby, yellows and reds of autumn colors, must not be forgotten. The present does not obliterate the past. Dela-

croix, with his gift of romantic transcription; Ingres, imbued with the spirit of the beauty of Greek art; Prud'hon, with his delicate touch and problematic significance; David, who made history visible in his great works, " The Coronation at Notre Dame " and other historical scenes; Courbet, with his lurid splendor of sunsets; Corot, with his sympathy with Italian scenes and art, as shown in his " Near Rome " and other pictures, which translate the poetry of Virgil and Horace into form and color; Jules Dupré, with his exquisite feeling for nature, — all these artists are of the immortality of France.

In 1863, however, the artists who had been rejected by the Salon of that year arranged their works in a collection which they called, half in derision, half in bravado and assertion, the " *Salon des Refusés.*" Among these was one of Claude Monet's called simply, " Impression " — a sunset scene painted in the new *plein air* manner; and it was from that picture that his followers took the name of " Impressionists." The new cult made a decided departure from the school in which were numbered Théodore Chassériau and Gustave Moreau, and which in a general sense without attempting any chrono-

logical succession, has included Cabanel, whose especial distinction, at best, is hardly greater than that of a fashionable portrait painter of his time and an artist of academic virtues. Tissot, whose transcriptions from the life of Christ has made him famous; Bouguereau, best known, it may be, by his picture, "La Vierge Consolatrice;" Bonnat, whose portraits have their own enduring excellence; Carolus-Duran, whom the public at large estimates more highly than do the latter-day critics, but whose work has those brilliant and attractive elements that win admiration, and whose lovely portrait of the "Mother and Children," of the young girl in a garden, and others, must always be remembered, and who is adding new lustre to the Villa Medici during his present residence there as the director of the French Academy, — all those artists have produced work which is a valuable part of the modern inheritance.

With Édouard Manet's painting of "Olympia," and his "Music at the Tuileries," "The Opera Ball," and his portraits of Zola and of Mme. Berthe Morizat, and with the impassioned and brilliant work of Gustave Doré, new influences of vitality were felt in French art. Illustration became elevated to a dignity never

before associated with art. Puvis de Chavannes, Besnard and Chéret revealed striking possibilities in decorative work. Rafaelli painted his wonderful " Notre Dame " and his extensive series of the types of Parisian life. Degas, with his creed that the individual " is the product of the psychology of a period and of a race," carried the courage of his convictions into his portraits. In the opinion of the late Ernest Francesco Fenollosa, than whom there is no greater critical authority on art, Degas approaches more nearly to the power of the old masters than any other contemporary painter. It has been under Manet and Degas that painting has achieved larger horizons, " imbued with the striving after psychological characterization that dominates the contemporary mood." The creed of the hour holds that " the likeness of a man is the portrait of his thought." Eugène Carrière, that unique and original genius, whose portraits are " mysterious interpretations, invocations of souls," left his immortal impress on art, written in his own hieroglyphics, that are his invention, rather than his discovery of a technique. One feature of French art is very notable in any survey of its entire history; and that is the way in which in France, far more strikingly than in

MATERNITÉ. *Eugène Carrière*

any other nation, art has always been visibly influenced and even determined by intellectual progress. Science, music, and ethics have, to a marked degree, set the pace for the plastic arts. The reality of the visible world has been revealed to artists in successive gradations, which correspond closely to the increased revelations granted to scientific researches.

In decorative design, Puvis de Chavannes stands out preëminent for his swift adaptation of intellectual progress. Of him M. Mauclair has written:

"... He even succeeded in expressing absolutely modern symbols, and in forecasting a new style suitable for our time. This is testified by a curious panel of the decoration for the Boston Library, 'Electricity carrying Good and Bad News.' Along two telegraph wires that cross the canvas, on a background of sky, there slide in opposite directions two women. One, dressed in black, hides her face under her folded arm; the other, dressed in white, smiles while offering a bouquet, and both of them are being swept giddily away. It is impossible to imagine what ingenuity the artist required to arrange this composition without falling into the ridiculous; he has attained supreme emotion in supreme

sobriety, thanks to his innate intuition of the way to adapt any idea to decoration."

Eugène Carrière was one of the most intimate friends of Rodin, and, like that artist, maintained his striking individuality in his work. Early influenced by Spanish art, he yet never came under the enchantment of color, but his mind was dominated by expression. In his single figure pieces, or in his strange, dream-like portrayals of an entire audience at theatre or opera, he establishes the very atmosphere, — not only of the lights and shadows and a crowd of people, but the feeling that pervades the throng, and of the individual life with its emotions, its anxieties, its gaiety, its inspirations. He paints the very thought in the air; the glances; the telepathic intercourse that pervades the scene. He paints the hands in a manner that individualizes one from another. To him the throng is not composed of dream figures, but of living, thinking beings, each with the human tragedy, the human story, the mystery of human destiny. Into his decorative work he carries this same element of the inscrutable. In one of his paintings for the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville, the design shows two women gazing upon Paris. They are invested with an atmosphere of

serious contemplation, and with some subtle hint, too, of the sibyl and the seer, as if foreseeing, if not reading, the riddle of future destiny.

The composition is typical of the attitude of the French nation as well as suggestive of that larger and still unread riddle of creation. For to the French Paris is the universe. No country is so little represented in the vast tide of modern travel as is France. The reason is not far to seek. It does not lie in lack of intelligent interest in the changing scenes and marvellous revelations of contemporary progress, nor yet in any lack of easy prosperity. But the Parisian has his Paris. In it he lives and moves and has his being. The Frenchman who lives in the provinces has Paris to visit within convenient proximity. Why should he fare forth afar to benighted regions that have no Paris? There is but one Ville Luminaire. It is for the barbarians of other lands, who dwell afar from this cosmopolitan centre, to travel, and make their pilgrimages to it — not for one on whom the gods have set their seal in making him a native of France to fly in the face of an evident Providential decree by wandering afar. The French attitude suggests the American *mot*,— "If you

live in Boston you can go to New York, but if you live in New York where could you go to?" Living in Paris, where, indeed, could a Parisian betake himself? Shall he be ungrateful for this last, best gift of the gods? All this line of suggestion is interwoven with M. Carrière's figures of the two women who are gazing upon Paris as the Peri might gaze, enraptured, on Paradise the Blest.

In the Salon of 1908 there was noted a fine landscape by Henri Le Sidanier which revealed his gift of seeing nature as a symphony of color gradations, and is painted with his characteristic originality of technique. The Salons of the spring of 1908 were, indeed, unusually fine, and while there were, all in all, many pictures of mediocre interest, as is inevitable where the collections run into the thousands, the proportion of notable work was large, and it included a wide range over portraiture, landscapes, marines and general subjects. In the way of beauty, these galleries offered us the most enchanting loveliness. The landscapes were so luminous; the very air was painted and the sunshine and the blossoms and the fragrance; the very breath of the sea was in these wonderful marines; the changeful glow

LANDSCAPE. *Frederic Arthur Callender*

of sunset effects in the atmosphere. There was, for instance, the splendor of a sunset on a coast — evidently that of Italy — where the whole horizon is aflame with the setting sun shining on masses of floating clouds seen over the mountainous ranges that lie in deepening purple shadow. At the foot of the hills that rise from the coast is the curling smoke of a camp-fire, and the figures of a group of people are flitting about. Again there was an interior of a deep wood — the trees all in autumn colors, and on a marble walk near a walled pond two lovers are seen pausing in an absorbed conversation.

Frederic Arthur Callender was represented by a scene in Normandy — a landscape in which he has so wonderfully caught the peculiar shimmer and haze in the air of France. Mr. Callender is one of the most eminent among the colony of American artists in Paris, and his work is accepted at the old and conservative Salon of the " Artistes Français " without reservation — a signal honor. For several years Mr. and Mrs. Callender have lived in Venice; last autumn they came to Paris, where Mr. Callender had passed many of his student days, to which the intense artistic atmosphere allures him again. " Paris is the centre of all the new ideas in paint-

ing," Mr. Callender says; and apparently within even the past two years art has taken gigantic strides forward in Paris. A few years ago there was rather a decadence; it was perhaps a kind of transition period; but there is certainly now a revival of great vitality. "The Road to the Wood" is the title of one of Mr. Callender's paintings, which was purchased by the King of Italy in 1901, and presented by his Majesty to the National Gallery in Venice. Two years later the king purchased of Mr. Callender another landscape, a Normandy scene, which is placed in the royal gallery in the Palazzo Quirinale in Rome. A native of Boston, and beginning his art study at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts under the lamented Professor Grundmann, and under Professor Crowninshield, Mr. Callender subsequently entered the Julien Academy in Paris, and came under the influence of Boulanger and Lefebvre, going later to Italy, where for years he gave himself to the study of the old masters with a devotion which seems to have imparted to his work a serious and lasting dignity. One of the well-known Italian critics wrote of him: "Mr. Callender is a superior artist, not only from the point of view of technique, but also for that breath of poetry which

he infuses so understandingly into subjects from which others would draw forth only material representations of the truth. Nothing could be more attractive, for instance, than the mystery with which his 'In Summer' is enveloped, and also his latest picture, 'The Road to the Woods,' which our king has just purchased." Mr. Callender has made a long and serious study of the evolution of Italian art, spending much time in Italy in research in past years.

Larpentier and Raymond Desverreux, *père et fils*, are two of the most interesting artists who have won their honors at the annual Salons. M. Larpentier Desverreux paints nature in a vivid and poetic manner and his son is a specialist in military painting. The younger Desverreux studied under Gérôme and Édouard Detaille, and he won the "Mention Honorable" of the Salon by a great historical battle-piece called "The Defenders of the Eagle," a most forcible and appealing work, of which a French critic wrote:

"Grenadiers, with their heavy headgear, — voltigeurs, with their big 'shakos,' — they have all fallen — fallen in one doleful pile, above which still waves the colors of the regiment. The last poor fellow who bore aloft the standard

of his country still retains in the rigid death clasp the flag-staff, on which the Emperor's Eagle glimmers in the last rays of the dying day. When succor arrived it was too late. The defenders of the Eagle were no more, — all fallen! Officers, soldiers, down to the drummers, all had succumbed rather than surrender the symbol which their country had confided to their courage.

"And when at evening the battle had ended, the great Emperor, in his legendary gray overcoat and 'petit chapeau,' drew near, and looking down saw all that remained of the brave defenders of his glory. Though impassible, yet his emotion was profound and painful, for history relates that tears were seen trickling from his eyes. Clouds of smoke and dust extend back to the horizon, a dismal shrouding over the late scene of carnage and horror."

Paul Bartlett, of Boston, the distinguished sculptor, is recognized in Paris as one who has "arrived," and his work commands wide recognition on both sides of the Atlantic.

The decorative paintings of 1908 formed a signal feature. One of these — an immense canvas — shows a vast stretch of level ground with a great rainbow arching the sky and

L'Aube des Cygnes. *Auburtin. Salon, 1908*

groups of youths and girls wandering about, or pausing in conversation. From Auburtin is the " L'Aube des Cygnes," a small lake with swans rising out of the water, and aerial figures — a Leda, an Undine, who knows what! — also seen in the water, with trees and greenery on the edge of the lake and in the background. Of this work Henri Frantz says:

" M. Francis Auburtin last year achieved a great success — one of those successes which should intimidate an artist; this year he remains worthy of himself in this most delicate domain of decorative painting. The size of the hall in which his panel is placed admits of its being seen at a good distance; thus one can grasp the delicious harmony of the picture, in which the bluish light from the bodies of the nude women plays on a pool, amid the swans and the water-lilies. M. Auburtin is at his best in distributing his colored masses with a view to the general impression; the balance of his work is perfect, small detail being subordinated to the realization of the decorative whole."

M. Roll, the eminent and accomplished president of the Société Nationale, contributed a remarkable decorative work in the " Vers la Nature pour l'Humanité," a most harmonious

and lofty *ensemble*, distinguished for its philosophic significance, its beauty of coloring, and its imaginative quality.

There were many others of interest. One, for instance, represented a young girl reclining in the open air on the grass. The figure is nude, but delicately posed, and all about her are flowers scattered. The beauty of the flesh-painting, the luminous transparency of the air — the out-of-door feeling — can not be translated into words.

Still another was also a nude figure, the head on a pillow and a rose just fallen from the hand. But the most entrancing decorative work that has almost ever been shown was that of Raphael Collin, who is fairly a painter of the ethereal universe. He exposed two very large canvases. The one simply shows a sense of infinite space, with two figures (female, draped) sitting, meditatively, with the most perfect peace, serenity, joy, uplifting, expressed in their countenances. It is not the peace of vacant inanity, or mere repose, even; but of achievement, power, poise and harmony. The other is an equally colossal canvas, with the same infinite space, in which two figures are floating in the air, with some flying drapery investing parts of the figures.

MUSIC. *Raphael Collin*

DREAMS. *Raphael Collin*

The coloring of both is delicate and exquisite, and M. Collin has succeeded in fairly painting space! It is the infinite ether into which one gazes. M. Collin is a professor in the Académie des Beaux Arts, and he has a special *clientèle* of American students, who regard him as one of the greatest among modern masters. The portrait of Professor Collin, as seen in his own studio, is one of the interesting works in latter-day French art. Raphael Collin is one of the group which included Besnard, Bastien-Lepage, Carrière and Gervex, who were all pupils of the Beaux-Arts, and he is eminent as a portrait painter, as well as a decorative artist. Among his decorative works is the one called " Music," in the Opéra Comique (1899), in which Sibyl Sanderson, in her rôle of Manon, is immortalized in the ideal figure. In the Musée du Luxembourg is M. Collin's " Floréal," and he is the creator of decorative works in the Odéon, and also in Tokio, Japan, where is placed his " Idyl of the Sea." M. Collin is now engaged in illustrating the work " Daphne and Chloe," and it is a dream of beauty.

Something more than even *les palmes académiques* is offered to such artists as these. American students are many of them enthusiastic

in their accounts of kindly help and sympathy from these French artists, who are by no means merely *les amis des beaux jours*, but the friends who give the encouragement, the word, the aid at the moment it is most needed.

While the exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts opens about the middle of April, the Société des Artistes Français opens on May first, both closing on the last day of June. Both Salons have their exhibitions in the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts in the Champs Élysées.

No city has such spacious and splendid galleries in which to exhibit pictures and sculpture as has Paris in this magnificent Grand Palais, with entrances in the Avenue Alexander III and in the Avenue d'Antin. This palace of art was built in 1900 to provide galleries for the great Exposition of that year, and was erected as a permanent building. Opposite the Palais Grand is the " Petit Palais " — so large that it would seem anything but " petit " except as contrasted with the colossal size of the Grand Palais. The vista of this avenue, which crosses the river by the Pont Alexandre III, with its great bronze angels and bronze lamps, is one of the most beautiful in all Paris. The Grand Palais is built around a large court, which is

used as a garden to display the sculptures. Seats are placed at close intervals; masses of greenery are grouped here and there, and the effect is very picturesque, but it is far from comfortable to be obliged to walk about on the gravel and sand in order to study the marbles. One finds an easier — if a less heroic — way, by studying the sculpture from the balcony above with the aid of an opera-glass. Taking the sculptures in this fashion, there is truly a royal road to viewing the Salons, for two elevators are in service from the lower to the upper balconies, on which all the galleries for pictures open, and one can even make the tour of these in a wheel-chair if he is so disposed. The galleries opening on the lower terrace are used for the exposition of rugs, tapestries, aquarelles, pastels and drawings. The upper galleries are richly carpeted, with an abundance of sofas and fauteuils, and they open into one another so that from Salle I to Salle XLIV one makes a continuous tour, and from the last gallery of one Salon the visitor passes, through another official portal, into the first gallery of the other. The softly tinted walls show the works to advantage; the light is admirable; the rooms are full of beautifully dressed women, and men who are " turned

out " with the same perfection of detail. Everything contributes to a most agreeable atmosphere. Everything delights one. The visitors have all that exquisite grace of courtesy that characterizes the high breeding of France. Conversation is carried on in softly modulated tones. The voices are those of cultivated and refined people. One may pass hours in these galleries without undue fatigue. Both Salons (the Société Nationale and the Société des Artistes Français) have their galleries in this Grand Palais, that rises, a stately structure of white marble, from the green garden in which it is set. There is an excellent restaurant, there is the balcony on which friends may sit and talk, and every convenience, indeed, is met.

For years past it has been the " new " Salon (the Nationale) that carried off the honors. That can hardly be said of its 1908 exposition, fine as it was. For the " old " one (the Artistes Français) was a perfect dream of color. The artists, many of them, fairly painted the air. Their work is luminous. In it the sun shines, the trees wave in the wind, and flowers offer their fragrance. There are views of a deep inlet from a blue sea with the sun shining on rocks in the water; there are sunsets — such as no painter

ever dared to put on canvas before; there are large decorative paintings, where, in the azure of infinite space, angels are floating. There are scenes ethereal and terrestrial in this wonderful array. Many of the pictures seen displayed the legend, " Commanded by the State." For the French government concerns itself effectually with things artistic, giving constant practical recognition and aid. It is no wonder that art flourishes in Paris. Every possible recognition and advantage are given to further its progress. With the forty-six galleries of the " old " Salon and some forty-two or more of the " new " the tour of the galleries is no slight effort, yet so luxuriously bountiful is the entire arrangement that the progress is a perpetual delight. Never were exhibitions of pictures made so perfect in all appointments as in this Grand Palais in the Champs Élysées.

The sculpture garden of 1908 revealed varied and important work. There was a statue of Hugo, posed standing on the edge of a rock, his left hand holding a cane, with his hat on the top of his stick, his coat skirts blown by the wind, his face bent downward as if in deep meditation. A statue of a soldier fallen in the snow, lying dead, the snow partly covering

him, was a work of great technical power. A statue of Night, personified as a female figure, is wonderful, in that it seemed a night that holds all the promise and prophecy of the dawn.

Glancing at this beautiful creation one could not but recall Bayard Taylor's impressive lines in his "Poet's Journal," —

> "Who thinks, at night, that morn will ever be?
> Who knows, far out upon the central sea,
> That anywhere is land? And yet, a shore
> Has set behind us, and will rise before."

So this statue of Night seemed to bid one to be of good cheer, to realize that in the darkest midnight glows the promise of the dawn; that, as the poet assures us,

> "A past foretells a future."

So one gazed at this Night and went his way with renewed courage and more abiding faith.

Heathcote Stathain, in a critical review of the sculpture in the French Salons for 1908, says: —

"Among works which may be singled out for special attention at the Salon is the Trarieux monument by M. Jean-Boucher (who has hyphened his name to distinguish him better

from his gifted namesake Alfred Boucher, and now appears under ' J ' in the catalogue), a great group apparently incomplete — there should evidently be a portrait bust on the stele — where a lady of noble pose leads up a child to look at the memorial; it is a modern figure, but the sculptor has contrived to give it true sculpturesque dignity. M. Alfred Boucher's group ' Humanité,' part of an intended monument, is abstract sculpture, the effect of which is a little marred by the patchwork semi-gilt surface of the plaster model; it is in fact rather a large sketch than a finished work. A feature in the sculpture collection is the presence of two couple of large works for open-air decoration: the two groups of stags by M. Gardet, to flank the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne at the Porte Dauphine, and two colossal bronze draped figures by M. Frémiet, to be placed in the square of the Carrousel. Among the ideal subjects M. Charpentier's ' L'Œuvre ' is one of the finest. Among the monuments is a fine one to Watteau by M. Lombard; the portrait bust of the painter on a stele, to which a garland is offered by a woman in the costume and style of the female figures in his own pictures; and a charming one by M. Pech to Perrault, author of the ' Contes

des Fées,' around whose figure delighted children dance in a ring. A remarkable instance of versatility is shown in the two works by M. Picaud, close to each other: one a nude, 'La Vague,' the rather overworked idea of a female figure tumbled over on the beach by a wave, but a beautiful piece of work of its kind; the other a relief in stone entitled 'Pauvres Gens,' a pathetic group of a realistic peasant woman and her boy seated together. Each is equally thorough in its way, and no one looking at the two works would be likely to guess that they were from the same hand. But to mention all the works in sculpture that are of special interest would be impossible.

"And then what encouragement sculpture enjoys, too, in France! — one practical reason, no doubt, for its immense vitality. In this year's Salon the placard *Acquis par l'Etat* or *Commandé par l'Etat* meets the eye at every turn. The French government must have spent many thousands of pounds in the purchase of works in sculpture from this year's exhibition alone.

"The immense collection of sculpture in the central court of the Salon is as astonishing as ever in its extent and variety of interest, though

it does not contain so many works of the highest order as in some former years, and there is a certain evidence of restlessness and striving after effects which are not properly sculpturesque. M. Ségoffin's 'Le Temps et le Génie,' for instance (a State commission for the square of the Louvre), a symbolical bronze group in which Genius in full flight has overturned Time, is a kind of subject only fitted for representation in painting; the flying figure of Genius, only supported in the air by the drapery which trails after him, is entirely wanting in the stability which should characterize a group of sculpture. M. Mercié has contented himself this year with a piece of genre sculpture, 'La Bourrée,' danced by a peasant girl in sabots; pretty and vivacious."

Over the medallion bust of a man, a strange, fantastic figure reaches out a menacing hand — a conception as curious as it is admirable in technique. Among the pictures, M. Lhermitte has a great landscape, where the family and friends of a laborer are resting after the day's toil in the shadow of tall hayricks, while near there stand a pair of oxen, that seem fairly to breathe, so lifelike are they.

M. Charles Cottet's picture "Au Pays de la

Mer — Douleur," is one of the deepest human tenderness and sorrow. On a rude trestle on the shore is the body of a man cast up by the waves, while over him bend his anguished wife and his weeping mother. The serious faces of the men and the grief of the women are so vividly pictured that no one can look at this work unmoved.

René Ménard's "The Appian Way" is a veritable classic, and no Italian master, or Poussin or Corot, could more charmingly reveal this view of the pine tree against the blue Roman sky, the old ruins with the massive stones, the splendid space of the Campagna, and the dark, grim row of cypresses in the middle distance. It has the very air of Rome, and shows that M. Ménard is the classicist by nature. There is nothing artificial in this picture.

M. Lucien Simon has distinguished himself anew in that lofty and exquisite composition, "Cérémonie Réligieuse dans la Cathédrale d'Assise." So perfect is every detail of the drawing and the richness of color, that one is fairly transported back into the cathedral of the city of Saint Francis. The lofty arches of the ancient basilica are seen indistinctly in the quivering lights which the faint daylight and the

candles of the altar unite to produce; the sense of silence and of solemnity in the interior is felt.

"The fair white chasubles, so admirably painted, the brass work, the marble, the mosaics, the choir boys' surplices — all go to make up a magnificent symphony of color, wherein everything is rightly disposed, and every note rings perfectly true. One realizes that the artist has experienced a real emotion, and the sense of grandeur aroused in one's mind marks an advance beyond that tendency to a certain virtuosity which was to be noticed in his 'La Messe' of last year."

An English critic remarks that of paintings "which commemorate historic scenes there is an unusual dearth in this year's Salon; indeed, there are only two worth mention: M. Faivre's rather powerful and dramatic painting of the death of Madame de Lamballe, which is like a page out of Carlyle, and M. Jacquier's of the burning of the captured standards in the courtyard of the Invalides before the entrance of the conquering armies into Paris in 1814, of which, to say truth, more might have been made. But there are some very interesting smaller works dealing with episodes in real life: the 'Diabolo' of

M. Kowalsky (who, in spite of his name, is a born Parisian), a beautiful girl playing with the fashionable toy in a sunlit meadow, a picture full of grace and brightness; M. Jules Lefèbvre's pathetic little work 'Abandonnée;' and a very fine work by M. Hirschfield (a Russian by birth but the pupil of three great French painters), 'L'Aveu' — figures of an old and a young lady seated in twilight beneath some trees, the action of the two expressing a moment of strong emotion; no realism of detail; the whole is kept in a subdued tone in which nothing obtrudes to interfere with the main interest of the picture. Pathetic, too, is a work by a Budapest artist, M. Szenes, 'Mea Culpa,' a girl seated alone in a wood, with a tragic expression of remorse on her face. A very small interior by M. Lecomte, 'Seule,' is one of the finest things of this class in the exhibition. It represents a dimly lighted room with a huge state bed and a lady alone in it; it might have been suggested by Marcel Prévost's 'Mariage de Juliette,' and 'le grand lit Louis Quinze,' only it is rather too serious for that. It is a fine little picture, reminding one of some of the small interiors by Fantin-Latour."

The three works from M. Ignacio Zuloaga

are curiously individual and, as Henri Frantz well says of two of these, "Zuloaga has chosen to conjure up two nightmare visions. In one of these pictures, wherein everything is startling and abnormal, even to the greenish background of the ancient walls of Segovia, Zuloaga — who, like all the painters of the Spanish School, is addicted to painting dwarfs — presents a monster of this sort, with bestial face and sightless eye, bearing a couple of inflated wine-skins, these legless, shapeless hides, monstrous in themselves, flanking the dwarf left and right. Above is a strange, unnatural sky, completing the nightmare impression intended by the painter. The picture beside it depicts a group of cadaverous-featured witches, with lack-lustre eyes and bony hands, their faces stamped with all the misdeeds and crimes imaginable — denizens evidently of the most abominable haunts of Segovia. Then to these two strange productions Zuloaga has added a third," continues M. Frantz, "one full of seductive grace — a portrait of Mme. Bréval in the second act of 'Carmen,' draped with a shawl marvellously treated, and standing in the strong glare of the footlights, with the background of the picture palely illuminated. It is a very fine work, worthy to rank with the

famous productions by this painter which adorn the great galleries of Europe."

A small picture, "Le Repas du Soir," by Joseph Bail, is of interest in showing the painter's skilful treatment of light in an interior, where a group of people sit around a table with shaded lamps illuminating the scene.

The picture of Jean Paul Laurens, "Homage à Beethoven," lacks little of being the popular picture of the year, if one may judge by the crowds continually surrounding it. The scene shows an orchestra playing the "Ninth Symphony" of the master. The effect of all the heads bent over the music-stands is rather fascinating in its simplicity, and one imagines one can hear the grand inspiration of the musician passing over them. Next to this M. Laurens paints a vision of his own. At the end of the orchestra he has depicted a statue of Beethoven, which is well treated. All the great figures of Beethoven's works are being whirled heavenwards in a harmonious garland, and the sweep of movement, the harmony of color, are very effective.

From Henri Martin is a great decorative work of an Italian landscape with olive trees, the multiplicity of shades of green painted with

all the magic of M. Martin's touch. The sublime Jura landscape by M. Pointelin, and the lovely children frolicking on the beach by Mme. Demont-Breton are both interesting. Two portraits from Léon Bonnat, one of a woman gowned in scarlet subdued by bands of sable, the other of a French diplomat, sustain the artist's reputation as the official painter of the " élégances de la Troisième République."

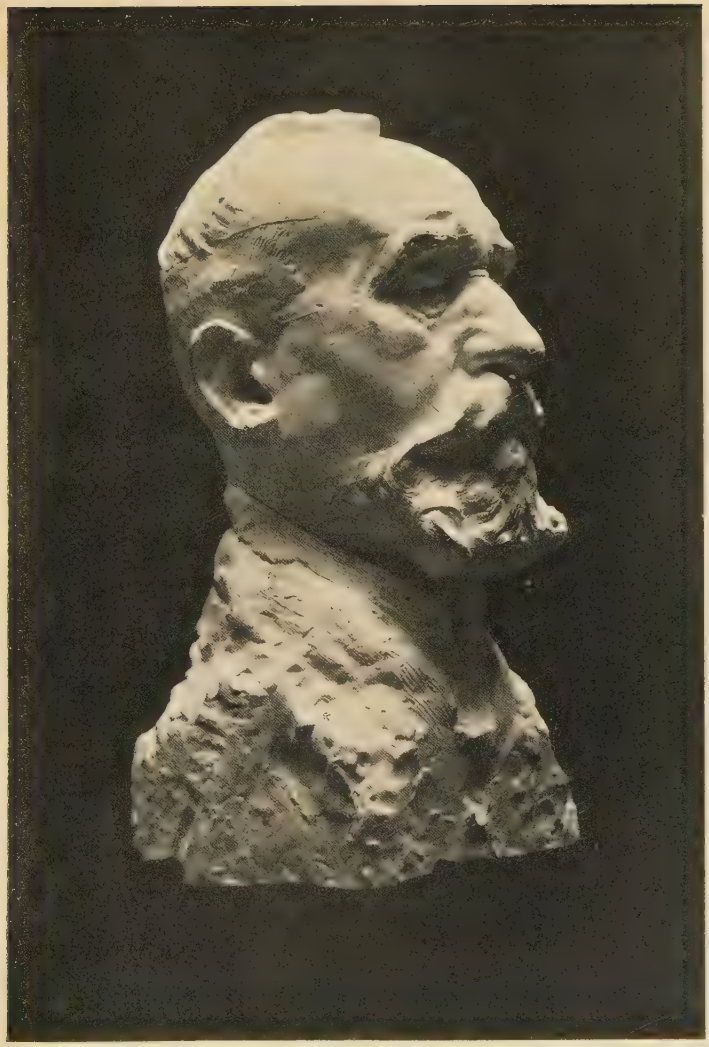
If the Salons are not enriched by any work from M. Claude Monet, the reason may lie in the fact that the artist decided that his canvases were not worthy of his ideal visions, and in a few hours, with a knife and brush, he destroyed every one of them.

These pictures constituted a series of important studies of reflections in water, under changing light effects, — a marvellous work to attempt, and to his own critical exactions the result scored a failure. M. Claude Monet's canvases usually bring high prices, and five to ten thousand dollars is no uncommon figure to be paid for them.

There is a distinctively new note in the Salons of this year, — a new phase of representation — a new kind of realism of which the first impression is horror, and the succeeding one a glimmer

of recognition of a certain scientific significance in those portrayals. The earth, the air, the sea — and humanity, have given up their secrets to the artist. He has surprised science in her wonderful processes. In a picture called " The X-Ray " is seen the interior of a hospital. A woman with her body nude to the waist lies on a narrow white bed. On an apparatus near are curious and complicated appliances of electrical science, and by her side stands the physician, his watch in his hand, watching the wonderful ray of light and counting the minutes, the seconds, of its application. The artist has suggested in the man's face the sensitive refinement and the indomitable will power of the specialist. The subtle and fine modelling of the head is almost sculpturesque. The poise reveals the character of the scientific thinker. Although, at a superficial glance, it is a repulsive picture, the more serious study reveals its greatness as a commentary on science as applied to human need in the evolutionary progress of man.

Frederic Bridgman was represented by two of his characteristically Oriental canvases. Mr. Bridgman's studio was formerly one of the most interesting of artistic interiors; but he has now left the French capital for a sojourn



Bust of Puvis de Chavannes. *Rodin*

in Algiers. There was a vestibule containing Renaissance sculptures, — angels from Donatello, and casts, — opening into an Oriental room, with mosaic pavement, Moorish lamps, Indian tapestries and bas-reliefs from Egypt. In the Greek room was a frieze of black and terra cotta reproduced from Etruscan vases. The music-room had been made by Mr. Bridgman's exquisite taste a very shrine of the lyric art.

The studio of Walter Gay in the Rue Ampère is another of special claim among those of American artists in Paris, and his château at Le Breau offers many a subject for sketches and paintings, of which several artists have availed themselves. Mr. Gay's noted picture, " Bénédicité," which was exhibited at the Salon of 1888, was purchased by the state and is now in the Luxembourg.

In the sculpture section of the " New " Salon for 1908, M. Auguste Rodin exposes three works that, as usual, baffle the average visitor. By the catalogue one learns that they are " Orphée," " Triton et Néréide " and " Muse; " but as shapeless blocks, for the most part, leaving their significance largely to the imagination, they excel, and may stimulate all the activities of fancy.

The spring Salons are a feature of universal interest in Paris life. Every one visits them, and returns again and again. The works are discussed in all grades of life, from the ceremonial dinner to the casual meeting of workmen in the street. Long lines of motor cars wait before the portals of the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts, and the beautiful galleries offer the most typical scenes of Parisian life.

Moral forces are not separate. All forces are found in nature united with that which they move; heat is not separate, light is not massed aloof, nor electricity nor gravity, but they are always in combination. And so with moral powers; they are thirsts for action, and the more you accumulate, the more they mould and form.

EMERSON.

How should this earth's life prove my only sphere?
Can I so narrow sense but that in life
Soul still exceeds it?

BROWNING.

V

THE STORY OF SAINTE GENEVIÈVE

"There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before."

Crossing the Pont Neuf, one thus leaves the Paris of the twentieth century for a city of past ages. Here is the Ile de la Cité, on which stood the Paris conquered by the Romans in 53 B. C., and described by Caesar in his Commentaries. To this part walked the martyred preacher, Saint Denis, from the heights of Montmartre, carrying his severed hand in his hands, if one may accept the narrative of tradition. Here were grouped the forces that created Paris. The saunterer in these haunts cannot but recall the words: "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh in vain," for here he comes into vivid realization of the actual life of that woman seen through the dim centuries, — the patron saint of Paris, Sainte Geneviève.

The visitor may study the wonderful series

of decorative paintings by Puvis de Chavannes in the Panthéon, illustrating her life, with little recognition beyond that of their artistic beauty; but deeper than the interest of art or of history is that of their profound religious significance, of the spiritual lessons that they suggest.

"If a soul is, by divine grace, given wholly to God, it is impossible for us to say to what heights it may attain, or what good, in every region of human effort, it may do," writes Canon Knox Little. The soul united with the divine Life becomes the channel of the most infinitely potent forces, and in no pages of history is this truth more impressively revealed than in the story of the traditional patron saint of Paris.

The visitor may regard M. de Chavannes's pictures as hardly more real in any relation to actual life than might be the imaginative progress of a goddess of mythology. But the Sainte Geneviève legend is an authoritative feature of history, and is one that appeals to serious consideration. Some authorities place the year at 512 A. D., and others a century earlier, when, at Nanterre, in France, a child was born to peasant parents, who were known as Severous and Geronitia. When the little girl was some

six years of age Saint Germain, Bishop l'Auxerrois, made a pilgrimage to Britain to oppose the heresy of Pelagius. He stopped at Nanterre, where all the populace went out to receive his benedictions. Among the children, Saint Germain especially observed Geneviève, and, calling her to him, he said to her parents: "Happy are ye in having so blessed a child. She will be great before God, and, moved by her example, many will decline from evil and incline to that which is good, and will obtain remission of their sins and the record of life from Christ, the Lord." Then turning to the little girl, Bishop l'Auxerrois said: "My daughter, Geneviève." "Thy little maiden listens," she replied. "Do not fear," he continued, "to tell me whether it be thy desire to dedicate thyself to Christ as His bride." "Blessed be thou, father," the child returned, "for thou hast spoken the desire of my heart. I pray God earnestly that He will grant it me." "Have confidence, my daughter," said the bishop; "be of good courage, and what thou believest in thy heart and confesseth with thy lips, perform in work and God will give to thee the virtue of fortitude."

The bishop said mass in the church, and

during the office laid his hand on the child's head. The next morning he confirmed her in this promise, when suddenly, at his feet lay a brass coin with a cross on it, which he picked up and bade her wear. When Geneviève was fifteen, she was consecrated by the Bishop of Paris to the religious life, and soon after she entered the city. When Attila, King of the Huns, threatened Paris, she persuaded the people to remain. She gave herself to fasting and prayer and intercession with God for the safety of Paris. Her prayers preserved the city from the destruction of Attila and his armies. At one time, outside the gates, which were barred, Childeric was about to execute numbers of citizens, when, at a touch from the hand of Geneviève, the gates opened and the people were saved. When famine threatened Paris, Geneviève went to Arcis and safely conducted back boats filled with food. Every Saturday night she passed entirely in prayer for the city. It is recorded that Geneviève converted Clovis and his wife to Christianity. Legend, or myth, or story, the life of Sainte Geneviève is felt again through all these fourteen hundred years, with the divine forces she undoubtedly touched and set in motion, and whose influence has persisted.

The last picture of the decorative series by Puvis de Chavannes represents Saint Geneviève as an aged woman who is standing on the outskirts of Paris under brilliant moonlight, watching over the city. One loves to remember this, and to feel that the special consecration of any life, as that of Saint Francis d'Assisi, Sainte Catherine of Siena, or Sainte Geneviève of Paris initiates holy influences that never cease to be perpetuated over the lives of successive generations.

This series of pictures portray Geneviève from the scene in which the bishop lays his hand in benediction on the child, through all her subsequent girlhood and womanhood. As a white-robed child, she is seen kneeling in the woods. She is seen as taking the fleet up the Seine during the siege of Paris by Childeric, keeping the storms in abeyance by her prayers, and bringing back the boats laden with food; as preaching to the multitude; as ministering to the sick and helpless; as on her death-bed; and last, as has been noted, as an aged woman,—a tall, thin figure, with a white shawl over her head, standing in the moonlight on a terrace among great vases of flowers, watching over Paris, which is seen in the distance, the city lights shining through the darkness.

She built a church in honor of Saint Denis, and one night, when she and her maidens were proceeding to a service of prayer through the darkness and storm, their lantern was extinguished and they could not see the way; but as they went forward through the rain, it miraculously lighted itself. Sainte Geneviève lived to be eighty-nine years of age.

Like Sainte Catherine of Siena, she was conscious of the perpetual companionship of those invisible to others. She walked and talked with angelic visitants. It is an impressive fact that Paris has those two marvellous women, Sainte Geneviève and Jeanne d'Arc, as her patron saints; the one conquering by prayer, the other by both prayer and force. May it not be more than a fancy that the luminous air of Paris is pervaded to-day by this mingled consecration of love and strength guiding the noble destiny of France?

All this Mont Ste. Geneviève, — the highest point in Paris, — is an impressive region in which to linger.

From the broad thoroughfare of the Boulevard Saint-Michel, the Rue Soufflot, a short street, runs up the hill to the mount of Sainte Geneviève, which is crowned by the Panthéon, which is

built on the site of her tomb. The first chapel in the spot was succeeded by a church which fell into ruins and the sarcophagus was then removed to the Church of St. Étienne du Mont, just back of the Panthéon and within a few minutes' walk. On the façade is the inscription:

Église Saint Étienne du Mont, Commencée sous Francois I., Terminée sous Louis XIII.

Marguérite de Valois laid the first stone of this edifice (in 1619) and two sculptured angels above the rose windows bear her arms. Over the portal is a relief, picturing the stoning of St. Étienne; and his statue and that of Ste. Geneviève are placed on either side. The interior is very rich in old carvings and pictured glass, and is of the most curious and involved architecture. Racine and Pascal are entombed in this church, side by side, and there, to the author of the world-famed "Pensées," a long epitaph in Latin is on a tablet placed in the wall. Eustache Leseur, whose series of paintings from the life of Bruno form one of the attractions of the Louvre, is also entombed in this church, as is Jacques-Bénigre Winslow, the great anatomist and member of the Académie des Sciences, who was converted from heresy under the powerful preaching of Bossuet. But the chief glory

of the church is the tomb of Sainte Geneviève. Gothic in form, of bronze and gold, it rises more than six feet from the floor, and around it candles are perpetually burning, and always around it are people kneeling in prayer. It is believed that the saint constantly works miracles for those who appeal to her. On the wall opposite the tomb are numerous inscriptions testifying to her aid. These are all in French. One of them reads (in translation), " I have greatly suffered. She pursued me from heaven, and I prayed with faith and am renewed. M. M. 1st May, 1869." Another inscription reads (in translation), " Geneviève protected Emilie, Marie, and Adèle from many troubles, Mr. 9, 1862." There are numbers of these inscriptions on small marble tablets imbedded in the wall. The tomb, with its lights perpetual and the constantly renewed throng of kneeling petitioners, reminds one of the altar-lights in St. Peter's, forever burning, perpetual as faith itself, a constant witness of the presence of divine realities.

In one of the Chapels of St. Étienne is placed the reliquary, — made of gold encrusted with gems, in gothic form, some three feet long and almost as high, standing on a pedestal, — which contains the relics of Sainte Geneviève. One of

the rich pictured windows shows the funeral procession in which — with true French disregard for chronology — this reliquary (which is probably of comparatively recent fabrication) is seen borne aloft in the long cortège. The windows in this church are wonderful in design and color, only surpassed in Paris by the Église l'Auxerrois. There is a Holy Sepulchre in one chapel — the dead Christ surrounded by seven figures sitting, bending over His body, — a strange and almost ghastly creation. This same sculpture is also seen in the old church of St. Germain-des-Prés, in whose crypt the body of Saint Germain, Bishop l'Auxerrois, is said to be entombed.

The Bibliothèque Sainte Geneviève, which was built by H. Labrouste in 1850, has its walls inscribed with the names of celebrated authors of all nations and ages. In 1624, Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld founded a collection of books for the abbey of the patron saint of Paris, and in 1710 Cardinal Le Tellier, the Archbishop of Rheims, contributed to it his own library. The collection now includes over thirty-five thousand manuscripts of the eleventh to the seventeenth century, many of which are illuminated with miniatures and beautiful scenes.

There is also a very large collection of engravings and bibelots; a portrait of Queen Mary Stuart, and over three hundred thousand books. The reading-room of this library is open to the public, and accommodates over four hundred readers at a time. All the important French magazines and newspapers are to be found here. In the vestibule are busts of noted French authors, and there are tapestries, bronzes, and other objects of interest or of decoration in the salons. There are not wanting various legends that the influence of Sainte Geneviève is felt to-day by those who haunt these quiet rooms and appeal to her for guidance. Instances are told which would tax the credulity to regard as merely chance coincidences, and if many of her own faith believe that their aid and guidance is sometimes a special indication of the reality of the care of Sainte Geneviève over her city, who could refuse to admit the possibility of the continued relation?

Evidently, Geneviève was one in the succession of mystics. She had attained the absolute poise that is achieved in the inner life by the identification of the individual will with the divine will. The history of the world has too many pages recording the mystery of this life,

whose counsels to perfection and mysterious sanctity and power mark it as outside ordinary experience, to allow any doubt of its reality. Man does not live by bread alone, but by his faiths, his larger comprehensions, his sympathy with all forms of excellence. "All ages of belief have been great; all of unbelief have been mean," asserts Emerson. "The Orientals believe in Fate. That which shall befall them is written on the iron leaf; they will not turn on their heel to avoid famine, plague, or the sword of the enemy. That is great, and gives a great air to the people. We in America are charged with a great deficiency in worship; reverence does not belong to our character; our institutions, our politics, and our trade, have fostered a self-reliance which is small, Lilliputian, full of fuss and bustle; we look at and will bear nothing above us in the state, and do exceedingly applaud and admire ourselves, and believe in our senses and understandings, while our imagination and our moral sentiment are desolated. In religion, too, we want objects above; we are fast losing or have already lost our old reverence; new views of inspiration, of miracles, of the saints, have supplanted the old opinions, and it is vain to bring them again. Revolutions

never go backward, and in all churches a certain decay of ancient piety is lamented, and all threatens to lapse into apathy and indifferentism. It becomes us to consider whether we cannot have a real faith and real objects in lieu of these false ones. The human mind, when it is trusted, is never false to itself. If there be sincerity and good meaning — if there be really in us the wish to seek for our superiors, for that which is lawfully above us, we shall not long look in vain."

The saints of all ages still speak to humanity. Saint Benedict, entombed under the high altar of the monastery of Monte Cassino, on the mountain crest near Naples; Saint Francis, from the lovely hill crest of Assisi; Sainte Catherine from picturesque Siena, Saint Augustine, as well as modern mystics, Fénelon, Mme. Guyon, and others, have their message for the life of to-day.

No personality, either ancient or modern, has more signally influenced the religious life of centuries than has Sainte Geneviève, and one of the most interesting haunts in Paris is this Mont du Ste. Geneviève. The colossal Panthéon is in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by an imposing dome, and it is all

Ste. Genevieve. *Puvis de Chavannes. Pantheon.*

enclosed by a Corinthian colonnade, which contains groups of sculpture. The interior is decorated with several views of mural paintings by Galland, Bonnat, Laurens, Delaunay, and Puvis de Chavannes.

The church dedicated by Clovis to the Holy Apostles stood on this site, which was succeeded by the abbey of Sainte Geneviève. Louis XV was one who believed implicitly in the power of the saint, and in a dangerous illness, in 1754, he offered up his vows that "if, through the intercession of the Most Blessed Sainte Geneviève, he should be restored to health, he would raise a new and sumptuous temple to her honor." He recovered, and in September of 1764 he laid the corner-stone of the Panthéon. The Rue Soufflot commemorates the name of the architect, a man who had passed a large part of his life in Rome, and had thus brought with him the memories of the Panthéon in the Eternal City. Soon after, he died, a grim tragedy, indeed, for he threw himself from the dome of his vast structure, in a moment of despair, feeling that the architectural proportions of the building to whose creation he had given all his powers were a failure, in that the dome was not of sufficiently imposing height. The building

progressed slowly until, with the death of Mirabeau on April 2, 1791, the demand to entomb his body in this structure hastened its completion. Popular enthusiasm paid its honors to Mirabeau, and a funeral procession, four miles in length, bore his body to the vault of the old church, to be laid beside that of Descartes, until the Panthéon should be prepared for its reception.

Soufflot had, unconsciously, created a temple which was to serve as the Westminster Abbey of Paris.

Of this period Quinet writes that in a " civic transport " the Constituent Assembly baptized with the name of Panthéon a monument " which now, for the first time, seemed to receive a soul. The church soon became a temple of renown," he continues; " a place where the people gather to pronounce their judgment on the dead. This is why that colonnade bears its splendors so high aloft; why the cupola lifts itself up as though it were a crown on the head of Paris. Here occurs the apotheosis, not of a shepherdess, — Sainte Geneviève, that is to say, — but of France, of the country, in the form of illustrious men who have gone to breathe the air of another shore. What had been criti-

cized as superfluous luxury for the prophetess of Nanterre was assuredly necessary for the glorification of her glorious men. How could the columns be high enough, the capitals proud enough, the wreaths rich enough to celebrate those to whom their terrestrial country owed terrestrial honors? The defects which had been found in the church became so many beauties in the Panthéon."

The history of the times shows that the Assembly carried the following resolutions:

"The new edifice of Sainte Geneviève shall be used for the reception of the ashes of the great men belonging to the period of French liberty.

"The legislative body shall alone decide to whom this honor is to be accorded.

"Honoré de Riquetti Mirabeau is judged worthy to receive such an honor.

"The legislature shall not, in the future, have power to decree this honor to any of its members who may die; that is a question which shall be decided by the succeeding magistracy.

"Any exceptions in favor of great men who died before the Revolution shall be decided only by the legislative body.

"The directory of the department of the Seine shall, with promptitude, put the edifice

of Sainte Geneviève into a condition to fulfil its new functions, and shall cause to be engraved over the pediment these words, ' To the great men of a grateful country.' Until the new Church of Sainte Geneviève is finished, the body of Mirabeau shall repose beside the ashes of Descartes, in the vault of the old church."

Soon after the entombment of the body of Mirabeau in the Panthéon, that of Voltaire followed, attended by all that pomp and magnificence dear to the heart of the Parisian. The sarcophagus was drawn by twelve white horses; a gilded car, carrying a colossal statue of Liberty attended by eight women costumed in white robes, formed part of the cortége, and, in a blaze of torches, the procession drew up before the bronze portals of the Panthéon.

Immediately a great number of poets, artists and scholars demanded the same honors for Rousseau, but his native city of Montmorency opposed this petition. In October of 1794, however, the urn containing the ashes of Rousseau was placed in the Panthéon with ceremonial honors, the cortége headed by Beaumarchais.

It is recorded that on Voltaire's death (May 30, 1778) . . . " his last words, as he remem-

bered what the Church had meant to him, and what it might mean for him, were: 'I don't want to be thrown into the roadway like that poor Lecouvreur.'[1] That fate was spared his wasted frame by the quickness of his nephew, the Abbé Mignot. Here, at the entrance-gate in Rue de Beaune, this honest man placed his uncle's body, hardly cold, in his travelling carriage, and with it drove hastily, and with no needless stops, to Scellières in Champagne. There he gave out the laudable lie of a death on the journey, and procured immediate interment in the nave of his church, under all due rites. The grave was hardly covered before orders from the Bishop of Troyes arrived, forbidding the burial. The trick would have tickled the adroit old man. His body was allowed to rest for thirteen years, and then it was brought back in honor to Paris. A great concourse had assembled, only two weeks earlier, at the place where the Bastille had been, hoping to hoot at the royal family haled back from Varennes. Now, on July 11, 1791, a greater concourse was stationed here, to look with silent reverence on this cortége, headed by Beaumarchais, all the famous men of France

[1] The Stones of Paris : Charles Scribner's Sons.

carrying the pall or joining in the procession. They entered by the Vincennes road, passed along the boulevards, crossed Pont Royal to stop before this mansion, and went thence to the Panthéon. There his remains lay once more in peace, until the Bourbons 'de-Panthéonized' both Voltaire and Rousseau."

The Mont du Sainte Geneviève has always been the "scholar's quarter" of Paris. It is asserted — and denied — that Charlemagne founded the University of Paris; but it is true that at the opening of the thirteenth century there was but one university in the world, that of Paris. From all over Europe young men applied for entrance. Students trooped up the steep slope of Mont du Sainte Geneviève, and camped out on the plain. There was an ardent enthusiasm for the philosophy of Aristotle; celebrated masters delivered free lectures on the hillside, and Paris become the intellectual capital of the world.

Among the students were Albertus Magnus from Germany, Roger Bacon from England, Dante from Italy, Lulli from Spain. A bronze statue of Dante is placed on the terrace of the Collège de France, to commemorate his sojourn in Paris. The date of his visit is supposed to

be somewhere between 1302 and 1310, and the fact is recorded by Boccaccio, in his biography of Dante. "In Balzac's pretty fragment of romance,"[1] says a writer on Paris, "in which the great Frenchman makes so vivid the presence of the great Italian, the home of the latter is in one of the small houses on the extreme eastern end of the City Island — such as the modest dwelling in which died Boileau-Despréaux, four centuries later. From there, Balzac has Dante ferried over to Quai de la Tournelle, and so stroll to his lectures. But Dante's home was really in that same street of straw, to which he had come from his quarters away south on the banks of the Bièvre, too far away from the schools. He had taken up his abode in that rural suburb, on first coming to Paris, as did many men of letters, of that time and of later times, who were drawn to the pleasant, quiet country without the walls.

"There was one among these men to whose home, tradition tells us, Dante was fond of finding his way, after he had come to live in the narrow town street. The grave figure goes sedately up Rue Saint-Jacques, always the great southern thoroughfare, passing the ancient

[1] "The Exiles."

chapel of the martyrs, Saint-Benoît-le-Bétourné, and the home and shelter for poor students in theology, started by the earnest confessor of Saint Louis, Robert de Sorbon. The foundations of his little chapel, built in 1276, were unearthed in 1899 during the digging for the new Sorbonne; and its walls are outlined in white stone in the gray pavement of the new court. Not a stone remains of the old Sorbonne, not a stone of the rebuilt Sorbonne of Richelieu, except his chapel and his tomb; well worth a visit for the exquisite beauty of its detail. But the soul of the historic foundation lives on, younger than ever to-day, in its seventh century of youth. Through Porte Saint-Jacques, Dante passes to the dwelling, just beyond, of Jean de Meung, its site now marked by a tablet in the wall of the house No. 218 Rue Saint-Jacques. No doubt it was a sufficiently grand mansion in its own grounds, for it was the home of the well-to-do parents of the poet, whose lameness gave him the popular nickname of '*Clopinel*,' preferred by him to the name by which he is best known, which came from his natal town. In this home, a few years earlier, he had finished his completion of 'Le Roman de la Rose,' one of the earliest of French poems, a biting satire

on women and priests, begun by Guillaume de Lorris. '*Clopinel*' carried on the unfinished work to such perfection, that he is commonly looked on as the sole author. Dante admired the work as fully as did Chaucer, who has left a translation into English of a portion: — so admirable a version that it moved Eustace Deschamps to enthusiasm in his ballad to '*le grand translateur, noble Geoffroi Chaucer.*' And Dante liked the workman as well, his equal in genius, many of their contemporaries believed; and we shall not aggrieve history, if we insist on seeing the grim-visaged Florentine and the light-hearted Gaul over a bottle of *petit vin de Vouvray* or *de Chinon* — for the vineyards of this southern slope of Paris had been rooted up by the builder early in the twelfth century — in the low-browed living-room, discussing poetry and politics, the schism in the Church, the quarrel between the French King and his spiritual father of Rome."

When stone benches for the students to sit upon were proposed by a cardinal of that time, the innovation was violently opposed on the ground of encouraging Sybaritism.

To Robert de Sorbon, chaplain and confessor to Louis IX, is due the founding of the

Sorbonne (in 1253) for the benefit of poor students who could not otherwise enjoy opportunities for study. He was the John Harvard of his day. The apostolic succession of these noble men is in perpetual evidence. He had been himself forced to seek aid in acquiring an education, and he was deeply in sympathy with others who confronted poverty's limitations. At first the Sorbonne was connected with the University, but it soon became the centre of all the theological instruction. In 1629 Cardinal Richelieu built and endowed a new structure, and again, within the past quarter of a century, this edifice has been practically rebuilt. The façade in the Rue des Écoles is adorned with sculptures by Chapu, Mercié, Cordonnier, Marqueste, Longepied, and Lefebvre, — statues representing Philosophy, Physics, Mathematics, Archæology, Letters and Chemistry. There are also statues of Homer and of Archimedes, — the latter by Falguière. The vestibule is adorned with decorative paintings representing the "Founding of the Sorbonne;" "Abelard and His School;" "Bernard Palissy Teaching Mineralogy;" figure-paintings of Cuvier, Arago, Pascal, Descartes and Laënnec, the inventor of the stethoscope. One corridor is enriched by a large decorative

painting from Puvis de Chavannes, and others by Raphael Collin, Benjamin Constant, Lerolle, Cazin, Galland and Lhermitte.

The Sorbonne, even in its earliest days, became invested with much of that peculiar prestige it has always continued to hold. Its theses were regarded as documents of authority, and were held to embody the ideal of the theological essays and disquisitions. Curiously, it was the Sorbonne that condemned Jeanne d'Arc, Vanini, Ramus and Descartes, and though its decrees were not the final word, it influenced the civil power.

The Sorbonne condemned Buffon for his natural history; but then, did not the learning and the theology of the nineteenth century condemn Darwin for his convictions as set forth in the " Origin of Species ? " At that remarkable meeting of the Linnæan Society, held in London, July 1, 1908, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Darwin's first announcement of his great discovery, Doctor Hooker said of the way in which this epoch-making work was received that " the interest excited was intense, but the subject was too novel and too ominous for the old school to enter the lists, before armouring. After the meeting it was talked over with bated

breath; Lyell's approval, and, perhaps, in a small way mine, as his lieutenant in the affair, rather overawed the fellows, who would otherwise have flown out against the doctrine."

With few exceptions, the religious and even the scientific world, even in the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, denounced Darwin; and it is not strange that Helvetius, Marmontel and Diderot came under the ban of the Sorbonne.

But the Sorbonne was always the opposer of the Jesuits; and, during the wars between the Protestants and Catholics, it called upon all Frenchmen to defend the Catholic faith against Henri III, as menaced by him, and declared him "degraded from his royal power." After his assassination, it anathematized all who dared to recognize his successor in Henry of Navarre. "No true Catholic," proclaimed the Sorbonne, "could recognize as king, without offending God, a prince who had lapsed into such fatal heresies, although later he might have abjured them." All the clergy of Paris signed this decree, and it was circulated throughout France.

The transition crisis in the Sorbonne as an institution came at the time of the Revolution. In 1821 Cardinal Richelieu established its

prestige again, as the head, the centre, the final authority of all the educative work in France. A body of electors of a new order were appointed, — those who represented literature and science in their modern and progressive aspects, not the dead scholasticism, the bigoted theology of the Middle Ages. These electors included such men as Poisson, Thénard, Biot, Brogniart, and Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire and were succeeded by Le Verrier, Dulong, Dumas (the chemist, not the playwright) and Butort; and later by such writers and professors as Guizot, Victor Cousin, Jules Simon, Girardin and Nisard.

The history of the Sorbonne is an epitome of the very history of progress. Even the early advancement of Oxford owed much to the influence of students from Paris. For eight hundred years the University had been a constantly increasing influence, and the mental momentum acquired has been a powerful force on later ages. Up to the eleventh century education was in the hands of the monks. It passed then to the secular clergy, but the ecclesiastical and the civil forces were frequently at war with each other. In the sixteenth century the Sorbonne rose to great prestige. Gior-

dano Bruno disputed here, and other famous names connect themselves with this period.

The French government expended over seven million dollars between 1886 and 1900 for the Sorbonne, in the building and decorations. It is now one of the most imposing of architectural works, with its noble design and the splendor and value of its mural paintings and its sculptures. The greatest French artists of the day have been called upon to summon up from the historic past dramatic scenes of academic history. The work of Puvis de Chavannes covers more than three thousand square feet. Chartran and Flameng are splendidly represented, — the latter with a figure-piece in which appear Edgar Quinet, Villemain, Guizot, Michelet, Cousin, and Renan, admirably grouped. The interior court of this new building is grandly impressive, — with the charm of art and the dignity of scholarship.

President Thwing, writing on the contrast between the University methods of France and Germany, says that "The two phrases, the University of Paris and the German University, are significant," and continues: "France has only one university which is outstanding; Germany has several. The French method has, on the whole, been one of centralization; the

German, of division. Do not Leipsic and Munich and Heidelberg represent in some departments results as great and opportunities as rich as those which Berlin offers? The intellectual life of Paris has been enriched at the expense of all provincial France. But the contrast does not end with administrative elements. It continues in scholastic concerns. In scholarship the Germans are more profound, the French more facile; the Germans more learned, the French superior in the forms of the presentation of knowledge. The Germans are more progressive in scholarship, more daring in hypothesis; the French more careful and conservative. The Germans are more willing to push forward their hypotheses without regard to the limitation of a fact; the French more inclined to keep to the teaching and the force of a fact itself. The French are far more responsive to the force of tradition. The Germans stand for the specialist, manifesting a deeper narrowness in treating a subject; the French offer a view more comprehensive and a wider conspectus. In Germany the philosophical faculty is superior to the professional; in France the profession has attained a place more conspicuous. Few, if any, university lectures are

so clear in their articulation or so pleasing in their presentation of truths as those given in Paris; none are more learned than those offered in Berlin. The German professor and student are greater men; the French greater gentlemen.

"In Paris, as in the German university, the thesis plays an important part. Undoubtedly the best German theses are certainly as good as, or better than, the best written by French students; but also undoubtedly the poorest German are poorer than the poorest French. A mediocre French student, wishing to get a doctorate, usually manages to collect enough literary stuff to make a fairly good presentation. A mediocre German student, a candidate for degrees, would be passed in certain universities who would be refused in Paris."

The French university is hospitable to the utmost degree. American students are especially welcomed. Doctor Thwing, after pointing out some reasons for hesitancy on the part of American students, adds:

"Yet Americans are losing in their knowledge and appreciation of certain subjects in not coming to Paris. The Romance tongues can here be best studied, despite the indebtedness which the French acknowledge they owe to the

Germans, and especially to the great Diez. This indebtedness covers both literature and philology, for Diez was the teacher and inspirer of Gaston de Paris, of Tobler, and of Mussaffia. It is also probably true that in general there is no better place for studying the sciences than Paris offers. One, moreover, need hardly look upon the mere list of courses in the political and social sciences without being deeply impressed with the richness of the opportunities thus presented.

" Great universities in great cities are usually better fitted to promote the discovery of truth than to train men. Small colleges placed in small towns are usually better equipped for the training of men than for the discovery of truth. But in the University of Paris both purposes prevail. I asked a distinguished savant which purpose was the stronger, and his reply was, ' They are equally strong.' The same reply would be given by the members of the teaching staff of most American universities, but on the whole the discovery of truth seems to me to be at least as important in the University of Paris as the more immediate human purpose.

" Coeducation is in Paris, as in most Con-

tinental universities, the customary method. Women come and go, work by the side of the men, and men by their side, and neither minds the other. This condition is so unlike the relation which obtains in many coeducational colleges in America, in which each does mind the other; but a lecture-room is quite a different affair from a recitation-room; and a great university in a great metropolis is quite unlike a small college in a small college town, or a large university in a small inland city. In the Continental university, men and women listening to an academic lecture, or even working in the same botanical laboratory, have practically no more relation than they would have in seeing a play in the same theatre, or worshipping together in the same church."

Doctor Thwing finds the high quality of teaching in the French schools to be largely due both directly and indirectly to the University of Paris and to the École Normale Supérieure, also of the capital. This is a school established like similar schools in America, as a place for the training of teachers. "Its diploma is of great worth in securing and holding good a place on a teaching staff. It has not yet been able to pass out of a stage of ridicule and of a

certain degree of dislike on the part of some scholars, although its work is of a very high character. This excellence of the work itself, however, is lifting it to a high and wide place of esteem. In the general scheme of scholastic sympathies and affiliation the relation existing between this school and the University of Paris is helpful to each. The university may present content of knowledge, and the normal school methods for making this content available as a teaching instrument. In Paris and France, as in America, the best teacher represents the liberal training of the higher education united with the professional training of the school of education."

In France there is thus illustrated in actual practice the advantages of the close relation between the public school and the university so admirably and forcibly advocated by Doctor Charles W. Eliot, the great president of Harvard University, the great genius in education.

The Sorbonne has been the theatre of noted academic achievements by women, especially the lamented Mme. Sonia Kovalevsky and Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke, now Mme. Isaac Roberts, the widow of the well-known English astrono-

mer, who made stellar photography his specialty. Mlle. Klumpke took a prize at the Sorbonne for a thesis on the composition of the rings of Saturn, and her theory has been accepted and recorded in all the leading observatories of the world. Mme. Roberts was the first woman to receive the prize of the Sorbonne since the time, nearly half a century before, when this honor had been conferred upon Mme. Kovalevsky. For several years Mme. Roberts (then Mlle. Klumpke) was attached to the staff of the Observatoire in Paris, and she holds to-day a very distinctive place in the recognition of the scientific world.

The innovation of American lectures at the Sorbonne of late years has been a felicitous feature, and one whose popularity has been almost embarrassing in its attraction of audiences in numbers far exceeding any possible accommodation for them. Especially has Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard University left his impress on Parisian scholarship and culture and his course of lectures is regarded as one of the most notable events in all the long history of the Sorbonne. To a Boston visitor to the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris the director of this vast library of three million volumes

spoke of the special privilege he had enjoyed in the acquaintance of Professor Wendell and of the profound impression that the Harvard lecturer had made on the leading French savants.

In this part of Paris so especially associated with Sainte Geneviève, the scholastic atmosphere is fairly focussed. The Collège de France and the Sorbonne are located near each other at the corner of the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Rue des Écoles. Between them stands the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, formerly a Jesuit college, among whose pupils were Molière and Voltaire. In close proximity is the École Polytechnique, founded in 1794, an institution where every subject in the course is taught by an eminent specialist. And not far distant is the College of the Lombards, in which is established the Catholic Workmen's Club of Sainte Geneviève.

It is, however, at the Sorbonne that new discoveries and inventions are not infrequently first made known in the great courses of lectures. It is here that new trains of thought arise as one realizes that he is in the centre of art, of scientific activities and discoveries. It was in Paris that radium was discovered, by Mme. Curie, the leading woman scientist of France,

and it is in this city, though not, of course, in the Sorbonne, that many of the most important experiments in radio-activity have been made. Doctor Gustave Le Bon found that all this radio-activity is but the step in the evolutionary progress by means of which all radio-active metals sink back into the ether from which they were originally formed, and that, in the course of this disintegration, energies, far surpassing in intensity any previously given forth, are liberated. The old hypothesis of the indestructibility of matter has given way before modern research. The discovery of cathode rays, X-rays, h-rays and others in this line led to its overthrow. The remarkable fact that matter is capable of a dis-association that divests it of all material qualities is a revolutionary discovery. "What becomes of matter when it disassociates?" questions Doctor Le Bon. "Can it be supposed that when atoms disaggregate they only divide into smaller parts and thus form a simple dust of atoms? We shall see that nothing of the sort takes place, and that matter which disassociates dematerializes itself by passing through successive phases which gradually deprive it of its material qualities until it jointly returns to the imponderable ether whence it seems to have issued."

Doctor Le Bon finds that matter itself "is an enormous reservoir of energy — intra-atomic energy — and is far from being an inert thing only capable of giving up the energy artificially supplied to it."

A recent lecture by Sir Oliver Lodge (given before the Faraday Society in London on Lord Kelvin's work) may be repeated in the next annual course of lectures before the Sorbonne. Sir Oliver's subject was "Some Aspects of the Work of Lord Kelvin," and he said that when a man of the first magnitude works on a single subject from twenty to eighty years of age, no critic could do him justice. Proceeding to consider Lord Kelvin's philosophy of the kinetic theory of solidity — the view that solids could be made of fluids in motion — Sir Oliver notes that some years before Lord Kelvin's death he seemed to have abandoned the views that he had previously held. He would perhaps have liked, if he had found it possible, to have adopted the idea of a connecting medium through space, but at times he seemed to be satisfied with the idea of forces acting through empty space. This, however, Sir Oliver believes might have been but a stepping-stone to a greater theory. What great generalization would be

associated with his name? The lecturer could find nothing greater than what emanated from him in 1851, when he was immersed in the doctrine of energy. The keenness and penetration of his mind at that epoch were astounding. He seized the known theories of energy, and with these in his mind he brooded over the whole world of physics, and made some wonderful discoveries, especially those connected with the development and application of the doctrine of the conservation of energy and with the theory of thermo-dynamics. Later he became more immersed in the work of the world, and his discoveries were of a practical nature. But, in the lecturer's view, nothing since Newton has equalled in importance Lord Kelvin's discoveries between 1846 and 1851. The whole development of the subject of thermo-dynamics received great stimulus from him. It had been supposed that the amount of heat that went away to the condenser was equal to that supplied to the boiler, but now it is well understood that some heat is consumed in work.

It is interesting to go back half a century and ascertain the difficulties in regard to matters that are now so well known through Lord Kelvin's application of one law to the whole domain

of physics. He has given the whole theory of electrical oscillations apart from radiation. The equation that can now be so easily written was the inspiration of half a century ago. It will be many generations, probably many centuries, before the general public will be able to fully appreciate the work of the mid-Victorian period in science. It needed much insight at that time to attribute to electricity something akin to specific heat. Lord Kelvin investigated the whole law of thermo-electricity, and he met with the good fortune that often follows those who are determined to risk everything for truth. His calculation might have proved to be untrue and based on false promises; but the scientist, like the hero, is the one who is not afraid to take risks. As it turned out, Lord Kelvin was right in his theory.

Sir Oliver referred to the mathematical basis of Lord Kelvin's inventions of instruments, his views on the electrical theory of matter, his investigation of atoms, and his cosmic calculations. He saw no reason to suppose either beginnings or endings of the material universe or of space, but Lord Kelvin thought otherwise. Sir Oliver's conception of the universe is one that includes the spiritual basis of life and he is in

the advance of the great leadership of thought at the present day.

It is not easy to establish any absolute dates of the great eras of activity. The key to the special development of any period lies in the larger mental consciousness acquired. From time to time there appears the lecturer whose influence on his time can only be compared with that of Pericles in Athens. The most potent and vital of these influences that have produced successive epochs has been that of scientific discovery. From Copernicus to Marconi, to Mme. Curie and to Doctor Le Bon, the train of new revelations has been made. The results have been not only wonderful in themselves, but also in bringing to mankind the consciousness of untold forces, of new power to determine and accelerate social progress.

"The secrets of science that gleam unveiled
In the students' hidden cell."

OXENHAM.

"The Somewhat which we name, but cannot know."

VI

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS IN PARIS

"I count that heaven itself is only work
To a surer issue."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Hurrah for positive science! Long live exact demonstration!"

WALT WHITMAN.

MODERN scientific progress is largely identified with Paris. It is to Pasteur that the world is indebted for the most profound and remarkable discoveries in bacteriology, and for the application of this knowledge to medical practice. His demonstration that definite diseases can be produced by bacteria has given a special stimulus to research, and has not only made an epoch in human knowledge, but also resulted in a signal advancement of all things pertaining to the conditions of health and the cure of illness.

To him is due recognition for the invention of a marvellous attachment to the telephone, by means of which the voice speaks in the

room as naturally as if the person were present, and this from a distance of three hundred miles. This new attachment and transmitter can even be used by a person in a flying railway train. While not generally employed, this invention has been practically demonstrated.

Another of the great achievements of French scientists is the discovery of radium by Professor and Mme. Curie. Of this Professor Boys spoke before the meeting of the British Association in 1903, saying that the discovery by Professor and Mme. Curie, of what seems to be the everlasting production of heat in easily measurable quantity by a minute amount of a radium compound, is so amazing that even now that many have had the opportunity of seeing with their own eyes the heated thermometer, they are hardly able to believe what they see. This can barely be distinguished from the discovery of perpetual motion, which it is an axiom of science to call impossible, continued Professor Boys, and has left every chemist and physicist in a state of bewilderment. This mystery is being attacked, and theories are being invented to account for the marvellous results of observation, but the theories themselves would, a few years ago, have

seemed more wonderful and incredible than the facts, as we believe them, seem to-day. Sir Robert Ball, in referring to radium, spoke of " the mystery of this substance, to say nothing of the miracle," and he emphasized " the profound impression made by the discovery of radium, making an epoch in a knowledge of nature." The eminent scientist noted that the realization of the new responsibility that science assumed in this apparent creation of energy and matter out of nothing promptly stimulated greater energy, perseverance and ingenuity.

A great variety of experiments in light have been made by Professor Broca and Doctor Chotin in Paris, who have investigated the arc light, and find that in violet rays there exist hitherto undreamed-of potencies.

For a long period Professor Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, has been making studies of the atmosphere, that " ethereal sea reaching over the whole world," giving light and warmth, transmitting sound, and serving as the vital fluid for all forms of human, animal and plant life.

The epoch-making discovery of radium by the Curies was preceded by the discovery made by

Henri Becquerel, member of the Institute, who, in 1896, found that remarkable radiations emanated from uranium, an observation that became the foundation of the science of radio-activity. In 1898 Professor and Mme. Curie found that radium activity was a million times greater than that of uranium. Lord Kelvin, speaking of Becquerel's work, observed that the discovery of radium placed the first question mark against the conservation of energy. Professor Curie and Professor Laborde collaborated in further experiments with radium. They found that a given quantity generated enough heat, each hour, to melt its own weight in ice. The secret of the production of this energy has enlisted the interest of the entire scientific world. Professor and Mme. Curie's hypothesis is that this production results from the evolution and transformation of the atoms, — a process that fairly touches the problem of perpetual motion. Or, again, that radium is capable of capturing and utilizing some radiations of unknown nature, which exist in space. The incalculable power of radium may be perceived when it is realized that the presence of radio-activity can be detected when the amount is so minute that it would require five thousand

times as much to show, at all, through the spectroscope.

When this discovery of radium was first announced, the Austrian government placed before the Curies a ton of treated residue of uranium, as material for experiments. The Société Centrale de Produits Chimiques of Paris contributed another ton of residue, and the French government, with its usual enterprise and sympathy with progress, actively assisted in the research.

It is believed that radio-activity is an atomic property, and this recognition created the method of research practised by the Curies. They believed that each atom acted as a constant emitter of energy. One hypothesis is that this energy is borrowed from the air; that all space is traversed by a type of Roentgen rays.

Somewhere in the early years of the decade of 1860–1870, the great Mendelejeff established the existence of the periodic law, whose application has been marked with the most important and far-reaching consequences. It has included the correct determination of the fundamental constants of science, and that of the atomic weight of elements. In 1863, indium was discovered, and gallium in 1875. Before the discovery and

the promulgation of the periodic law, chemical elements were regarded as mere fragmentary and incidental facts in nature. So far as known, there was no particular reason for anticipating additions to these elements, but the law of periodicity enabled scientists to discern, at a distance, elements heretofore unknown, which had previously been inaccessible.

The honor of the discovery of gallium, in 1875, belongs to Dr. Lecoq de Boisbandrau, who was led, by experiments with the spectroscope, to recognize its presence in zinc. While gallium is very rare, it is yet widely distributed, and lurks in unsuspected places. In 1878, Delfontaine called attention to a new element existing in samarskite, and later the same element was observed by Boisbandrau.

Henri Becquerel established the fact that uranium salts have power to emit rays capable of producing photographic effects, and also of rendering air a conductor of electricity, — both these observations being made soon after the discovery of the Roentgen rays. Later still, it was found that thorium compounds emitted similar rays, and that the intensity of effect was in proportion to the amount of uranium present. It was further observed that uranium minerals —

pitchblende and chalcodite — manifested greater activity than the metal itself. When Professor and Mme. Curie applied themselves to the investigation of these materials, they succeeded in demonstrating that two of them, at least, revealed elements of radio-active power. Mme. Curie also made a most important discovery, — that in proportion as the intensity of the radiant effect increases, the atomic weight increases. The Curies discovered polonium — named for Poland, Mme. Curie's native country — and found it to be distinguished from radium in that the rays from the latter will penetrate glass, while those from polonium are incapable of doing so; and that radium compounds are self-luminous, even after months in the darkness. Radium, too, has high atomic weight, and is always found to be in association with the two elements of highest atomic weight known in nature.

The latest marvel in French science is the invention of the parolograph. M. Devaux Charbonnel, a professor in the Government School of Telegraphy and a member of the state telegraph and telephone department, has long been experimenting on this wonderful scheme of photographing the voice, of recording its

vibrations and sounds on a photographic plate, and he has communicated (during June of 1908) to the French Academy of Sciences the results of a number of his most interesting and important experiments.

A French savant, describing this marvel of science, says:

"After much research and many experiments, M. Charbonnel has succeeded in originating a system whereby the characteristics of vowels and consonants, as uttered by the voice in front of a microphone attached to an extremely sensitive Blondel oscillograph, and placed in circuit between the microphone and an ordinary telephone battery, are transmitted on to a photographic plate in the form of a series of waves and curves as produced by the oscillator, or Blondel oscillograph, just mentioned. In other words, the waves of the voice sounds, as they pass through the microphone, act upon the extremely sensitive electric oscillator, and the movements or waves of this oscillator, which possesses a tiny mirror lighted by an electric spark, automatically produced, throw upon the exposed photograph plate opposite the oscillator the reproduction of the wave-like movements.

"In the course of his experiments, M. Char-

bonnel has made a very curious discovery. It is that, although the main features of the photographically reproduced waves and curves remain the same for each syllable, yet no two persons give exactly the same wave sounds in pronouncing the same syllable. For instance, of twenty persons who pronounced the vowel ' u ' through the microphone there was, in every case, a slight variation in the wave lines photographically reproduced from the oscillator, though it was easy to distinguish the essential characteristics of the vowel ' u.'

" The possibilities opened up by the ' Parolograph ' are many. When the instrument is sufficiently perfected, there will be little to prevent a telephone subscriber from receiving a message through the telephone during his absence. The spoken message will be photographically reproduced on an endless celluloid film or other sensitive band, and the subscriber, with a little practice, will be able to read it off. The difficulty in mastering the interpretation of the waves and curves will, it is calculated, be no greater than that experienced in acquiring a knowledge of Pitman's shorthand.

" It is anticipated, also," continues the writer, " that the ' Parolograph ' will play a conspicuous

part as a sort of silent witness in lawsuits, for it is not at all necessary for a person to speak through the telephone in order that his words may be reproduced and recorded with far greater certainty than on a photographic cylinder. A powerful microphone to which the 'Parolograph' is fitted, placed in the corner of an office, would silently and unobtrusively reproduce and place beyond doubt a conversation between two persons — a verbal contract entered into, a defamatory statement made, etc., etc., although a very long band of film would have to be used and the expense would be very great."

M. Charbonnel can usually be found in his office in the Boulevard des Invalides, and in a recent interview he said:

"I have gone into the subject entirely from a scientific point of view with the object of studying improvements in the government telephone service, and, although I admit there are many possibilities of a practical nature that may be conjured up in connection with this discovery, I cannot help thinking that the subject is, as yet, in much too technical and scientific a stage to interest the general public.

"It is a curious fact, however," continued M. Charbonnel, "that although the telephone is in

such universal use, we electrical telegraph and telephone engineers have been able to discover little or nothing as to the intimate nature of the telephonic currents, and it was in endeavoring to obtain a better knowledge of the extreme variability of these currents that I was led to study the problem of the reproduction of voice sounds. It never strikes the telephone subscriber that the telephone current is a very mysterious thing, something which nobody has been able to master or to understand thoroughly. All that has been done on the subject up to now is merely empiricism, to the exclusion of scientific knowledge. Hitherto we have been dependent on mere observation and experience, and our knowledge of the connection between cause and consequence, so far as the telephone is concerned, is very deficient.

" Happily, the studies of men like Duddell and Blondel on the photography of the vibrations of the human voice have supplied us with a theory and placed us on the high road towards a closer knowledge of the mysterious microphonic currents about which so little is known."

M. Charbonnel spoke of the difficulty of registering the consonants on the photographic plate, but, " happily," he continued, " with the mar-

vellous scientific instruments of precision which electricians now have at their disposal, the solving of all these difficulties is only a question of time."

One service, by thus registering the human voice, will be, he believes, in the detection of criminals.

Of the distinguished French family of mathematicians who are represented in the presidency of the Académie des Sciences and by one of the ministers of finance, is M. Lucien Poincaré, an inspector-general of Public Instruction, and the author of a most important work, "La Physique Moderne, son Évolution," which embodies, largely, the results in general of the recent researches of the physicists. In this work, M. Poincaré has especially discussed the phenomena of electricity, the relations between electricity and optics, and other theories, and he points out the epoch-making discoveries of an earlier day. M. Poincaré illustrates the relation between any wonderful achievement of the present and its status in the future, by pointing out the acclaim that greeted Volta in 1800 upon his discovery of the galvanic battery, and reveals to the reader how naturally Volta might have felt at the time that a tremendous

transformation in the method of regarding electrical phenomena was achieved. Indeed, it would hardly excite wonder if he had believed that he had surprised the secret of electrical mysteries. Writing of Volta's discovery, the Abbé Haüy said:

" Electricity, enriched by the labor of so many distinguished physicists, seemed to have reached the term when a science has no further important steps before it, and only leaves to those who cultivate it the hope of confirming the discoveries of their predecessors, and of casting a brighter light on the truths revealed. One would have thought that all researches for diversifying the results of experiment were exhausted, and that theory itself could only be augmented by the addition of a greater degree of precision to the applications of principles already known. While science thus appeared to be making for repose, the phenomena of the convulsive movements observed by Galvani in the muscles of a frog, when connected by metal, were brought to the attention of physicists. Volta, in that Italy which had been the cradle of a new knowledge, discovered the principle of its true theory in a fact which reduces the explanation of all the phenomena in question

to the simple contact of different natures. This fact became in his hands the germ of the admirable apparatus to which its manner of being and its fecundity assign one of the chief places among those with which the genius of mankind has enriched physics."

Soon after followed the researches of Davy in metals; the discovery of the polarization of light, and the discoveries of the nature of heat. Laplace published his "Mécanique céleste" in 1805; and, as M. Poincaré points out, all the researches and their results in that period of a century ago may be compared, in importance, with those of the present. "When strange metals like potassium and sodium were isolated by an entirely new method, the astonishment must have been on a par with that caused in our time by the magnificent discovery of radium. The polarization of light is a phenomenon as undoubtedly singular as that of the existence of the X-rays," continues M. Poincaré; "and the upheaval produced in natural philosophy by the theories of the disintegration of matter, and the ideas concerning electrons, is probably not more considerable than that produced in the theories of light and heat by the works of Young and Rumford."

No phase of human progress is more conspicuously "the heir of all the ages" than is science. No phase of progress, perhaps, so vividly illustrates the law of evolution. The supreme value of any one discovery is that it makes a greater one possible. Who can foresee the results that wait in the future from the discovery of radium? At present, it is the world's greatest marvel — this self-luminous and self-perpetuating substance, with its almost incalculable power. What purposes, as yet unrevealed to man, may it not serve within the limits of the present century? All the potencies of science exist for the service of humanity. Man is placed on earth to enter on his immortal work of solving the incommunicable mysteries. As he develops his faculties, he receives the keys of nature and history, and rises on the path to science and to joyful and triumphant achievement. "Let others wrangle," said Saint Augustine, "I will wonder." To appreciate this marvellous evolutionary progress to a sufficient degree to stand in wonder before it, is to enter into its spirit. "Method, patience, self-trust, perseverance, love, desire of knowledge, the passion for truth! These are the angels that take us by the hand," says Emerson; "these

are our immortal invulnerable guardians. By their strength we are strong. Science opens her length and breadth; Poetry her splendor and joy, and the august circles of eternal law. These are means and stairs for new ascensions of the mind." He continues:

"The forces are infinite. Every one has the might of all, for the secret of the world is that its energies are *solidaires;* that they work together on a system of mutual aid, all for each and each for all; that the strain made on one point bears on every arch and foundation of the structure. But if you wish to avail yourself of their might, and in like manner if you wish the force of the intellect, the force of the will, you must take their divine direction, not they yours. Obedience alone gives the right to command. It is like the village operator who taps the telegraph-wire and surprises the secrets of empires as they pass to the capital. So this child of the dust throws himself by obedience into the circuit of the heavenly wisdom, and shares the secret of God.

"Thus is the world delivered into your hand, but on two conditions, — not for property, but for use, use according to the noble nature of the gifts; and not for toys, not for self-indul-

gence. Things work to their ends, not to yours, and will certainly defeat any adventurer who fights against this ordination."

This, indeed, is to be a scientist — to throw one's self "into the circuit of the heavenly wisdom." It is in this circuit that we find Newton and Descartes, Volta, Galvani, Morse, Kelvin, Edison, Crookes, Tesla, Roentgen, Lodge, Marconi and Mme. Curie.

> "The soul
> Shall have society of its own rank:
> Be great, be true, and all the Scipios,
> The Catos, the wise patriots of Rome,
> Shall flock to you and tarry by your side,
> And comfort you with their high company."

Unknown horizons constantly lure on the scientist. The eminent Parisian lecturers on science, Verded, Jamin, — before the École Polytechnique, — Violle, Cornu and others, invariably agree on one fundamental truth, — the sublime outlook of science is an infinite advancement. At the opening of the Congrès de Physique, at the Paris Exposition of 1900, M. Violle said that the mind of Descartes "soars over modern physics, or, rather," he added, "I should say he is their luminary. The further

we penetrate into the knowledge of natural phenomena, the clearer and the more developed becomes the bold Cartesian theory regarding the mechanism of the universe. There is nothing in the physical world but matter and movement." This conception of the world as matter and movement was Lord Kelvin's also; but Sir William Crookes' conception becomes still larger and more all-embracing, when he sees that every problem of science resolves itself at last into an ether problem. So great, however, was Lord Kelvin's vision that, measured by the infinite scale of progress, all that could be achieved here within the limit of one lifetime was, comparatively, failure. One of the great English scientists said of him, just after his death:

"The modesty of really great men keeps pace with their greatness. When, in 1896, the whole civilized world united to honor Lord Kelvin, and he had to reply to their praises, he used these noble words: 'One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly during fifty-five years — that word is failure!' This reminds us of one still greater, who at the close of life saw only 'an ocean of

undiscovered truth.' On the memorial of the man who did so much to establish the theory of the 'conservation of energy,' who in what Helmholtz described as a sublime formula propounded the constancy of the forces of the Universe, and in the theory of the 'dissipation of energy' showed how, failing a Supreme Power, these forces must be degraded; on the memorial of one who has illuminated every branch of physics with new methods and ideas and instruments — the word failure will not appear. We are occasionally told that the men of the present day are not equal to those of the past, or that we Britons do not compare favorably with other nations. Talk of this kind, so far as science is concerned, betrays ignorance or anti-patriotic bias. The mention of Kelvin should dispose of the suggestion, and he did not stand alone. Crookes' inquiry into radiant matter with his famous tube; Lord Rayleigh's discovery of argon, and Sir William Ramsay's of helium, neon, xenon and krypton; Dewar's investigation of low temperatures to the very verge of absolute zero; Rutherford, Soddy, Ramsay, and Strutt's unfolding of the energies of radium; Sir W. Huggins and Sir Norman Lockyer's spectroscopic work; Doctor Larmor and Sir Oliver

Lodge's recondite theories of the ether, and the epoch-making electrical experiments and doctrines of Professor J. J. Thomson and his colleagues of the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, are equal to anything in grandeur of theory or refinement of experiment ever accomplished. And these are representative men of only one great branch of science. Where has there been a greater triumph than leaps to the mind on the mention of the name of Lord Lister, still happily with us?"

The hypothesis of "matter and movement" has given place to that of vibration and of radio-activity as the underlying causes that produce all phenomena. The most potent substance known in all nature is the radium emanation. In one ounce of radium there is concentrated sufficient energy to lift ten thousand tons one mile high. The research carried on by French physicists has contributed signally to the dawn of a new era of knowledge, and to a nearer approach to grasping something of the outlines of the universe in the laws that relate to planetary life.

Paris is the centre of constantly interesting scientific experiments and activities. A French engineer, M. Edward Belin, has invented and

he is making an experimental success of a picture telegraph which, at the end of the line, reproduces pictures, portraits, landscapes, what you will. By means of this, a hasty sketch of any railway accident, or event, or feature of any kind, can be sent direct to a newspaper office. The secret of the process is that the luminous fluctuations are converted into electrical fluctuations. Yet the inventor himself can not perhaps explain just how this is done. The entire question of the luminiferous ether is still involved in mystery. "I know no more of electric and magnetic force," said Lord Kelvin shortly before his death, — "I know no more of the relations between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my class students as a young professor."

The problems of aerial navigation are also attracting great attention in Paris, and many inventors and engineers are at work on the airships, dirigible balloons, aero cars and aeroplanes. The air is the kingdom which the scientist is now proposing to conquer.

So many experiments with varying degrees of success are being made, including that with the balloon called the République, which carries

eight persons, that any day may mark an era in aerial navigation.

The French scientists are taking note of the ether, and before a recent gathering were read the marvellous words of Tesla, wherein he claims that by coming into an intelligent recognition of the etherial forces, man may even be a creator of worlds. This future, as outlined by Tesla, is well calculated to touch the imagination of the brilliant savants of Paris, and he in part said:

"According to an adopted theory, every ponderable atom is differentiated from a tenuous fluid, filling all space merely by spinning motion, as a whirl of water in a calm lake. By being set in movement, this fluid, the ether, becomes gross matter; its movement arrested, the primary substance reverts to its normal state. It appears, then, possible for man through harnessed energy of the medium and suitable agencies for starting and stopping ether whirls to cause matter to form and disappear. At his command, almost without effort on his part, old worlds would vanish and new ones would spring into being. He could alter the size of this planet, control its seasons, adjust its distance from the sun, guide it on its eternal journey

along any path he might choose, through the depths of the universe. He could make planets collide and produce his suns and stars, his heat and light; he could originate life in all its infinite forms. To cause at will the birth and death of matter would be man's grandest deed, which would give him the mastery of physical creation, make him fulfill his ultimate destiny.

"Nothing could be further from my thought than to call wireless telephony around the world 'the greatest achievement of humanity,' as reported. This is a feat which, however stupefying, can be readily performed by any expert. I have myself constructed a plant for this very purpose. The wireless wonders are only seeming, not results of exceptional skill, as popularly believed. The truth is the electrician has been put in possession of a veritable lamp of Aladdin. All he has to do is to rub it. Now, to rub the lamp of Aladdin is no achievement.

"If you are desirous of hastening the accomplishment of still greater and further-reaching wonders you can do no better than by emphatically opposing any measure tending to interfere with the free commercial exploitation of water power and the wireless art. So absolutely does human progress depend on the development of

these that the smallest impediment, particularly through the legislative bodies of this country, may set back civilization and the cause of peace for centuries."

To " cause matter to form and to disappear " by means of a " harnessed energy for starting and stopping ether whirls " may well startle the imagination, but however remote may be the achievement of this sublime destiny, it is in the logical sequence of progress in the future — in future ages or eternities.

Nor need one fear that this astonishing pronunciamento is lacking either in reverence to the divine Creator, or in that balance of common sense which is the key to all lasting achievement. " Visions are the creators and feeders of life." No conception of man is too sublime for ultimate realization. " Infinity cannot be diminished by subtraction," says Sir Oliver Lodge, and he adds:

" No such objection to the spread of knowledge was felt by that inspired writer who hoped for the time when ' the earth shall be full of the *knowledge* of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'

" Whatever science *can* establish, that it has a right to establish: more than a right, it has

a duty. Whatever science can examine into, that it has a right to examine into. If there be things which we are not intended to know, be assured that we shall never know them: we shall not know enough about them even to ask a question or start an inquiry. The intention of the universe is not going to be frustrated by the insignificant efforts of its own creatures. If we refrain from examination and inquiry, for no better reason than the fanciful notion that perhaps we may be trespassing on forbidden ground, such hesitation argues a pitiful lack of faith in the good-will and friendliness and power of the forces that make for righteousness.

"Let us study all the facts that are open to us, with a trusting and an open mind; with care and candor testing all our provisional hypotheses, and with slow and cautious verification making good our steps as we proceed. Thus may we hope to reach out further and ever further into the unknown; sure that as we grope in the darkness we shall encounter no clammy horror, but shall receive an assistance and sympathy which it is legitimate to symbolize as a clasp from the hand of Christ himself."

The attitude of the French government toward science is a conspicuous factor in the history of

modern progress in France. Recently occurred the death of a celebrated astronomer for whom the government built an observatory at Meudon, some twenty miles from Paris, in recognition of his services to science. This savant was Doctor Pierre Jules Cæsar Jannson, the founder of the observatory on Mount Blanc, and the man who had taken part in a larger number of scientific explorations than any other contemporary observer of celestial phenomena. Doctor Jannson went to Peru in 1857 to study the electric equator. In 1861-62 he went to Italy for the solar eclipse; in 1868 he watched the solar eclipse in India, and in 1870 — when imprisoned in Paris by the Commune — he escaped in a balloon to see the solar eclipse in Algiers — quite the most romantic incident perhaps in the history of modern astronomy. Dr. Jannson was an associate of many learned societies and had received many medals and honors.

Professor Michelson, of the University of Chicago, the distinguished savant who is a special authority on the phenomena of light, has carried on some of his most valuable work in Paris laboratories. Some thirty years ago, Professor Michelson made an accurate measurement of

the speed of light, and he invented the Michelson interfermometer, which is now the universal standard instrument for the accurate measurement of the most minute distances in space. The principle involved being that, as its source is light, it carries with it its own standard of length. The meter of Professor Michelson is preserved in Paris, in the Académie des Sciences. Professor Michelson attacked another problem which presented itself to his mind, — " the coefficient of ether drift," that is, to what extent is the ether carried along with water in motion. Regarding the standard of length, Professor Michelson questioned whether an absolutely invariable standard could be adopted, and his answer was not merely the expression of his own convictions, but it was " the actual number of wave lengths of red cadmium light in a meter, with an uncertainty surely not so large as one part in a million, and probably not greater than than one part in twenty million. A preliminary study of twenty different sources of light demanded by this research was in itself a *magnum opus*, demanding of the scientist an unusual combination of skill and judgment."

A group of French scientists, Messieurs Perot, Fabry and Benoit, state that " the meter to-day

is not different from that examined by Michelson fourteen years ago by more than one part in ten million. A discrepancy of this size is the same as that between two measurements of the distance from the equator to the north pole which should differ by three feet! The Lusitania under full steam would require ten days to cover such a quadrant of the earth. The moral, if not the legal effect of Professor Michelson's work at Paris was to replace the meter, considered not as our unit of length, but as our standard of length, by a wave length of cadmium light."

Professor Michelson has made special studies to insure this same absolute accuracy in width, and he has demonstrated how this perfection of the precise width is affected by the slightest changes in temperature of the source and of the atomic mass.

Doctor Brequet is one of the French scientists who is making profound research into the mysteries of light and has made studies for an invention that would make it possible to see, electrically, in Paris, things taking place in New York.

Professor Lippmann, of the University of Paris, has recently invented a new photographic

plate, by means of which a photographer is able to dispense with a camera. It is he also who invented a process of taking photographs in colors, and his method is said to be the most direct one in existence. Color photography is developed by Luncière to a high degree. The autochrome plate realized the highest ambition of color photographers. By means of this, the beauty of landscapes, and portraits, and genre scenes can be photographed on glass, and can also be produced on paper. The autochrome plate consists of hundreds of thousands of tiny, microscopic "eyes." The plate is, in fact, composed of a kind of honeycomb, in the cells of which are packed very minute hemispherical grains, over fifteen thousand to the square inch, and each little lens is separated from its neighbors by some black material. Each lens produces a tiny image upon the sensitive film behind it, and thus in the developed picture there are innumerable little images, each taken from a slightly different point of view. On examining the finished plate the eye sees a model of the original subject in true perspective and perfectly stereoscopic. The relief is remarkable, and a far more vivid impression is obtained than can be produced in the ordinary

way. Much remains to be done before the plate is perfect, but a revolution in photography will be brought about when Professor Lippmann and his assistants at his Sorbonne laboratory have completed their wonderful work.

The art of photo-telegraphy — telegraphing pictures from one plate to another over hundreds and thousands of miles — is one of the marvels of latter-day photography, and it is constantly being done between Berlin, Paris and London. A photograph in Berlin can be received in Paris twelve minutes later, and French scientists assert that it will soon be as easy to send a wireless picture as it is to send a Marconigram.

The part that stellar photography plays in astronomy is understood by the public at large as well as by scientists. Practically all the latest discoveries of new stars have been made by means of photography. Their composition is determined by the spectroscope, which reveals all the component colors of their light, and the recent photographic plates have been made sensitive to the red and orange rays, in addition to their former sensitiveness to the violet and the blue, which enables them to be available for work in stellar photography.

Added to these is the marvellous cinemato-

graph, which has been brought to perfection in Paris. It is utilized for the study of natural history, in that it is arranged to produce the most remarkable living pictures of the life which goes on under water, the movements of those tiniest of all small organisms — the bacteria. Many fascinating phases of animal and bird life have also been successfully taken, after almost interminable study.

It is introduced into surgery, and many peculiar movements in the human subject, caused by nervous diseases, poisoning, and so on, which are so difficult to describe verbally, are now demonstrated to medical students by means of the cinematograph, and their knowledge is thus rendered far more accurate than was possible hitherto.

Photography has, indeed, become the handmaid of almost all branches of science, as well as of art. One most important feature is the ability of the photographic plate to record movements of such infinitesimal duration that only the sensitized plate could register them.

It was about 1898 that Becquerel found on a photographic plate the record inscribed by an unknown order of rays, which led to the discovery of what has developed into practically

a new science, — that of radio-activity. It was received with much skepticism, but it has been demonstrated by chemistry and by mathematical and physical experiments in a multitude of ways.

The lynoscope was announced as among the special attractions of the Paris Exposition of 1900; but it was not completed in time. This marvellous invention is not that of a French scientist, however, but of Mr. John Wellesley Lynn. Its possibilities border on the fairly incredible, except that the scientist is one to whom nothing is incredible. It is claimed that the lynoscope will enable the people in Paris to see things transpiring in New York; that it will enable the eye to look through any person, or any solid substance, as if nothing were there. It consists of three distinct parts, — the operator, the transmitter, and the receiver, the first being a large, square box, with a hole at each end, mounted on the end of a telegraph pole. The transmitter, in a similar box, contains a telescopic apparatus that focuses the image and reflects it in mirrors, while the receiver is a large brass funnel like a phonograph, with a screen, on which the image is reflected. It is said that the Derby race can be shown to a London theatre audience, — not as by the

biograph, but as an actual occurrence, and that reflections at the distance of nearly two hundred miles have already been secured. A successful experiment was made with this instrument at Buckingham Palace, and Mr. Lynn has been awarded a diploma for optical discoveries from the Inventors Exhibition.

The French scientists did not, at first, accept the theories of Doctor Gustave Le Bon, Membre de l'Académie Royale de Belgique, that all matter is radio-active, in the same manner as uranium and radium, and that this radio-activity is but a step in the process by which it gradually sinks back into the ether from which it was originally formed. Later, Doctor Le Bon believed he had discovered that in the course of this disintegration energies of an intensity transcending anything previously observed are slowly liberated, and in June of 1905 he published his book promulgating this theory. More than twelve thousand copies were soon sold in France, and a vehement storm of opposition set in. The adversaries of Doctor Le Bon left little to the imagination. Professor Naquet, the illustrious chemist, of the Faculté de Médecine of Paris, wrote: "We have never seen the ponderable return to the imponderable. In fact,

the whole science of chemistry is based on the law that such a change does not occur; for, did it do so, good-by to the equations of chemistry."

But the twentieth century has grown familiar with the truth that the rejected stone of one generation may be the corner-stone of the next. "The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men," says Emerson; and he adds: "The world stands on ideas, and not on iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all the elements is moral force. As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird on the air, and the planet on space in its flight, so do nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts."

All the progress of science, as well as that of the moral universe, is based on thought which discerns and establishes facts, and the story of Doctor Le Bon's research and conclusions is one of the most thrilling and wonderful in all the marvellous annals of scientific progress. It is the story of the complete overthrow of all the previous theories of matter. The conviction that matter and force were the two exceptions to the law that all things in the universe are certain to perish was held with the persistency of a mathematical tenet, or the belief in the

everlasting truth of the law of gravitation. It was held that Matter and Force undergo transformations without ceasing, but that they remain indestructible and consequently immortal. Doctor Le Bon sprung upon the world the revolutionary idea that, on the contrary, " matter is not eternal, and can vanish without return; " that " the atom is the reservoir of a force hitherto unrecognized, although it exceeds by its immensity those forces with which we are acquainted, and that it may perhaps be the origin of most others, notably of electricity and solar heat," and, finally, " that between the world of the ponderable and that of the imponderable, till now considered widely separate, there exists an intermediate world."

Doctor Le Bon did not escape the usual fate of the prophets and the martyrs who are stoned for their pains. He quotes Lamarck as observing that whatever may be the difficulties in discovering new truths, there are still greater ones in getting them recognized. His ideas were subjected to a storm of hostile criticism. Their validity is now, however, established, and recognized by hosts of the leading physicists, and the dogma of the indestructibility of matter is no longer regarded as a sacred tenet, which must

not be questioned. When Sir William Crookes proclaimed his discovery of radiant matter; when Roentgen discovered the X-ray; when Becquerel recognized the first trace of radio-activity, and the Curies followed with the epoch-making discovery of radium, the barriers were effectually thrown down. Doctor Le Bon has discerned and demonstrated that matter is "capable of a disassociation fitted to lead it into forms in which it loses all its material qualities." His experiments proved that the phenomena seen in radio-active substances was repeated in every substance in nature, and that the only explanation was that of the disassociation of their atoms. Then the question arises as to what becomes of this matter when it disassociates. Doctor Le Bon's reply is that it "dematerializes itself by passing through successive phases, which gradually deprive it of its material qualities until it finally returns to the imponderable ether whence it seems to have issued." Doctor Le Bon's final conclusion is that matter is an enormous reservoir of intra-atomic energy, which force, — as light, heat, electricity, — represents unstable forms of this energy, and that energy is produced by the disassociation of atoms. A very remarkable series of statements are the following:

" Matter, hitherto deemed indestructible, vanishes slowly by the continuous disassociation of its component atoms.

" The products of the dematerialization of matter constitute substances placed by their properties between ponderable bodies and the imponderable ether, — that is to say, between two worlds hitherto considered as widely separate.

" Matter, formerly regarded as inert and only able to give back the energy originally supplied to it, is, on the other hand, a colossal reservoir of energy, which it can expend without borrowing anything from without.

" It is from the intra-atomic energy manifested during the disassociation of matter that most of the forces in the universe are derived, and notably electricity and solar heat.

" Force and matter are two different forms of one and the same thing. Matter represents a stable form of intra-atomic energy; heat, light, electricity, represent unstable forms of it.

" By the disassociation of atoms, — that is to say, by the dematerialization of matter, — the stable form of energy termed matter is simply changed into those unstable forms known by the names of heat, light, electricity, *et cetera*.

" The law of evolution applicable to living beings is also applicable to simple bodies; chemical speçies are no more invariable than are living species."

Doctor Le Bon's theories, rather should one say discoveries, as they are now fully accepted by the scientific world, offer a conception of matter and energy entirely different from that which formerly, and up to the time of his research and experiment, prevailed among scientists. He has discovered that man lives in enchantment; that " all that man calls nature are visions merely, wonderful allegories, significant pictures of the laws of the mind; and that through this enchanted gallery he is led by unseen guides to read and learn the laws of Heaven."

Doctor Le Bon regards all phenomena as simply the transformation of equilibrium. When this transformation is swift, we see it as electricity, heat, light; when it is slow, we call it matter, and the startling assertion that he makes is that heat, electricity, *et cetera*, " represent the last stages of matter before its disappearance into the ether."

Matter is stable energy. Energy is unstable matter. This is the condensation of Doctor Le Bon's discoveries, and he takes the ground that

ether and matter represent entities of the same order, and the various forms of energy are its manifestations. Beyond this, the great seer into the marvels of nature finds that while the elements of a substance which is burned, or otherwise destroyed, are transformed, but not lost, — the balance recording their weight, which does not vary, — the destruction of elements of atoms which are disassociated is irrevocable. "They lose every quality of matter, including the most fundamental of them all, — weight. The balance no longer detects them. Nothing can recall them to the state of matter. They have vanished in the immensity of the ether which fills space, and they no longer form part of our universe."

Here science has led us to the very portal of the ethereal world. That which had manifested itself in the visible and ponderable universe, has crossed the mysterious boundary line that just divides the ethereal and the physical realms. It is like the vanishing of the spiritual man when he no longer animates the body that was his instrument of communication and action. But still more is predicated of this vanishing of matter. When the scientist shall find the means — at present unknown — of easily accomplish-

ing the swift disassociation of matter, he will have at command unlimited and infinite sources of energy. "The scholar who discovers the way to liberate economically the forces which matter contains, will almost instantaneously change the face of the world. If an unlimited supply of energy were gratuitously placed at the disposal of man, he would no longer have to procure it at the cost of arduous labor. The poor would then be on a level with the rich and there would be an end to all social questions."

The Académie des Sciences in Paris has discussed at length and often the problems suggested by Doctor Le Bon. M. Henri Poincaré, M. Paul Painlevé, M. Naquet, and others raised intelligent objections to the new theory. Doctor Le Bon's reply was that the laws applicable to chemical molecules do not seem to apply at all to intra-atomic equilibria; that the atom alone possesses these two contrary properties, of being at once very stable and very unstable. M. Armand Gautier, a professor of chemistry at the Faculté de Médecine, and a member of the French Institute, made the subject of intra-atomic energy the theme of a paper for the Revue Scientifique. M. Despeaux, of the Corps

of Engineers, vigorously opposed the views of Doctor Le Bon; and M. Duclaud wrote a paper read before a scientific body, in which he espoused the new conception and said:

"... As a matter of fact Gustave Le Bon presents to us four successive stages of matter ... while showing that everything returns to ether, he allows, also, that everything proceeds from it. 'Worlds are born therein and go there to die,' he tells us.

"The ponderable issues from the ether and returns to it under manifold influences. That is to say, the ether is a reservoir, at once the receptacle and the pourer forth of matter. ..."

M. Lasaint of the Ecole Polytechnique rejected Doctor Le Bon's views, and said: "... In the stead of this eternal cemetery of the atoms, I strive to see in the ether rather the perpetual laboratory of nature. I would even go so far as to say that it is to the atom what, in biology, protoplasm is to the cell. Everything goes to, and comes forth from it. It is a form of matter, at once its original and its final form." Doctor Le Bon replied that he had no reason to contradict this, as he merely desired to establish that ponderable matter vanishes without return by liberating the enormous forces it contains.

" Once returned to the ether," he goes on to say, " matter has irrevocably ceased to exist, so far as we are concerned. Its individuality has completely disappeared. It has become something unrecognizable and eliminated from the sphere of the world accessible to our senses. There is assuredly a much greater distance between matter and ether than there is between carbon or nitrogen and the living beings formed from their combinations. Carbon and nitrogen can, in fact, infinitely recommence their cycle by falling again under the laws of life; while matter returned to the ether can no more become matter again — or at least can only do so by colossal accumulations of energy, which demand long successions of ages for their formation, and which we could not produce without the power attributed in the book of Genesis to the Creator."

Professor Somerhausen declared that if the possibility were realized (by the combination of the terms, matter and energy) of arriving at a definite equation which might be looked upon as the highest symbol of the phenomena of the universe, it would certainly be one of the grandest conquests of science; that it would " join the domain of matter with that of energy,

and thus clear away the last discontinuity in the structure of the world."

The "Année Scientifique" is enthusiastic in its recognition of Doctor Le Bon's work.

"M. Gustave Le Bon was the first, as we should not forget," said this periodical, "to throw some light into this dark chaos by showing that radio-activity is not peculiar to a few rare substances, but is a general property of matter. . . . We do not yet know how to liberate and master this incalculable reserve of force, of which yesterday we did not even suspect the existence. But it is evident that when man shall have found the means to make himself its master, it will be the greatest revolution ever recorded in the annals of science, a revolution of which our puny brains can hardly grasp all the consequences and the extent."

One well-formulated objection, as phrased by Professor Pio, was in the question as to how particles emitted under the influence of intra-atomic energy with an enormous speed do not render incandescent by the shock the bodies they strike? He asks, also, where energy expended goes to? To which Doctor Le Bon replies that "if the particles are emitted in sufficient numbers, they may, in fact, render metals

incandescent by the shock, as is observed in the anti-cathode of Crookes' tube. With radium, and still more with ordinary substances infinitely less active, this energy is produced too slowly to generate such important effects," continues Doctor Le Bon. " At the most, as in the case with radium, it may raise the temperature of the mass of the body by two or three degrees. Radium releases, according to the measurements of Curie, one hundred calory-grammes per hour and this quantity could only raise the temperature of one hundred grammes of water by one degree in an hour. It is evidently too slight to raise in any appreciable degree the temperature of a metal, especially if one considers that it would cool by radiation nearly as fast as it was heated.

" Certainly," he concedes, " it would be quite different if radium or any other substance were disassociated rapidly instead of requiring centuries for the purpose. The savant who discovers the way to disassociate instantaneously one gramme of any metal — radium, lead, or silver — will not witness the results of his experiment. The explosion produced would be so formidable that his laboratory and all the neighboring houses, with their inhabitants, would

be instantly pulverized. So complete a dissociation will probably never be attained, though M. de Heen attributes to explosions of this kind the sudden disappearance of certain stars."

The existence of an intermediate world between matter and ether is one of the most fascinating speculations with which contemporary discussion is occupied. The facts that are marshalled to prove that this intermediate realm exists appeal to reason not less than to imaginative visions. Every further development of the laws of evolution reveals that there are no impassable gulfs in the natural sciences of divisions; that "from the protoplasm of primitive beings up to man, the chain is now almost uninterrupted. . . . Physics has followed an analogous route, but has not yet arrived at unity. . . . It has, however, discovered the relations that exist between the different forces, and has recognized that they are but varied manifestations of one thing supposed to be indestructible, — energy." Through the entire series of phenomena, a certain permanence is established, and it is recognized that the law of continuity is unvarying throughout the universe. Yet, in physics alone, Doctor Le Bon points out,

" two gaps remain to be filled before this continuity can be established everywhere. Physics still maintains that a wide separation exists between matter and energy, and another, not less considerable, between the world of the ponderable and the imponderable, — that is to say, between matter and ether. Matter is that which is weighed. Light, heat, electricity and all the phenomena produced in the bosom of the imponderable ether, as they add nothing to the weight of bodies, are regarded as belonging to a very different world from that of matter."

Doctor Le Bon quotes M. Berthelot as saying of Lavoisier that the fundamental distinction between the ponderable substances and imponderable agencies which he established was " one of the greatest discoveries ever made, and one of the bases of the present physical, chemical and mechanical sciences." Doctor Le Bon claims that an impressive array of new facts entirely overthrows the classic convictions that matter is distinct from energy, and incapable of creating it; and that the imponderable ether is entirely distinct from ponderable matter, having no kinship with it. He concedes that it is not easy to see how a stone or a piece of lead can be akin to things so subtle as a sunbeam or an

electric spark. But he pleads that it is by placing in juxtaposition the two extremities of any one series, that the scientist can reconstruct their intermediate forms, and he suggests that physics should proceed by the same methods as those employed in biology. He demonstrates by a singularly clear, brilliant and forcible argument that " the products of the dematerialization of matter are formed from substances of which the characteristics are intermediate between those of ether and those of matter." In radio-activity it is continuously seen that matter transforms itself into " something which can no longer be ordinary matter, since none of its properties are preserved . . . and which belongs to the intermediate world between matter and ether." Doctor Le Bon points out that, because of the non-perception of this intermediate world, science has always found itself with an array of puzzling facts which refused to be classified. Among these were the cathode rays, which, in Doctor Le Bon's belief, really form part of the intermediate substances between matter and ether. Scientists have placed these first in one world and then in the other, with equal failure to relate them to either one; for the very good reason, in Doctor Le

Bon's opinion, that they " belong neither to the one nor to the other, but to that intermediate world between the matter and the ether."

The argument of Doctor Le Bon for the immaterial nature of the universe has invited wide and significant discussion among French scientists. All physical phenomena are considered to have their source in the ether. Even gravitation, " whence are derived the mechanics of the world and the march of the stars," is apparently one of its manifestations. " Although the inmost nature of the ether is hardly suspected," says Doctor Le Bon, " its existence has forced itself upon us long since, and appears to many to be more assured than that of matter itself. Belief in its existence became necessary when the propagation of forces at a distance had to be explained. . . . The majority of phenomena would be inexplicable without it. Without the ether there could be neither gravity, nor light, nor electricity, nor heat, nor anything, in a word, of which we have knowledge. The universe would be silent and dead. . . . If one could construct a glass chamber from which the ether were to be entirely eliminated, heat and light could not pass through it."

In defining the properties of the ether, how-

ever, the most tremendous difficulties appear. Its properties cannot be connected with anything known, and, as Doctor Le Bon observes, when confronted with phenomena bearing no analogy to that previously observed, we " are like a person born deaf in regard to music, or as a blind man with regard to colors. No image can make them understand what is a sound or a color."

The ether cannot be likened to gas, as the latter is compressible, and the former is not. Were it compressible, it could not instantaneously transmit the vibrations of light. Lord Kelvin defined the ether as " an elastic solid filling all space; " but, says Doctor Le Bon, " the elastic solid forming the ether must have very strange properties for a solid, which we never meet with in any other." That the magnitude of the forces which the ether is able to transmit constitutes a phenomena impossible to satisfactorily interpret, is conceded by all physicists. " An electro-magnet acts across space by the intermediary of the ether; on iron it exercises at a distance a force which may extend to a hundred and ten kilogrammes per square centimetre." Lord Kelvin then questions: " How is it that these prodigious forces are developed

in the ether, an elastic solid, while ponderable bodies are yet free to move within this solid?" This question is typical of innumerable difficulties that have confronted science. Doctor Le Bon believes that the solution of them all lies in the fact that there is no "missing link" between the material and the immaterial, but rather that there exists the intermediary realm, akin to each and uniting them by the evolutionary process, according to the law observed throughout the entire universe; that matter and ether form the two extreme limits of a series, and that the intermediate elements, connecting the two, are now discovered and demonstrated by the law of the disassociation of matter. Doctor Le Bon has, it is claimed, made a discovery as new in modes of energy as was that of Volta in electricity. "Whatever may be the interpretations given to the facts revealing the disassociation of matter," says Doctor Le Bon, "these facts are incontestable, and it is only the demonstration of them which is of importance at present."

One remarkable hypothesis in the latest researches of science in Paris is the conclusion that the X-ray has no more connection with electricity than with light; that these rays simply

represent one of the myriad manifestations of intra-atomic energy which is liberated by means of the disassociation of matter. " The universe is full of unknown forces which, like the X-rays of to-day, and the electricity of a century ago, were discovered only when we possessed re-agents capable of revealing them. Had phosphorescent bodies and photographic plates been unknown, the existence of X-rays could not have been verified. Physicists handled Crookes' tubes, which yield these rays in abundance, for a quarter of a century without discovering them.

" If it is probable that the X-rays have their seat in the ether, it seems certain that they are not constituted by vibrations similar to those of light. To me," concludes Doctor Le Bon, " they represent the extreme limit of material things, one of the last stages of the vanishing of matter before its return to the ether."

Matter is disassociated by light, by chemical reaction, by electric action, by combustion, by heat, and spontaneously. During all the ages, this disassociation has undoubtedly been an enormous factor in all natural phenomena. It is now believed to be the origin of atmospheric electricity, the source of solar heat, and the

origin, indeed, of all electricity, — the final conclusion at date regarding electricity being that it is a semi-material substance, generated by the dematerialization of matter.

Doctor Le Bon quotes the Roman poet, Lucretius, as saying more than two thousand years ago, that " Bodies are not annihilated when they disappear from our view. Nature forms new beings with their remains. It is only by the death of some that it grants life to others. The elements are unalterable and indestructible."

Whether the electron is a sort of " fetish of science " is a speculation somewhat in the air before the deliberations of the Académie des Sciences. The revelations made by intra-atomic chemistry would fill a volume; yet most of these are so largely or, at least, so possibly, in an experimental stage; the hypothesis of to-day is so liable to be overthrown to-morrow, that if many of those were chronicled now, they might be wholly superseded before another year had passed.

The discovery of the law of the disassociation of matter marks an epoch in science. Whether it will succeed in ultimately establishing the existence of this intermediate realm between

the ponderable and the imponderable worlds, between matter and ether, remains to be seen. Intra-atomic chemistry is only in its faintest dawn, and yet, even in these preliminary researches, it is already evident that the old material of chemists has disappeared. The time has not far receded into the past when no one could dream of studying the world of atoms. To-day it is known that each one is " a small universe of an extraordinary complicated structure, a repository of forces formerly unknown, the magnitude whereof exceeds enormously all those hitherto known. That which chemistry and physics believed they knew best was in reality what they knew least. . . . In the atomic universes must be sought the explanation of most of the mysteries that surround us. . . . The atom is the very soul of things. It stores up the energies which are the mainspring of the world and the beings which animate it."

The radio-activity of thought among the leading scientific men of Paris is not less wonderful than the phenomena as observed by Sir William Crookes in his discovery of radiant matter; by Becquerel in the first intimations of its presence, and so vividly and impressively discerned and formulated by Professor and

Mme. Curie. With Emerson, this profound and brilliant group of French physicists might well exclaim:

> "Thought is the wages
> For which I sell days."

"*And so I am strong to love this noble France*
This poet of the nations."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

VII

THE IMAGINATIVE INTENSITY OF PARISIAN LIFE

". . . The Imagination, which turns every dull fact into pictures and poetry, by making it an emblem of thought. What a power when, combined with the analyzing understanding, it makes Eloquence; the art of compelling belief, the art of making peoples' hearts dance to his pipe! And not less, method, patience, self-trust, perseverance, love, desire of knowledge, the passion for truth. These are the angels that take us by the hand, these our immortal, invulnerable guardians. By their strength we are strong, and on the signal occasions in our career their inspirations flow to us and make the selfish and protected and tenderly-bred person strong for his duty, wise in counsel, skilful in action, competent to rule, willing to obey.

"I delight in tracing these wonderful powers, the electricity and gravity of the human world." — EMERSON.

"Go, wash your hands in life anew," was the advice of the spectre of Wiowani, an ancient master, to his disciple, Tikipu, who had been passing three years behind the closed doors of art. Paris washes her hands in life anew every morning. The Paris of yesterday is less impor-

tant than that of to-day, and the Paris of to-morrow still further takes precedence. The Paris of legend, tradition, history, association or memory gives place to the Paris actual of the moment. There is far more interest manifested in the present than in the past: or rather, it is possible to take the past with all its richness, all its interest, for granted; to take it as incorporated into and still living in the present, but not requiring reiteration perpetual. Mme. Curie is, for instance, of more interest and importance than Mme. de Sévigné or Mme. Récamier. The Paris of Balzac, or even the Paris of Victor Hugo, is of less import to the life of the hour than the Paris of Richet and Flammarion.

There are few departments of science in which Paris is not taking the lead. The Aero Club is striving to conquer the kingdom of the air. It is making the most constant experiments; air ships are sent up every week, and studies are carefully made of the nature of air currents and the best methods of overcoming or of taking advantage of them. The Eiffel Tower is to be utilized as a station for wireless telegraphy to communicate with ships at sea which will send news as to the weather, and

it will be a lively storm, indeed, now, that can get ahead of its wireless announcement.

Very remarkable things are being done in laboratory experiments, as alluded to somewhat in detail in the preceding chapter. M. Poincaré has made most important discoveries regarding the nature of the atom, and the election and course of these theories and hypotheses, if verified, will make some revolutionary changes in existing theories.

To regard Paris as only a synonym for fashion and amusement, or for vices and questionable pleasures, is to be densely ignorant of some of the most profound and important scientific work being done in the entire world: of art movements which impress the age; of literary achievements at once brilliant and profound; of an amazing intellectual energy expressing itself in almost every department of life. Above all, that mental attitude regarding Paris would argue a curious insensibility to the imaginative intensity which is the most obvious as well as the most significant quality in Parisian life. Every idea is caught up with a vividness, a picturesque energy which incites speculative consideration. Every discovery, every event, is played upon in a thousand ways. The French mind is prismatic

in its reflection of the idea of the hour. The curious way in which Paris seizes an idea and adopts it is illustrated in the manner in which the shops, for their detective service, have availed themselves of the separation of church and state. They have instantly adopted the garb of the priest for detective service! Recently, at the Bon Marché, a priest (apparently) was seen to attend a lady very politely to her carriage and to enter it with her. As a matter of fact he had discovered her in shop-lifting and arrested her; but such is the consummate French tact that any bystander not in the secret would have supposed that he was her friend, her confessor, her counsellor — what one will — and was attending her with the greatest respect. Another instance of this swift adaptability is in the " radium " color in silks, velvets and ribbons, a color so exquisitely pure and glowing and brilliant that it is not at all to be described as red, or pink, or rose, but just radium. In velvet, especially, it is the most vivid, mirror-like glow imaginable, and has been the immediate popular tribute to Mme. Curie's wonderful discovery.

With more serious intent has radium been seized upon for experimental relief work in the

hospitals. The Académie de Médecine has had brought before it, in deliberative councils, a contribution to the professional study of the curative effects of radium, by two eminent physicians, — Doctor Degrais, chief of the Laboratory of the Hospital of Saint Louis, and Doctor Wickham, the physician to the prison of Saint Lazare, — both of whom have found that certain tumors and other kindred diseases form a group which are peculiarly sensitive to the energy of radium, and that many of these rapidly disappear when exposed to its influence.

A retrospective instance of this peculiarly mercurial quality of French life recurs to the memory of all who visited Paris at the time when Rodin's remarkable cast of Balzac was first exposed to view. It was in the Salon of the Champ-de-Mars, in 1898. Its exposition was an event. Paris focussed her attention upon it. Every emotion, from reverence to ridicule, was brought into play. The figure was placed conspicuously in the sculpture garden, and around it thronged constantly changing groups of people, who discussed it in half a dozen languages at one and the same time. It excited the most enthusiastic admiration, and the most intense derision. Those who liked

the statue prostrated themselves before it with a devotion that knew no bounds; those who did not like it tested their linguistic resources in their phrases of ridicule and scorn.

The figure, as presented in the photograph, is undoubtedly the most unique and fantastic conception in modern art. To the writer, who was present at its first exhibition to the public, it suggested a weird, mysterious spectre — a Balzac who had swallowed fern-seed, (thus rendering himself invisible), and could stalk through the crowded streets of Paris, himself unseen by any one, but seeing all; looking, with those uncanny eyes, fairly into the mind, as if the mental processes of the hurrying throngs of people were revealed through a crystal ball, and seeing, with tragic directness, the entire *comédie humaine.*

On describing this recognition of its meaning to M. Rodin, he replied that it embodied much of his own conception and purpose in creating it. For a long time before he began to express his conception of Balzac in outer form M. Rodin had made a profound study of his novels, and of the author as revealed in his works. He not only familiarized himself with these, but he also read all available criticism on Balzac and the

STATUE OF BALZAC. *Rodin*

biographical interpretations. He was especially interested in that of Lamartine, in his "Balzac et ses Oeuvres," who thus describes the French novelist:

"*C'était la figure d'un élément, grosse tête, cheveux épars sur son collet et ses joues comme une crinière que le ciseau n'émondait jamais, très obtus, œil de flamme, corps colossal; il était gros, épais, carré par la base et les épaules: le corps, les cuisses, les membres puissants; beaucoup de l'ampleur de Mirabeau, mais nulle lourdeur; il y avait tant d'âme qu'elle portait cela légèrement, gaiment, comme une enveloppe souple et nullement comme un fardeau; ce poids semblait lui donner de la force et non lui en retirer. . . . Ses bras courts gesticulaient avec aisance; il causait comme un orateur parlé. . . . Les cheveux flottaient sur ce front en grandes boucles. Les joues étaient pleines.*"

M. Rudolf Dircks, the accomplished art critic, tells the story of the creation of this statue in a little monograph on the art of Rodin, in which he says:

"To those who have read and delighted in the 'Comédie Humaine,' it must seem a surprising fact that there is not extraordinary and voluminous evidence as to the details of the per-

sonal appearance of its author. The contrary, however, appears to be the case. A sepia drawing by Louis Boulanger executed about 1828, a portrait in oils by the same artist exhibited at the Salon of 1837, a medallion by David d' Angers (now in the Louvre), a bust by the same sculptor on the tomb at Père-Lachaise, frontispieces by Hédouin and Bertil to editions of his works, a sketch by Meissonier covered by a subsequent work, and a daguerreotype destroyed by the Prussians at Saint Cloud in 1871, would sum up, according to M. Tourneaux, all the evidence of importance in this matter.

" Here, then, was the ground-work on which Rodin had to build his figure. But this was not all. There was the ' Comédie Humaine,' the expression of Balzac's genius in literature. It would, however, provide a hazardous element in the portraiture of human greatness if it might be premised that the qualities of the mind indicated the shape of a nose, the curl of a lip, or the angle of a moustache. But, as we have seen, there was sufficient authentic matter for Rodin to work upon.

" The Statue was commissioned by the Société des Gens de Lettres which, in the first instance (in 1893), had sought the services of Chapu.

But Chapu died before his work was finished, and, through the influence of Zola, who was the president of the society, it came eventually into the hands of Rodin. He was engaged upon the work for some five years. He read the 'Comédie Humaine;' he visited Tours, where Balzac was born; he studied the types of the country. He modelled the head of a man who was said to resemble Balzac. He modelled a head of Balzac as a young man; and he modelled his subject in the nude. Meanwhile the statue was not completed, and the society became impatient. When, finally, the statue was before them, they declared they did not recognize Balzac in the *ébauche* of M. Rodin.

"Public and critical opinions supported the view of the Society. '*Enfin Rodin s'est trompé*,' said one. '*C'est Balzac qui est sorti de son lit pour recevoir un créancier*,' said another. '*Il n'a pas d'yeux*,' said the public. The hostility and ridicule, the action of the Société des Gens de Lettres in breaking the contract, provoked, on the other hand, plenty of sympathy. A rich man desired to purchase the statue; committees in Paris and Brussels applied for it, but to no purpose, as Rodin took it back to his studios at his home in Meudon. . . . It is

possible that, in the frank disavowal of their legal obligations with regard to a work they neither understood nor liked, the Society's attitude compared favorably with the attitude of those on the other side, who instantly discovered in the Balzac a masterpiece, and who might, one feels, have found the same qualities in inferior work of an unfamiliar kind. There exists a nebulous kind of impressionism always ready to take shape at any erratic manifestation, in art or letters. In the case of the statue Rodin's previous work entitled him, at least, to an effort of patient, respectful, and serious comprehension. It was as absurd to praise lightly as it was to dismiss lightly a work which had engaged the hands and brain of a man of genius for five years. Since its exhibition at the New Salon in 1898, the work has been familiar to those who care for sculpture, and still opinion is pretty much at issue. But the statue is silently fighting its way; opinion is coming over to its side. Within a short space, we may find that it has been taken over by the Municipal Council of Paris, and placed in a position worthy alike of Balzac and Rodin.

"The view that the statue is merely a representation of the author of the 'Comédie Hu-

maine,' and not precisely of the man, is scarcely borne out by the facts. The elaborate and detailed studies which preceded its creation go to show that it is an attempt at an exact realization of the man as he lived and worked. It corresponds, for instance, with Lamartine's description; but it is not Balzac as he appears to his friends, not quite even as he appeared to Lamartine. It is Balzac in one of his prolonged intervals of self-absorption, in retirement, as 'the secretary of society,' clothed in the garment which has caused so much amusement, but which is nevertheless documentary. '*On le trouvait toujours chez lui vétu d'une large robe de chambre de cachemire blanc doublée de soie blanche, taillée comme celle d'une moine.*'

"It is interesting to compare the head with the bust of Balzac as a young man. The resemblance between the two faces is precise; but in the older face there is amplification of scale, amplification of feature and expression. It is not, as in the first instance, a young man looking out on the world, but the author of the 'Comédie Humaine;' it is an interpretation of an exalted and ironical mind, by an art which comprehends the exaltation and the irony. One cannot look upon the face of a man of great achievements,

and dissociate its character from the achievements. Rodin has portrayed his Balzac as he has seen him; and as probably the rest of the world will in the course of time come to see him."

Whatever the individual verdict may be, it cannot be denied that this statue is the most prominent work in contemporary art. Its lovers may regard it as famous; its scorners may regard it as in-famous; but it has forced its attention on the critical world; and in its creator one sees the artist who is less the individual than he is the expression of his time and country.

In Rodin a type of the spirit of modern France is impersonated. His work is one form of expression of the creative force of the ages. M. Dircks finds Rodin in sculpture akin to Tolstoi in fiction, Ibsen in drama, Wagner in music, and Walt Whitman in poetry, — an elemental energy, an original type, revealing life in its more primitive and profound aspects of archetypal existence. "It is art that extends its influence in all directions," says M. Dircks of Rodin; "and it provoked discussion, as the profound affairs of life provoke discussion. It forced itself to be taken seriously. It was not a type that captivates and charms; it was not

sensuous; it appealed to the emotions through the intellect; and it was fastidious only in its penetration, in its breadth, and in its insistence on the relation of man to the universal scheme of things."

The complex questioning of the keen, penetrating, brilliant and analytical mind of contemporary France is curiously reflected in the art of Rodin. No poet or romanticist has so wonderfully caught and depicted its essential quality. Rodin is an idealist, a visionary, who yet sees nature in the most simple and direct way. He is hailed by some critics as "the greatest French sculptor, the greatest sculptor in Europe, the greatest sculptor of the age, the greatest sculptor — Michael Angelo alone excepted — since the days of Pheidias and Praxiteles." If one recovers his breath after this supreme characterization, he may be assured by another school of criticism that Rodin has done nothing that will survive — and that he is entirely without title to his great fame.

That Auguste Rodin is the sculptor now most prominent before the entire world of art cannot be denied. He is talked about, even if the discussion is adverse. A simple, kindly man, with strong affections for his family and friends;

sensitive to a degree that defies transcription, but as heroic and enduring and persistent as he is sensitive; a man, too, of noble moral balance, an exaltation of temperament that surrounds him with an atmosphere through which only the spirit akin to his own can pass, — the great artist seems curiously unconscious of all the intensity of discussion that his work excites. He never makes any effort to explain nor does he, of fixed intention, make any effort, either, to puzzle and perplex the world that perplexes itself in attempts to " place " him. He has never been one to shout that he might hear the echo of his own voice. He has never asked how his attitude reflects itself on the camera of public observation. In London, when invited by King Edward and made the honored guest of royalty, he is as simple and unassuming as in company with the peasants of Barbizon. Refined and courteous by nature, he is singularly untouched and unspoiled by the adulation he receives, nor are his own conceptions of art affected by adverse criticism.

Auguste Rodin was born in Paris in 1840, and he was well into a half century of life before fame came to him. He had a meagre academic training in the École de Dessin; he was allowed

to make drawings at the Louvre, and he became absorbed in the drawings of Michael Angelo and Raphael as preserved in albums in the Bibliothèque Impériale. But he also mixed plaster and made ornaments in the way of getting a living. His one special opportunity came in 1875, when he was enabled to make a journey to Italy to study the classic sculpture, and it was then that the conviction became his that the direct study of the human figure was the source of true inspiration. He declares that to him sculpture is not so much art as science; that inspiration and genius are empty words; and masterpieces are the result of long and weary work. "My model has a brain and a heart," says Rodin; "my bronze or marble, therefore, must think and feel. . . . It is not only the ensemble of the body which is beautiful, but each part has its individual beauty, and, what is more, its significance. What makes my Thinker ('Le Penseur') think, is that he thinks not only with his brain, with his knitted brow, his distended nortrils and compressed lips; but with his clinched fists and gripping toes."

In reply to a question as to whether he could reproduce groups altogether from life, M. Rodin said that he was always watching for

them, — always studying the pose and the relations between figures in any grouping. "Take my 'Le Baiser' (The Kiss) now at the Luxembourg. I could not expect two models to sit together in that way. But I study the attitude of lovers everywhere, and I reproduce my design from separate models. The artist must study anatomy, he must draw much, but, most of all, observe."

M. Rodin is a thorough apostle of the faith that genius is a capacity for labor, rather than a gift for instantaneous creation. "Great men?" he said; "there are no great men; there are great thinkers and great workers, and these are learners all their lives. Myself — I worked — worked. I struggled with myself and my material. But it was not that for me sculpture was a mere *métier*, it was a necessity. I was compelled to model and express what I saw. I devote the same care to every part of the body. One finger often contains more personality than the face, or the lines around the mouth."

M. Rodin takes issue with Canova, Thorwaldsen, William Wetmore Story, Franklin Simmons, and all that school of sculpture whose work is characterized by delicate beauty and great individuality. That "art is a corner of the

universe seen through a temperament" is a truth signally demonstrated by the different manner in which the human form appears to the different sculptors. Yet Rodin is by no means without works of great delicacy and loveliness, as well as those of the forcible and heroic. His "Orphée et Eurydice," "Les Benedictions," the portrait busts of several women; "Le Poète et la Vie Contemplative," "Le Groupe du Crépuscule," and others are singularly poetic and ideal. For many years he has been engaged on the great portals for the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, for which he finds the motif of his figures in the pages of Dante's "Inferno." Among the groups is one of the "Three Phantoms," which suggest and emphasize the fatal power of destiny. A dominating figure is that of the "Thinker," and the background reveals circles which are typically representative of human experiences.

The French government manifests its appreciation of Rodin by granting him, free of all expense, two large and lofty studios in the Rue de l'Université. Here, with a small army of workmen, the eminent artist may often be found, although much of his creative work is done in his home studios. His residence, with a beauti-

ful gallery and a suite of studios in connection, is at Meudon, a little French hamlet a few miles from Paris. His home is a plain brick house, on an elevation of ground which affords a beautiful view over the French capital. The spacious gallery adjoining is connected with the house by a corridor. Around the walls runs a balcony to which a flight of stairs ascends from the floor; and it is in this gallery that Rodin is represented, holding in his hand some bit of modelling which he is attentively examining, so that his portrait, as painted by Mr. Alexander, depicts him in a singularly characteristic attitude. The house is surrounded by grounds, and Mme. Rodin takes great pride in her gardens. It is a hospitable home, and many are the artistic pilgrimages made to it by the admirers of Rodin. Of his early work the great sculptor has said:

"I was never sad. I always had pleasure, always studying. Study embraces it all. Those who saw my things pronounced them bad. I never knew what a word of encouragement was. The little terra cotta heads and figures that I exposed in shop windows never sold. So far as the world went, I was shut out from it, nor did I know that it could be of use to me. I went to the Salon and admired the works of Perraud

and other leading sculptors, and thought, as ever, that they were great masters, though in their sketches I saw that they were not strong. In looking at the hands they made I thought them so fine that I should never be able to equal them. I was all this time working from nature, but could not make my hands as good as theirs, and I could not understand why. But when I got my hands all right from life, I then saw that theirs were not well made, nor were they true. I now know that those sculptors worked from plaster casts taken from nature; I thought only of copying my model. I don't believe these sculptors knew what was good modelling and what was not, or could get out of nature all there was in it."

M. Rodin is one of the most interesting of conversationalists. He is a mystic, a dreamer and a radical all in one. But his work in the Salon of 1908 indicates that he has come to the parting of the ways, and must either return to a more realistic presentation of existing life, or lose himself in the merely vague and unmeaning. For that he is too great an artist. He will evolve new types and forms, and gather up all that is best in the traditions of art.

Professor Charles Richet of the University

of France is one of the leading savants of the age, and a philosopher whose research has extended into the special relations of spirit and matter; the relation of man to the divine universe; the conditions of life after the change we call death. He is perhaps the most eminent and the most learned of any of the psychical researchers of the day in France. He has made an extended study of spiritualistic phenomena, — in materializations and other physical aspects. Doctor Richet has written much of all this phenomena in a way to attract the attention of the scientific world. His home, in the Rue de l'Université, is one of the centres of social life among the learned men, and his spacious and beautiful library, with its copy of Houdon's bust of Voltaire and other works of art, is often the meeting-place of a group of savants. Doctor Richet believes that the immediate future holds in reserve some astounding revelations. "The history of the sciences," he says, "that is, the history of the human mind, authorizes us in conceiving that the science of the future will be enormously different from our present science.

"We live," Doctor Richet went on to say, "under the illusion of time; that *idola temporis* against which Bacon protested. We are so

made that the future seems to us as though it ought to resemble the present, and this is a psychological law governing our mentality. We men of 1904 cannot persuade ourselves that in 2004, and more certainly in 3004, — a future which defies the anticipations of our most audacious speculations, — the scientific data will be absolutely different from that of the present. We have not the courage to tell ourselves that not a particle will remain standing of those theories which we look upon to-day as conclusive. Nevertheless, the demolition of all our scientific scaffolding, so laboriously constructed, is not merely a probability, but a certainty."

Doctor Richet's mind is like a magic mirror that reflects the future. He is one of the foremost leaders of progress in France. Looking at the past, he asks, what is left of the scientific theories of 1504. He points out that in chemistry nothing is left. The study of alchemy had not then been inaugurated. "Paracelsus was supreme with Basil Valentine." Neither algebra, analytical geometry, nor the infinitesimal calculus was known. In physics the instruction was meagre, and neither the thermometer, barometer, nor microscope existed. The discoveries of Galileo and Kepler had not yet dawned on

astronomy. It was still held that the earth was the centre of the universe. Physiology had then no knowledge of circulation, or respiration, or the functions of the nervous system. Noting that the complete construction of contemporary science has been achieved within the past four centuries, Doctor Richet asks if any one can persuade himself that the coming four centuries will not witness similar revolutions. What, he asks, was known of electricity in 1804? Its entire science dates from the nineteenth century. The theory of heat was not then so much as suspected. Neither Lamarck nor Darwin had appeared; chemistry was only in its most elementary stage. The spectrum analysis was unknown. Regarding medicine, Doctor Richet dates its scientific period from Pasteur. "A great scientist of 1804, however great a genius one may suppose him to have been," says Doctor Richet, "could have known nothing of the telephone, nor of the X-rays, nor of radiant matter, nor of antiseptics, of colored photography, of wireless telegraphy, nor of the theory of ions nor of any subject in which a university man would now take his degree. The history of the past," he added, "makes me very confident concerning the marvels of the future."

Living thus, with his vision open to the future, Doctor Richet is most hospitable, in his mental attitude, to all the advance of knowledge, without falling into the error of credulity, and of lack of discrimination. "We have no right," he declares, "to assign limits to science, since it must be conceded that we only witness phenomena. Vibrations in the ether produce light. But why? Why should the combination of carbon with oxygen produce an undulatory vibration in the ether, which is luminous? It is impossible to name any phenomenon whatsoever whose cause is accessible. Very strange, very wonderful, seemingly very improbable phenomena may yet appear, which, whenever established, will not astonish us more than we are now astonished at all that science has taught us during the last century."

Doctor Richet's semi-weekly lectures before the Faculté de Médicin of Paris are one of the prominent features of the medical school and of the scientific progress of the city as well. His work, in many directions, is held in the highest esteem in France and among the leading scientists of the continent. Professor Richet holds an honored place not unlike that accorded in England to Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge.

The leaders of thought, in any direction, are always assured of appreciation in Paris. Their books are read; their pictures or statues are discussed and purchased; their lectures are attended; they are usually decorated with the *ruban rouge*, and they are perpetuated by tablets, by the names of streets, busts, statues, or groups of memorial sculpture in bronze or marble, after their departure from the world of visible activities. What more could poet or thinker ask?

No nation is so swift in its recognition of talent as is the French. No other nation offers such encouragement, or confers such honors upon her poets and prophets who in other countries are stoned, while France bestirs herself to offer them prizes and places and privileges. There is an institution called the "Maison des Artistes et Littérateurs," which offers a gracious hospitality to the helpless artist; there is the "Thiers foundation," which assures a basis of living for three years to young aspirants, with the conviction that if their talent is genuine, it will by that time enable them to rely upon it. The Académie Française includes several prizes for poetry among its rewards, and one of the latest of these is that bearing the name of François

Coppée. In his letter announcing this gift, M. Coppée wrote: "This fund is as modest as are my resources, but do me the kindness of accepting it, and the pleasure of thinking that my name will still be heard, from time to time, with pleasure by the young poet to whom you shall offer a golden sprig of laurel. The art of poetry is still honored by a company. . . ."

The wits of Paris have made merry over the new Salon of Poetry which, with characteristically national keenness, they have named "the Pegasus Show," but it is not without significance that the poets of France have organized, after the fashion of organizations of industrial ranks, under the name of "La Societé des Poètes Français." An application was made for a Salon of Poetry to be included with the Salons of Painting and Sculpture in the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts in the Champs Élysées. M. Edmond Harancourt was chosen president. The poets claimed that they should be ensured the same opportunities for bringing their wares before the general public as those enjoyed by all the "arts and crafts," — by painters, decorators, architects, engravers, sculptors. To M. Paul Némot, the brilliant and charming president of the Société des Artistes Français, M. Harancourt

addressed a formal letter petitioning for recognition in the ranks of art, in which he wrote:

" Literary débuts, as you are aware, are the least favored of all. The young artists — painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musicians, comedians — enjoy a protection which has installed for them schools and conservatories, which decrees for them Prix de Rome and travelling fellowships, which opens to them annual expositions and subsidized stages. The young poets, on the contrary, dreaded by the publishers, struggle in solitude (a condition which is unhealthy), and also without the means to present their works (a condition which greatly depresses them).

" Now I have a proposition to make which presents the double advantage of not burdening in the least the budget of the state and of making the public judge of poetic talent. It is very simple. You have only to open your doors, as you have done generously for the decorative arts, which were not formerly in favor among you. Just what do we want? A room of your great Salon, open to the public like the others, the walls of which could remain at your disposal. There, once a week, poems could be recited either by the authors themselves, or (if the

authors themselves cannot or dare not) by trained reciters. No entrance fee should be charged, for we know that our wares possess no negotiable value, and our ambition is at once more modest and more lofty. We simply ask that those who are capable of appreciating us be given a chance to hear us."

Like a true Frenchman and a Parisian, M. Némot received this Arcadian proposition with that faultless courtesy and generous recognition that marks his dealings with the artistic fraternity of which he is the honored leader, and he replied expressing his sympathy with the request, and his ready coöperation in the scheme proposed. The new organization of bards chose thirty of their number to act as a jury and proceeded to arrange their " exhibit." Apparently all the Muses descended upon the gifted throng, and the result was such a flood of poems as must have drained the fountain of Helicon itself. What versifier would fail to ring the changes on his art in the musical language of his land? What bardling would hesitate when a possible audience rose before his vision? Name and gain projected themselves in near perspective; a decoration from the Academy, an order from the Théâtre Français for a poetical drama,

a tablet on the house in which he had lived, a tomb in Père-Lachaise, all dawned upon the poet's enchanted horizon. The gods of Hellas drew near and attended on these councils.

From the multitude of poems produced by the inspired warblers, one hundred were selected. The "oppressive darkness with which this practical, utilitarian and hurried century enshrouds the dreamer" was illuminated by the unfailing lamp of genius. The date for the inauguration of the Salon of Poetry was fixed for May 12, 1908. The hour and the poet — a throng of poets — arrived. The Minister of Public Instruction appeared to add the majesty of his official presence by presiding over the meeting. All Paris crowded the hall. M. Harancourt made the principal address, in the course of which he thus defined the *raison d'être* of the new movement.

"It is certain," he said, "that the curiosity of the people does not rush furiously toward the fabrication of poems. No impatience watches for the arrival in the world of our sonnets, still less of our elegies. The time is past when the *trouvères* reaped rich harvests in the great hall of the castle or in the village squares. The speedy automobile and the still speedier tele-

phone have changed all that. Our electrical generations have not a minute to lose, and will not tolerate the saying of the same thing twice, which is precisely the function of rhymes. Perhaps this is the reason that some of us have ceased rhyming our poems. The fact is we are out of fashion like the diligence, like horses, like the anthropophagi, and we should make a great mistake if we should hesitate to admit it. But, curiously enough, the more the world turns away from us, the more numerous we become. Never, in any epoch of universal history, has the number of poets attained more disconcerting figures. As soon as the news of the founding of a Salon of Poetry had spread over the fatherland, fifteen hundred heads were lifted up ready for the laurel of Virgil, and thousands of poems appeared. Reassure yourselves. You will hear only a dozen each session, and in half a century we shall have exhausted the stock of this first competition. But you, who admire in the galleries above us the pictorial fecundity of our country, must admire also its poetical fecundity. Our brother painters operate by the square yard only; we operate by the cubic yard.

"What does all this prove? Simply that the poet is incompressible and insuppressible.

Poetry is no longer read? No matter. We will keep on writing it, writing it without end! Even when humanity shall declare to us that it has no further need of us we shall still be certain that we answer to a need — our own. Yours also, for you have all experienced this need. Who is there among you who has not felt himself a poet, if only for an hour? Ransack your memories and dare to say that this hour was not the most delicious hour of your lives, from the mere fact that it was enthusiastic! Nothing, after all, is worth while but untrammelled self-expression. One does not always succeed in it, one does not persist in it often, but it suffices to have attempted it, to cherish in the depth of one's being a spring floweret which smells sweet during one's whole life — the memory of having been a poet. All you who had that experience some beautiful night of your youth be clement toward those who remain poets always. We are the past, it is true, but we are your past. We remain that which you were and we resemble you still when you no longer resemble yourselves. Come, recognize yourselves in us. Our verses are the mirrors of your dead emotions, and in this Salon of Poetry the pictures we expose are your souls."

Another meeting was held on the last day of the month, the poems read being those of poets who had recently died. A group of poets at the initial meeting, among whom were Gabriel Nigoud, Hélène Vacaresco, Auguste Dorchain, Judith Gautier and Eugène le Morrel, had the felicity of reciting their own inspirations. A poem by M. Harancourt was read by Mme. Röch of the Théâtre Français, and other professional interpreters were Mme. Segond-Weber and M. Truffier.

As publicity is said to be the life of trade, so is it, apparently, the atmosphere that communicates new vitality to the productions of the modern troubadour. The Paris journals have had their fling, but meantime poetry has achieved its rating. The new Salon of Poetry calmly ignores these ignoble comments. With Tennyson, the Parisian poets who, with one bound, have emerged from the obscurity of the traditional garret into the light of the public square, could say:

> "Vex thou not the poet's mind
> With thy shallow wit,
> Vex thou not the poet's mind
> For thou canst not fathom it."

The Parisians are exceedingly facile in the

manner in which they turn from one interest to another. In their devotion to lectures they rival the Bostonians. M. Funck-Brentano, having returned (in the late autumn of 1907) from America, gave a lecture in the Collège de Lafayette on " La Femme Américaine," from his observations of that typical individual in America. Apparently she appeared to him as a sort of special creation, to be studied in a manner apart from the human race in general. There was a large audience of French women, a few Americans, and two men bold and brave to listen to the lecturer, who told them that the New World idea of domestic liberty would prove very disastrous in France. He conceded that it might be good for Americans, but it would be quite the reverse for the French. The American woman — *la femme Américaine* — impressed him as *très intellectuelle*, but as totally lacking in those qualities which make for domestic happiness. In France he found the wife subordinated to the family; marriage is an alliance between families, and the relations of husband and wife are, he believed, much closer than in America. He found that the American woman retained her individuality, her friends, and her personality, to a degree inordinate, and that the insatiable

desire of the American wife is to perfect her own individuality. To him it seemed that the American home thus afforded a sadness — it was *triste* — " of a solitude insupportable." He regretted that French homes were judged so largely from French novels, which deal with the exceptional, not the normal state of things. Altogether, the lecture was singularly edifying in enabling an American woman to see herself as others see her — not always a gratifying point of view; and while the lecturer had, not unnaturally, in a brief visit, failed to grasp the essential characteristics and qualities of his subject; while he had hardly an adequate realization of the American woman, his observations were not without a degree of truth, and they offered much food for reflection. Indeed justice compels one to admit the keen insight which discerned the " degree inordinate " in which the American woman cherishes her individuality, and M. Funck-Brentano might well have smiled triumphantly, and asserted that he laughs best who laughs last, could he have heard of a charming young American woman who calmly remarked: " Yes, I regard my marriage as a success as I have never allowed it to interfere with my individual development."

Mysticism and interest in psychic research have their prominent recognition in Paris, and there are in the air continual narrations of incidents and experiences in psychic phenomena. One of the most impressive is related by the Baroness Faverot de Kerbrech, the widow of a distinguished French general and military expert. When the young Prince Imperial went with the troops to Zululand, General de Kerbrech, who was greatly attached to the Prince, desired to accompany him. The government decided otherwise, and on the day on which the Prince met his tragic death, the Baron, who was riding in Algeria, was conscious of a singular depression of spirits, which could not be traced to any recognizable cause. Suddenly, in the afternoon, he felt that the Prince was near him; he seemed to perceive his presence, although there was no visible or tangible evidence of it, and he had a strong impression that the young Prince was in need; the appeal for help, rescue, he knew not what, fell upon him. So profound was the impression that he immediately telegraphed to the Baroness, who was in London, to ask her if any news had been received at Chislehurst. Receiving the tidings of his death, the General always believed that this experi-

ence on the day of the Prince's death was no mere chance or coincidence! The importance of the two well-known individualities concerned renders this instance one of peculiar significance.

Doctor Richet was interested in this incident when it was related to him, and he regarded it as one of the most striking of well authenticated proofs of telepathic communion. Without being in any exclusive sense a mystic, he is profoundly interested in spiritual philosophy. "There is nothing unscientific in the admission that at a moment of intellectual evolution of humanity, other forces may be generated," he says; "why should they not be? One or the other alternative is true; either we do already know all the forces of nature, or we do not know them all. There is no way out of this dilemma. The first alternative is so absurd that the mere mention of it is sufficient to show how foolish it is; it is evident that our feeble intelligence, endowed with five senses of limited range, does not penetrate into all the forces of nature (the force of the magnet, for instance). Hence, necessarily and undoubtedly, there are forces which escape us. . . . If there is a condition of mind contrary to the truly scientific spirit," Doctor Richet

continues, " it is that of the conservatist who is afraid of new ideas and new theories. History shows that scientists have always been too timid in their hypotheses, for final discoveries have far surpassed the anticipations of the boldest."

Doctor Richet looks forward with truly sublime vision to the future of the human race. " I have only spoken of the science — our near future, — that of 2008, or 3008," he remarked once, in a conversation; " but what if we thought of epochs still further removed? of five thousand years hence, or of six thousand years, or of forty thousand, or of a hundred thousand years. It is not likely that the human race will be extinct in a hundred thousand years; and to what, then, may not human intelligence have attained? What may not be its resources? We cannot form an idea, not even the most remote idea, of what that great future will contain. Nevertheless that day will come. There will be men in that day! There will be science. And all science of to-day will be as inferior to the science of that day as the knowledge of a chimpanzee is inferior to the knowledge of a doctor of science."

Criticism attains in France a high standard.

It is regarded in its true light as a branch of letters. Every idea is subjected to the search-light of investigation and comment. There will be a *séance d'hypnotisme* in the *Salles* of the Société des Savantes, to study the mysteries of hypnotism. There are constant meetings of the Bahaí' Association. There are conferences on theosophy. There are curious centres of occultism. Almost every day some new idea or discovery is announced in Paris. It sweeps over the city like an electric wave. It is discussed, admired, ridiculed, praised, accepted or rejected, as may be, but at all events it is tested and not ignored.

The Bahaí' meetings in Paris have attracted a very eminent following, both of the savants and of many of the titled aristocracy, and including, also, prominent members of the American colony. The most concise and adequate presentation of the essential faith of this cult was given in a paper read before the Religious Congress held in Oxford in September, 1908, when the essayist thus condensed the salient data of Bahaism:

"In 1819 A. D., a child was born at Shiraz, in Persia, who at the age of twenty-four announced that he had been chosen by God as

His messenger. This man, who assumed the title of the Bab, or Door, was the John the Baptist of Bahaism. Before his death (he was shot in prison at Tabriz in 1850) he declared that he would be followed in nineteen years by 'He whom God would manifest.' Many of his followers, the Babis, were tortured and put to death, and still more thrown into prison, amongst them a wealthy Persian noble known as Baha-Ullah. Precisely nineteen years after the death of the Bab, Baha-Ullah, having gone through several further terms of imprisonment in Baghdad and Constantinople, announced to his family and followers that he was the Coming Great One to whom the Bab had referred, and five years later, he was exiled to Akka, and confined there in one room for seven years. In the latter part of his life he enjoyed comparative liberty, and finally died only sixteen years ago, having first commanded his disciples to turn their faces towards his eldest son, Abbas Effendi. It was this son, known as the Master, who is the present head of Bahaism, the religion named after his father, which has numerous adherents in Bombay, Mandalay, America, London, Paris, and especially Persia, where a third of the population call themselves followers of Bahaism.

Beha-Ullah's own account of his mission was that he was sent to unite all the faiths and peoples of the world into one. Bahaism seemed, on the whole, to be an adaptation of the Christian religion to what its founder conceived to be the needs of the present day. It all made for unity. There was to be one language for all the world, and, of course, one faith — to wit, Bahaism. Women were to be put in all respects on an equal footing with men. Every one was to support himself. There were to be no priests and no dogma. Each body of believers was to elect a council or House of Justice; and each nation, and finally the whole world, was to be represented by a similar council, this last universal House of Justice forming a kind of permanent board of arbitration for the discussion of international disagreements."

Paris is rather the centre of this cult which is also increasing in the United States.

Paris has always exhibited a *penchant* for expositions, and the one held in 1900 was an event of world-wide importance. As in Chicago in 1893, the Congresses were a feature of deep significance and far-reaching influence. The press of the city called attention to the fact that the exposition curiously revealed how dear to

France was the memory of Napoleon. His memory is fairly embalmed in all the retrospective displays of art, and in the countless relics displayed in the Military Palace. "Napoleon I. is represented in three characters," said the Times. "First as General of the Republic, painted by David; second, as Premier Consul, by Ingres; and third, as Emperor, by Le Jeune. These pictures look down upon priceless souvenirs connected with 'La Grande Armée.' Here the visitor can see the baton of Oudinot, the sword of Lefebvre, the lunette of Davout, the Grand Cordon of Friant, the sabre of Morand, the pistols of Eblé, the hat of Péllissier, the sword of Bosquet, the sword-belt of Lannes, which he wore on the day he met his death on the battlefield; the sword of Lariboisière, the pistols of Ducrot, the spurs of Bessière, the pipe of Lasalle, the epaulets of Kirgener, the cross of Ponteves, the tunic of Meyrou, the sabre of Douai. There, too, is the silver heart containing the real heart of La Tour d'Auvergne, carried as a Palladium in the battles of the Empire by the grenadiers of the First Battalion of the Forty-sixth Line Regiment. La Tour d'Auvergne was named Premier Grenadier de l'Armée de la République by the First Consul himself, who sent

him a sword of honor, which to this day is religiously preserved at the Invalides. La Tour d'Auvergne was a unique figure. He could never live in retirement after his campaigns, and at the age of fifty-eight he actually took the place in the army of the only son of a dear friend, thereby satisfying his love of military enterprise and at the same time showing the depth of his love for an old comrade, for it ended his life by a lance stroke in the battle of Oberhausen. Other relics of equal fascination in this French exhibit are the renowned *petit chapeau* of Napoleon and the flag of the Thirty-second, upon which are worked the words uttered by Bonaparte after the battle of Lonato in 1796, '*J'étais tranquille, le brave* 32*me était là.*' "

The beautiful grounds were as alluring as they were extensive. On either side of the river the facilities for landscape loveliness were most exceptional. There were numerous special exhibitions of some invention, or fancy, and one of the most poetic of these was the Salle des Illusions, a bewildering labyrinth whose magical beauty was a dream. In itself this was only an octagonal salon lined with mirrors; with decorative designs for electric illumination in the ceiling, and with a few arches and pillars. In an

adjoining recess was an electric keyboard on which a skilful operator played, and the effect was something quite past description. The spectator seemed to be standing in the centre of a salon, from which in every direction endless and infinite corridors stretched away in a vista as far as the eye could see. These vast halls had ceilings over-arched, the arches mingling in wonderful semi-circles and stately rows of columns, which were, apparently, of alabaster, changing in color before the gaze, flushing to a deep rose red, paling to the faintest sea green, then deepening to the rich green of June foliage, while the infinite and endless clusters of lights were in soft rose; then the lights, all grouped in sprays and bouquets, seemed to be in mid-air rather than flashing from chandeliers, also changed in color, and the pillars were of gold, or shaded in pearl and blue, or, again, they were of rarest onyx, or red opal, the fire and rose gleaming and flashing through the dreamy haze. And again a troop of dancing girls floated down the endless vistas, or a flight of birds in rich tropical plumage winged their way through these bewildering spaces. It was all an exquisite creation, a bewildering dream of untold splendor, and the simplicity of the mechanism that pro-

duced such elaborate and Arabian Nights enchantment effects was a revelation of the magic of electricity and plate mirrors.

One could hardly visit the Salles des Illusions without finding in its wonders a certain commentary on life. A touch — and, presto! an ordinary little octagonal salon becomes a perfect scene of enchantment, a centre of bewildering beauty. The only requirement is to know how to play on the keyboard. With the right touch, the perfect combinations, all these successive effects were produced. So may one, perchance, produce the harmonies of life wherever he may wander, or among whatever group he may find himself.

The "Ville Lumière" is as appropriate in typically describing Paris the Beautiful, as it is in literal application to the river of light which her broad boulevards and avenues become in the evening. To drive down the Champs Élysées after nightfall from the Place de l'Étoile, where the magnificent Arc de Triomphe stands, — a colossal monument visible from nearly all the vistas of Paris — to the Place de la Concorde, and thence through the chain of grand boulevards, is like making a pilgrimage through starry spaces. On either side the avenue with

its triple divisions are the *cafés-chantant* defined amid the chestnut trees by arches and lines of colored lights, making the scene a veritable fairy-land; and however problematic may be the quality of musical art within, the scenic effect is delightful. The Place de la Concorde sparkles at night as if untold constellations had fallen from the skies, and the broad boulevards are all brilliantly aglow. Even the advertisements projected in the air by electric appliances become part of the magic of the *mise en scène*.

In her recognition of art, of poetry, of the drama, of literature, is found the key to this imaginative intensity of Parisian life; its peculiar vividness, sparkle and glowing vitality. France regards her poets truly as "liberating gods." Emerson declared that he thought nothing of any value in books, save the transcendental and the extraordinary. The life of the Parisian agrees with this. He asks the author, artist, inventor to be a new witness. He must address himself to life. He mirrors the passing hours and focusses the aspirations of the state into expression. He makes himself the voice of the universal demand. He images that which every man longs to realize. Well might the poet, the critic, the inventor, the leader of his day in

Paris feel that " this is the reward, that the ideal shall be made real; " that the vision of the hour shall mould the thought of the people.

The Parisian streets are a living drama. They are as enthralling as the moving pictures shown in a cinematograph.

The general transit in Paris is difficult unless it is expensive and is expensive if not difficult; for though the cabs and motors and taximetres are cheap, compared with the prices of cabs and carriages in American cities, yet no one can take these for his ordinary rounds of social life or sight-seeing in Paris without finding them a serious factor in expense. The franc and a half of the ordinary " course " is multiplied too many times a day for it not to be considered. In all the motor and horse omnibuses a six-cent fare prevails, so even the public transit is three times more expensive than in London, where a penny (two cents) fare corresponds in accommodation to the six-cent (thirty *centimes*) fare of Paris. Nor is Paris more than half as well supplied with public transit as London. In London, just missing one " 'bus," another is close at hand and it matters not; but in Paris one waits and waits, and at last when it appears, ten chances to one it is labelled *Complet*, and the driver

or chauffeur rushes on, regardless of any imploring gesture. So when one's time, not to say energy, is of any value, one is simply obliged to employ cabs or motors, and the expense, all in all, is great. But if we do not all fly through the air in an aeroplane, we certainly fly on the surface of the earth. The motor car is usually swift; but the motor cars of Paris are so instantaneous that, like the messages of wireless telegraphy, one gets to his destination before he starts! How it is possible that the Parisians escape wholesale slaughter in their streets every day, till there is not one left to tell the tale, passes one's imagination! The massacre of Saint Bartholomew would seem to be nothing to the daily massacre of the Parisians, if it were not for some miraculous intervention. Yet, curiously, the streets here are not really as dangerous as are those in American cities. The motors are innumerably multiplied, and they make a progress to which "swift" is a totally inadequate term; they are as instantaneous as lightning; but the islands in the streets are, one fancies, the saving grace. One only has to take half the width of the street at a time, and thus only watch for traffic in one direction, instead of running the gauntlet of both directions in

crossing. The destruction of the roads by the motor is far greater than that by horses; the gigantic eighteen horse power cars rush over the streets, and the rapid destruction of roads not only in Paris, but over all France, has become so serious a problem that the French Minister of Public Works has organized a congress to deliberate on new methods of construction. The roads that formerly lasted from six to eight years are now destroyed in less than two years. This congress is considering a new form of road construction, the pavement to be laid in sets, on a solid concrete foundation. The garage keepers, meantime, have increased their price for storing and sheltering motor cars, and the motor cabs extract this extra expense from the public whom they carry. All in all, the flying motors " take it out " of their customers in all possible ways. The fact is that to live, at all, in this first decade of the twentieth century is an expensive luxury. The world presents, increasingly, a grand spectacle, and one must pay the price if he goes the pace. It is expensive to live, but then it is also expensive to die, so, after all, one is apparently reduced to Hobson's choice.

Yet however extravagant an affair it is to exist,

life is extremely well worth the living. In Paris, for instance, it is so interesting, so enthralling, that it is not to be wondered that the French capital has become not only a most important centre of American life, but even of American business and enterprise. The visitors who throng Paris in the spring and find in the Champs Élysées their Elysian fields indeed, are fascinated with the motor cars, the shops, the theatres, the opera and the social gatherings. Curiously, the American visitor to Paris sees much less of French society than he sees of Italian society when in Rome. There is still a French noblesse of the most exclusive, not to say narrow, and bigoted order. It is a social life that is strangely circumscribed, and it is hardly to be entered save through intermarriage or special opportunities of introduction. In the old Faubourg St. Germain are still many of the magnificent hôtels, hidden away behind the courts and opening on lovely gardens that no one would dream existed when driving through the streets. But the superb residence regions of the Champs Élysées and the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne show vast numbers of modern palaces, whose luxury and beauty exceed description.

Although there have of late years been intimations that London was becoming a better shopping place than Paris, there can be no doubt that the Paris shops fully sustain their reputation and power. In the general sense they are the finest in the world in the lavish display, the perfection of taste, and courtesy and ease that invest the art of shopping with a glamour of delight. At the great shops of the Magazins du Louvre and the Bon Marché, every article is ticketed with its price; any and every purchase can be returned and the money instantly refunded without the slightest parley, if the customer so desire. The ease and the accommodation of Parisian shopping are something that add materially to the pleasure and the convenience of living in Paris, and the same courtesy and interest are shown to purchasers of trifles as to those who give large orders.

Across the river, through the gardens of the Tuileries, lies a region of Paris famous in social history. In one house (No. 120, Rue de Bac) lived Mme. Mohl, the famous French woman whose salon was one of the most brilliant features of Paris in the middle years of the nineteenth century, and who died in the winter of 1882. In this house, also, Chateaubriand passed

his last years, and it was here that Mme. Récamier came each day to visit him. At the very last Mme. Récamier stayed with Mme. Mohl, whose apartment was on the floor above, and on July 3 (1848) Chateaubriand died, and she was thus enabled to be called in time to be with him. All this aristocratic Faubourg is still regarded as a choice residential region, though modern fashion has established itself in the Champs Élysées. The devotion of Mme. Récamier to Chateaubriand is often alluded to by Sainte-Beuve in his "Causeries du Lundi," and in one of these allusions he says:

"M. de Chateaubriand, during the last twenty years, was the great centre of the life of Mme. Récamier, the man to whom she subordinated every one. He had his antipathies, his aversions, and even his bitternesses, to which the 'Mêmoires d'Outre Tombe' testify sufficiently. She tempered and corrected all that. Every day she had a thousand graceful inventions for renewing and refreshing praise. She beat up fresh friends and admirers from everywhere. She chained us all to the feet of her statue with a golden chain."

The narrow little thoroughfare of the Rue de Bac is filled with associations that recall

Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël.

One of the interesting excursions in Paris is that to Saint Denis, six miles distant, where around the great Cathedral of Saint Denis a town has sprung up. The legend runs that the martyred bishop to whom this church is a memorial walked from this place to Montmartre, carrying his head in his hands. A chapel marking the site of the present church was erected in 275 A. D. and in 630 a Benedictine abbey was built. The present basilica is the oldest church in the entire vicinity of Paris, and in it are the tombs of the earliest French kings. Here are entombed Louis XII and his Queen, Anne of Bretagne, in a tomb that antedates that of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, in the Certosa di Parisi in Italy. The tomb of Dagobert I, of Henry II and his queen, Catherine de Médicis (1589) the sculpture of which is by Pilm of Germany, of Fredigonde, of François I, and others are in this church. The altar of Saint Denis is a beautiful thing. There are monuments to the Valois family, and in the crypt are numerous chapels with statues of Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI and others. Many of the objects formerly kept in the treasury of the Basilica of Saint Denis are now removed to the galleries of

the Louvre, placed in the Galerie d'Apollon. There is an antique Egyptian vase in porphyry, mounted in a silver frame; an antique Roman sardonyx vase; one in rock crystal; and there is a figure of the Madonna in silver-gilt, carrying in her hand the fleur-de-lis of France.

Visitors to Paris are not, however, greatly concerned with visits to historic parts. The glow and glitter of the Rue de la Paix is far more attractive, as a rule, than the ancient haunts of sages and martyrs, and the relics of their time. The great shops of the Magazins du Louvre, the Bon Marché, the Samaritaine, the Trois Quartiers, the Printemps, and others, far and away rival in attractions the old crypts and chapels. The great modistes and arbiters of fashion are not in direct evidence. The Paquin house in the Rue de la Paix is prominent, it is true; but most of these are approached through corridors known only to the initiate. The American woman knows them well and it is to-day with which life in Paris is especially concerned.

One finds everything, every phase of interest, represented in Paris — the scientific, the mystic, the social, the artistic. It is a universe of itself,

Fountains of Versailles

this brilliant, complex, many-sided life of the French capital.

"And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations."

"*What though the bough beneath thee break?*
Remember, thou hast wings."

VICTOR HUGO.

VIII

THE PARISIAN PANORAMA

"The week at Paris! Such a strange week it was, altogether like a vision! Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell scarcely."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE Porte Monumentale of the Exposition of 1900, with which Paris ushered in the twentieth century, was preëminently typical of the French capital in all its splendor. At night it was a blaze of wonderful illumination that dominated the entire panorama with its resplendent glow. Three thousand electric lamps flashed from its arches and minarets; from its dome great search-lights swept over vast spaces, throwing into high relief the towers of the Trocadéro; the stately Arc de Triomphe; the dome of the Palais du Justice; the broad boulevards and avenues; the Place de la Concorde, with its groups of sculpture and its obelisk; or the new decorative bridge with its colossal bronze figures and lamps, — the Pont Alex-

andre III. The Porte Monumentale was crowned by a dome on which stood a statue of Paris, personified as a young girl in a ball-gown, with one hand outstretched to welcome her guests. No conception could be more typical of the French metropolis. Paris enthroned on the globe, as the city that hath all things under her feet, regally welcoming the nations to her gracious and splendid hospitalities, embodied, indeed, the national conception of France. To her legions of guests, she threw open her treasure-houses of art, her laboratories of science, her ingenious inventions, gazing upon the throngs with the radiant serenity of a being just descended from the Morning Star. Even that the statue personifying Paris was arrayed in a ball-gown (at which the artists smiled) was indicative of that spirit of gaiety and indefinable charm which characterizes and pervades the most delightful of European capitals. The very genius of the French was epitomized in the symbolism of the Porte Monumentale. The airy wit and grace; the just pride in learning, in culture, in beauty; the sense of an easy dominance, so secure it need not unduly emphasize its claim; the intimation, above all, that of course Paris stands with the world under

her feet, lofty, resplendent and profoundly significant in her unparalleled destiny.

The lines quoted from Victor Hugo on the page preceding this chapter, —

> " What though the bough beneath thee break?
> Remember, thou hast wings! "

interprets the very spirit that animates the Parisians. On the ruins of one achievement they have ever built another, far more glorious. Their supreme achievement is civilization. Through wars, they have acquired the arts of peace. They know how to dress, to dine, to dance. But these accomplishments are not merely attitudinizing; the Parisian knows how to live. Every form of animated nature may know how to exist; but the knowledge that enables a city to live is of a far different order. M. Guizot, writing the " History of Civilization " in an impressive series of volumes, contrives to reveal to the reader the infinite complexity and comprehensiveness of the art of living, — the finest of all the fine arts. Civilization suggests a mysterious development and a perpetual progress. The French manage all complex details with skill and ingenuity. Devastated by war and tumult, and the clamor of destructive

mobs, Paris has always arisen and reasserted herself by new achievements and nobler extensions. Under François I (1515–1547) Paris was a city of only three hundred thousand inhabitants. The Palais du Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville and Saint Eustache were partly finished, when (under Charles IX in 1572) came the tragic massacre of Saint Bartholomew; but with the opening of the reign of Henri IV, these structures were completed, and under Louis XIII were built the Luxembourg, the church of Saint Roch, the Palais Royal. The royal printing works were founded, and also the Académie Française. The civil war of the Fronde again wrought destruction, but under Louis XIV new thoroughfares were made, street lighting introduced; art and literature flourished; libraries, academies and the Observatoire were erected, and drama and music received a great impetus. The French genius has wings. As the bough breaks, as one foundation crumbles, a higher plane is attained. Louis XV came to his throne in a city numbering nearly six hundred thousand inhabitants, and during his long reign (1715–1774) the Panthéon and Saint Sulpice were built. Already had the Jardin des Tuileries and the Colonnade along the Rue de

Rivoli been completed, and the spacious Place de la Concorde was now laid out. Then came the terrors of the Revolution, with its frightful destruction, in the shadow of which the nineteenth century dawned; but again, under Napoleon I, the embellishments and the extension of the city went forward with renewed ardor. The sumptuous Arc de Triomphe originated in this period, 1804–1814, and the Colonne Vendôme. Several new bridges, numerous public fountains, and the Arc du Carrousel remained as monuments of this time. A large number of new streets were laid out; and the sunny prosperity of Paris was unbroken throughout the dynasty of Louis-Philippe. Paris entered on her world-wide prestige as a centre of artistic and scientific activities. Victor Hugo, Balzac, Thiers and Lamartine were the leaders of literature. Railroads were established. During the Second Empire, under Napoleon III. (1852–1870), the progress of Paris was characterized by an unparalleled magnificence of energy. The very myths of Theocritus were exemplified. Paris presented a transformation scene. Great numbers of narrow streets and many houses were swept away to be magically replaced by broad boulevards and noble architecture. Many

new churches were built, and bridges as well; the Grand Opera House was erected, and a city government perfected.

Another crisis came with the Commune. The Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries were burned; the imposing Colonne Vendôme was torn down. A portion of the beautiful city lay in ashes. But true to her innate genius, out of destruction rose construction; out of loss and disaster were created anew the splendor of a greater prosperity and deeper grasp on life. A new and more sumptuous Hôtel de Ville was built; the Opera House was completed, and the gem of Paris, the Avenue de l'Opéra, was laid out.

The ineffable charm of looking down upon this brilliant thoroughfare from the balconied windows of the Hôtel Bellevue, with the stately architectural pile of the Grand Opera house, with its splendor of statues in gilded bronze and its great dome, at the head of the avenue, while the vast palace of the Musées du Louvre are at its foot, is something that the sojourner can never forget. It is akin to looking down on the Grand Canal in Venice from palace balconies above. At night one may draw his chair outside the window and even read by this wonderful flood of electric light from lamps that hang in air like

the full moon. All the infinite vitality and sparkle of Paris is focussed in the splendid Avenue de l'Opéra with its wealth of art and literature, — paintings, sculpture, bric-à-brac, gleaming through the plate-glass windows that line the thoroughfare. One may stroll up the avenue on a night when grand opera is presented — as it is three nights each week during the entire summer, and a walk of less than five minutes brings him within the resplendent foyer of the opera house; or, within ten minutes, one easily strolls down the avenue to the Théâtre Français and to the Louvre; while the Brentano book house next door to the Bellevue, lends to the book-lover its facilities, with its vast collection of imported books. Thus one finds a lovely niche to grow in, so to speak, in the very heart of all that is most artistic and lovely in the French Capital.

The Exposition of 1878 afforded a comprehensive survey of the status of the arts, inventions, and sciences, as then attained. The Tour Eiffel was erected. Paris fairly entered on her unique place among all large cities as a spectacle of the world, — a city

> "To sow futurity with seeds of thought
> And count the passage of the festive hours."

It is difficult to account for these festive hours as so peculiarly belonging to Paris, but the fact is acknowledged by all. Other great cities and capitals are rich, interesting, significant; but it is the city on both sides of the Seine that captures the imagination.

Since the Commune of 1870, the last tumultuous disturbance that Paris has experienced, nearly forty years have passed. The entire progress of the world during this eventful period can be read in epitome in the French capital. Within a short radius of the Étoile the degree of enlightenment is reflected as in a magic mirror. Probably no other people of equal learning and culture travel so little as the Parisians. Their city is their universe. They need not journey beyond the grand art palace in the Champs Élysées to see the finest contemporary art. The representative art of the world is in their galleries in the Louvre and in the Luxembourg. The grand proportions of their architecture impress the passer-by at every turn. The cheerful aspect of the brilliant limestone, of which every house and block is built, with the multitude of trees, is perpetually harmonious and agreeable.

"The city swims in verdure, beautiful
As Venice on the waters, — the sea-swan.

What bosky gardens dropped in close-walled courts!
What miles of streets that run on after trees,
Still carrying on the necessary shops,
Those open caskets with the jewels seen.
And trade is art, and art's philosophy
In Paris."

In these lines Elizabeth Barrett Browning pictures in her " Aurora Leigh," the Paris that she knew and loved. To the poetic vision, indeed, Paris has that glamour of enchantment that never was on sea or land. It defies analysis or definition. It is a feeling, a perception, an exhilaration. Paris is not merely the world's pleasure-ground. It is the city of untraced inspirations and infinite suggestion; of trains of dreams that wait to take form in outer life; it is the air, at once, of reminiscence and of prophecy; it is, indeed, the city of romance and of destiny; of thought and of divination, — this Paris, the Beautiful.

Some one has said that Paris is an aggregation of decorated people in a city of statues. The *mot* is not inappropriate. The men who wear the *ruban rouge* are numerous. The sculpture of the city is almost as much in evidence as is its architecture.

"Here the air is thronged
With statues poised upon their columns fine
As if to stand a moment were a feat
Against that blue! What squares! what breathing-room,
For a nation that runs fast!"

There is a certain exhilaration in the very atmosphere of Paris that doubtless has its effect on the people, and is revealed in their powers of keen observation, of swift comprehension and glancing wit. This atmosphere fosters the creative gifts. "The writer, like the priest," says Emerson, "must be exempted from secular labor. His work needs a frolic health; he must be at the top of his condition. In that prosperity he is sometimes caught up into a perception of means and materials, of feats and fine arts, of fairy machineries and funds of power hitherto utterly unknown to him, whereby he can transfer his visions to mortal canvas, or reduce them into iambic or trochaic, into lyric or heroic rhyme.

"The act of imagination is ever attended by pure delight. It infuses a certain volatility and intoxication into all nature. It has a flute which sets the atoms of our frame in a dance. Our indeterminate size is a delicious secret which it reveals to us. The mountains begin to dislimn, and float in the air."

Something of this volatile and effervescent quality pervades the Parisians. It is not frivolity, but rather a keener and more delicate susceptibility, a responsiveness, showing a nature plastic to impressions. How can a people live in a city of stately and singular beauty, in the midst of art, statues and groups of sculpture on every hand; pictures to be enjoyed freely; music offered on easy conditions, shops full of dainty confections, — a city flooded with golden light nearly all the year, with the Champs Élysées all blossoms in the early spring and gleaming in iridescent opal tints in the autumn — how can a people dwell amid all this joy of color and loveliness, and not be lifted above the stolid and the dense and the unthinking? The Parisians are a product of their exceptional environment.

Then, too, the life of the city is curiously in evidence. There are a world of nameless details which are vividly before the eye. As for the visitor, he cannot, as in Italy, bestow himself in a palace with a tower, and a private chapel, a garden, and a choice of a dozen staircases, — all to be had for a few hundred *lire* a year; but instead he can procure an apartment in which every inch of space is ingeniously utilized, and

he will find that the volatile and vivacious people by whom he is surrounded, and with whom he carries on his daily traffic, are the most practical and shrewd of dealers. Henry James, contrasting the average Englishman with the Parisian, says that the latter is, at once, " more artificial and more natural; the former when the Englishman is positive, the latter when the Englishman is negative. He takes off his hat with a flourish to a friend, but the Englishman never bows. " I sometimes go to breakfast," continues Mr. James, " at a café on the boulevard which I formerly used to frequent with considerable regularity. Coming back there the other day, I found exactly the same group of *habitués* at their little tables, and I mentally exclaimed, as I looked at them over my newspaper, upon their unlikeness to the gentlemen who confront you in the same attitude at a London club.

" Who are they? What are they? On these points I have no information; but the stranger's imagination does not seem to see a majestic social order massing itself behind them, as it usually does in London. He goes so far as to suspect that what is behind them is not adapted for exhibition; whereas

your Englishmen, whatever may be the defects of their personal character, or the irregularities of their conduct, are pressed upon from the rear by an immense body of private proprieties and comforts of domestic conventions and theological observances.

"But it is agreeable all the same to come back to a café of which you have formerly been an *habitué*. Adolphe or Édouard, in his long white apron and his large patent leather slippers, has a perfect recollection of '*les habitudes de Monsieur*.' He remembers the table you preferred, the wine you drank, the newspaper you read. He greets you with the friendliest of smiles, and remarks that it is a long time since he has had the pleasure of seeing Monsieur. There is something in this simple remark very touching to a heart that has suffered from that incorruptible dumbness of the British domestic. But in Paris such a heart finds consolation at every step; it is reminded of that most classic quality of the French nature — its sociability; a sociability which operates here as it never does in England, from below upward. Your waiter utters a greeting because, after all, something human within him prompts him; his instinct

bids him say something, and his taste recommends that it be agreeable. The obvious reflection is that a waiter must not say too much, even for the sake of being human. But in France the people always like to make the little extra remark, to throw in something above the simply necessary. I stop before a little man who is selling newspapers at a street-corner, and ask him for the *Journal des Débats*. His answer deserves to be literally given: '*Je ne l'ai plus, Monsieur; mais je pourrai vous donner quelque chose à peu près dans le même genre — la République Française.*' Even a person of his humble condition must have had a lurking sense of the comicality of offering anything as an equivalent for the 'genre' of the venerable, classic, academic *Débats*. But my friend could not bear to give me a naked, monosyllabic refusal."

A more typical silhouette of the Parisian life, as seen in public places, could hardly be given. Again we find Mr. James saying:

"If Parisians, both small and great, have more of the intellectual stamp than the people one sees in London, it is striking, on the other hand, that the people of the better sort in Paris look very much less 'respectable.' I did not know

till I came back to Paris how used I had grown to the English *cachet;* but I immediately found myself missing it. You miss it in the men much more than in the women; for the well-to-do Frenchwoman of the lower orders, as one sees her in public, in the streets and in shops, is always a delightfully comfortable and creditable person. I must confess to the highest admiration for her, an admiration that increases with acquaintance. She, at least, is essentially respectable; the neatness, compactness, and sobriety of her dress, the decision of her movement and accent suggest the civic and domestic virtues — order, thrift, frugality, the moral necessity of making a good appearance. It is, I think, an old story that to the stranger in France the women seem greatly superior to the men. Their superiority, in fact, appears to be conceded; for wherever you turn you meet them in the forefront of action. You meet them, indeed, too often; you pronounce them at times obtrusive. It is annoying when you go to order your boots or your shirts, to have to make known your desires to even the most neat-waisted female attendant; for the limitations to the feminine intellect are, though few in number, distinct, and women are not able to understand certain

masculine needs. Mr. Worth makes ladies' dresses; but I am sure there will never be a fashionable tailoress. There are, however, points at which, from the commercial point of view, feminine assistance is invaluable. For insisting upon the merits of an article that has failed to satisfy you, talking you over, and making you take it; for defending a disputed bill, for paying the necessary compliments or supplying the necessary impertinence — for all these things the neat-waisted sex has peculiar and precious faculties. In the commercial class in Paris the man always appeals to the woman; the woman always steps forward. The woman always proposes the conditions of a bargain. Go about and look for furnished rooms, you always encounter a *concierge* and his wife. When you ask the price of the rooms, the woman takes the words out of her husband's mouth, if, indeed, he have not first turned to her with a questioning look. She takes you in hand; she proposes conditions; she thinks of things he would not have thought of."

Perhaps in no other city is there to be seen so strong an individuality among the general populace as in Paris. This vividness is, however, inextricably interpenetrated with the state it-

self. One begins to feel it wherever he enters the country, whether from the south through Italy or Switzerland, or landing at any of the Channel ports, Dieppe, Boulogne or Calais.

"O, sunny land of France!"

one mentally exclaims, when, leaving behind him the fog and mist and gray skies of England, he descries the brilliant French shores. The idea that there is any difficulty in arriving in Paris, even for a woman, alone, at any hour of the day or night, is an erroneous one. Nothing could be made more easy, more entirely comfortable, not to say even pleasant, than going through the formalities of arrival, which have now become very slight. As a rule, the luggage is not opened. The traveller is asked if he has anything to declare, and if he replies in the negative his word is sufficient, save in exceptional cases. Arriving one night late in the evening, at the Gare de Lyon in Paris, coming up from Rome, a lady was asked by the inspector only one question, which (translated into English) was simply — with a twinkle in his eye — "Any whiskey or cigars, Madame?" "Non, Monsieur." And the officer, far from being an ogre to

devour one and one's impedimenta beside, — ordered a porter to call a cab; the luggage and the lady were swiftly bestowed in it, and no traveller arriving in a country town in America could more quickly and pleasantly set off for his destination.

There is seldom an exception to this experience. A porter places your impedimenta in a cab, he gives the driver the name of your hotel or destination, and in a few minutes you are being rapidly rushed through the gay streets, missing by the fraction of an inch, perhaps, the great motor omnibus that looms up like the car of Juggernaut, and comes down like the wolf on the fold, or the myriad motor cars, cabs and traffic in general that fill the streets and boulevards. By what magic incantation or invocation to the gods the driver manages to escape all these madly flying vehicles that remind one of a star "shot madly from its sphere," it is impossible to imagine; but at all events one reaches one's destination, intact, as a rule, instead of in that state of *disjecta membra* which seemed only too probable. To the writer (who has passed a fair portion of the past dozen years in Paris) the dangers of the city, as they are served up in the daily press, or in novels, seem greatly exag-

gerated. Yet the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, in picturing his " Paris Day by Day," fills his column largely with the crimes daily committed. Murders almost as mysterious as those served up by Poe in the gruesome tales of the Rue Morgue; almost as intricate and strangely puzzling as those in the novels of Gaboriau or Boisgobey do occur frequently. Robberies not less extraordinary than that unfolded by Gaboriau in his fascinating tale entitled " File No. 13," baffle the Paris detectives of to-day. The curious Demoine diamond affair, which at last disclosed the ingenious fraud, and came to an end in the early summer of 1908, was a typical Paris event. The audacity of the scheme is easily a part of the criminality of the French detective novels. But all this is an underworld which the average visitor, who belongs to that part of humanity that " wears clean collars and uses tolerable grammar," would seldom if ever see during his Paris sojourn.

That part of the city lying easily between the Hôtel de Ville and the Trocadéro and stretching out through Passy; that part on the other side of the river that includes the Faubourg Saint Germain and the vicinity of the Luxembourg

gardens does not differ essentially, in its life, from the decorous Back Bay of Boston. The streets are all quiet and safe, and bear no hint of murders, stratagem or spoils.

The American in Paris is as much at home as in his own country. So greatly, indeed, is it the happy hunting-ground of the American people in general, that the assurance of its tranquil life is hardly needed. For America has provincial people no longer; they are all travellers. Some of the most stylish and altogether *chic* women one may chance to remark on a festive night at the Paris opera may have come from Dakota, Arizona, or New Mexico. As for California and Colorado, they, of course, are very much " in the swim." Nor are the South or the great Middle West in any sense relegated to the receding regions of the provincial. In fact, it might prove a despairing task to Diogenes himself, with his lantern, even with the attachment of a modern search-light to his classic, but dim illumination, to discover any corner in the *Etats-Unis d'Amérique* which has not its affiliations with Paris chiffons. And on July Fourth the boulevards are hung with both French and American flags, for Paris is a great centre of American business life, as well as a Mecca for

social enjoyment. On the evening of every Fourth of July the American Chamber of Commerce gives a grand banquet, at which the French Premier and the French Minister of Commerce and the American Ambassador are the distinguished guests. The President of the French Republic and the President of the United States are alike honored by toasts and in the addresses.

America has been extremely fortunate in her ambassadors to her sister republic. To go no further back in diplomatic history than to General Porter, who was so highly esteemed, and to Hon. Whitelaw Reid, who is now repeating, in England, the successes of his embassy to France, — to note the great satisfaction of the French people as well as their American visitors, with the present eminent Ambassador, Hon. Henry White, and the distinguished Consul-General, Hon. Frank H. Mason, — to go no further back than this record is to realize how fortunate in her representatives to France our country has been and is. Among those who represent our country abroad, he certainly holds a most distinctive and unusual place. Mr. Mason has been in consular service twenty-seven years: stationed in Marseilles, Switzerland, Berlin,

Frankfort, and now in Paris. In Mrs. Mason he has the most charming of helpers, for as things go in diplomatic life abroad, the wife of the consul-general or the ambassador is a most important factor in the service and in maintaining the *entente cordiale*. Mrs. Mason is the daughter of Judge Burchard of Cleveland, an eminent jurist of the Middle West, and she brings to her official position a grace, a dignity, a loveliness that is universally recognized by all who have the happiness of meeting her. To no lovelier hostess than Mrs. Mason could Americans go in a foreign country (if indeed there is a " foreign " country any more. Probably Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Greece and the countries of Asia in general, might seem " foreign," but certainly Paris and London do not). At the home of Consul-General and Mrs. Mason there is a different welcome from that of mere ceremony and fashion: the sweet sincerity, the cordial, unaffected kindness and sympathetic comprehension make glad the guest. The very atmosphere of this lovely home is refined, lofty, and beautiful. Indeed, it is quite worth a journey over the Atlantic to meet our consul-general and Mrs. Mason, had Paris no other attractions to offer. The power for good of noble personali-

ties cannot be estimated, but it is God's best gift on earth.

Since the American Ambassador and Mrs. White have become domiciled in their stately and splendid mansion in the Rue François Premier, the American colony in Paris, as that in Rome during the happy days of Mr. White's tenure of the American Embassy in the Eternal City, have a centre of social life as gracious and hospitable as it is refined and charming. Mrs. White in Rome and Paris, the lovely and accomplished Mrs. Hill in Berlin, the wife of the distinguished American Ambassador to Germany, and Mrs. Reid at Dorchester House in London, will all hold their respective places in the social history of *la vie diplomatique* as Ambassadresses exceptionally fitted, by temperamental gifts, refined and exquisite culture, social experience, and personal grace for the high positions which they have each endowed with new charm and significance. Mrs. White's distinction in receiving was a matter of general recognition in the brilliant and exclusive society of Rome, and it is not less remarked in Paris, even though the absence of a court might seem to lessen the opportunities for ceremonial elegancies. "Even in a palace, life may be well

lived," observes Marcus Aurelius, and these three prominent American Ambassadresses certainly illustrate this truth, each in her own life. Mrs. Hill, as well becomes the wife of a great savant like Dr. Hill, on whom no office could confer the distinction that he confers on the office, is a scholar, a linguist, a woman of the most exquisite culture as well as one of the most sincere and generous of friends, and a hostess of lavish hospitalities. Mrs. Reid, all grace and loveliness, dispenses her superb and fairly royal entertaining that marks a period in the American Embassy in London, and Mrs. White, although Paris offers no court, as do Berlin and London, needs no blaze of pomp or ceremonial as a scenic setting for her social sway. Meeting her one cannot but recall

> "Well shows the gentle lady's mien
> That courts and cities she has seen."

Every shop and restaurant in Paris that has American custom, and every one that sells any especial American commodity, flaunts the American flag on Independence Day. The American Art Association celebrates the date by an American dinner. All the leading hotels, where custom is so largely made up of American guests,

also make a festival of that day. The Arc de Triomphe and Bunker Hill are not so very remote from each other, and, naturally, there are obvious reasons why the sympathy of France with American institutions is more *en evidence* in Paris on July Fourth than in London. In many respects, indeed, the French and the American nations have more in common, even though race and language intervene, than the American and the English. They share in common the capacity for enthusiasm, for ingenious resource, mercurial swiftness in mental processes and a certain gladness in life that is perhaps largely a matter of temperament and environment, fostered by living in sunshiny lands. The English proverbially take their pleasures sadly, and isolate themselves, as they do their houses, in high walls and hedges of reserve.

American women are greatly liked in French society. They are considered to be especially agreeable and adaptable. There is apparently no limit to French cordiality, and it is quite a *mot* that *la femme Américaine* makes the best of Parisiennes. She knows how to wear a Parisian costume; she enters into the spirit of Parisian life; and she feels in coming to Paris, that she quite comes to her own.

But the summer of 1908 accomplished a wonderful work in the deepening of *l'entente cordiale* between France and England. The Franco-English Exhibition, held in London, attracted constant visits from French organizations. The Channel boats were the theatres of perpetual pilgrimages. Such representative bodies as L'Art pour Tous and L'Association des Instituteurs pour l'Education et le Patronage de la Jeunesse made their visits, and were most hospitably welcomed. They would be entertained at a *déjeuner* at the House of Commons, and afterwards shown over the Houses of Parliament. They would visit the Franco-British Exhibition, where a luncheon would be given in the machinery section, presided over by Mr. Cathcart Wason. The party would go to St. Paul's Cathedral, and later to various receptions. They were invited to the Alhambra by the directors. A visit to Marylebone Workhouse, while some of the members of the society visited the Zoological Gardens, would be part of the day's appointments.

The Association des Instituteurs pour l'Education et le Patronage de la Jeunesse was represented by seventy-five members, and was received at the County Hall by the chairman of

the County Council, who was accompanied by Sir Benjamin Cohen, Sir George Goldie, the Rev. F. Hastings, and Mr. Edward White. The party made a number of visits, the main feature being that to the Houses of Parliament, where Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M. P., president of the National Union of Teachers, conducted them around.

Welcoming the visitors, the chairman of the L. C. C. expressed a hope that seeing that instruction in French was given in sixty-nine of the elementary schools of London and in all the secondary schools, French and English children, by thus knowing one another's languages, would be able to visit one another with all the greater pleasure in after years. Such episodes are more than the mere international courtesy of the occasion. They are signs of the times. The National Fête of the French (July Fourteenth) celebrating the fall of the Bastille, was enthusiastically celebrated in London in this summer of 1908. On that day in London " English and French visitors alike appeared to join hands, metaphorically speaking, in an effort to give a living aspect to Anglo-French friendship," said the *London Telegraph*, and added, " In furtherance of this object the French and British author-

ities in London and at the Exhibition itself cordially associated themselves. In place of the annual ceremony at the French Embassy, the French Ambassador, M. Paul Cambon, gave a reception at the Garden Club, and was himself, earlier in the day, entertained at luncheon at Paillard's Restaurant by the managing committees of the French Chamber of Commerce in London, the French Hospital, and the Société de Bienfaisance. The grounds of the Exhibition were lavishly decorated for the occasion with the entwined flags of France and Great Britain, and among the special features organized for the day for the pleasure of the international visitors generally were a display of daylight fireworks, followed by special illuminations in the evening. They included showers of grotesque figures — cats riding on turtles, Chinese dragons, horses and jockeys, spiders, octopus, bombs, and tiny parachutes.

" By these means camaraderie became something of a real thing quite early in the day. It was not, however, until nightfall that something of the Parisian ' abandon ' that one remembers in connection with the Fête Day in Paris itself took quite a considerable hold on the international visitors, British as well as French. It is

true that our somewhat phlegmatic fellow-countrymen appeared to be rather too self-conscious to give way to dancing. Perhaps they did not readily grasp the meaning of the occasion as exemplified in the conduct of their French *confrères*. But they did their best to be most unusually gay. In addition to the usual illuminations by means of thousands of small lamps such as give the impression of a city 'built again in fire,' the principal walks were outlined by large white and poppy-colored lanterns. The entire effect resembled an Eastern feast of lanterns, and within this brilliant environment the cosmopolitan crowds appeared to hugely enjoy themselves and to make the most of 'Entente Cordiale' Day."

The story of "Paris, the Beautiful" cannot be limited to the *Ville Lumière* itself. Any interpretation that pretends to any degree of adequacy must include the relations of France to other countries; and the manner in which the bond has been strengthened and deepened by the Franco-British Exhibition, and the social commingling that spectacle has entailed, is a matter of interest in contemporary progress. Russia has entered into the spirit of the *entente cordiale*, so that France is doubly secure in her

Continental relations. The French Chamber of Deputies is now making serious efforts to deal with social problems, the most immediately important of all being the income tax, but as this is also a revolutionary problem, it has been held over. The labor problem confronts the state. The General Confederation of Labor demands increase of wage and decrease of work. The Employees' League threatens labor with a prolonged boycott. At the moment the prospect is full of menace. Something of the temper of the labor market may be seen in a sudden decision of the employees of the *bateaux mouches*, or steamboats, on the Seine, to cease work just at the moment when such inactivity was of most inconvenience. The Sunday crowds, preparing for their usual jaunt up-river to suburban *plaisances*, were cruelly disappointed at the immobility of the river steamers. The General Confederation has branches in all parts of Europe, and is taking the temperature of the country by declaring partial strikes. In this way a strike reigns at Boulogne in certain industries, which, however, has had no effect at this moment except to permanently replace the strikers by other men. But the sinister practices of the agitators, the sudden

suspension of work, without notice, and other proceedings of the kind — are bad omens for the immediate industrial future of France.

All this social agitation has its root in the political conditions. While capital and labor are, for the hour, apparently seeking agitation and antagonism rather than reconciliation, making a problematic social situation, the political problem is that of the antagonism between socialist and *bourgeois*. To the present *régime* this condition contributes elements of both strength and weakness. " The electorate is well aware," says a Paris political authority, " that Clémenceau stands between it and Communism; hence its representatives are careful by no act of theirs to let in the enemy. Were it not for this great danger, the government had been upset a hundred times. The fear of socialism has proved the beginning of wisdom and resulted in an unheard-of political stability."

Another benefit of the Franco-British Exhibition in London is that, with the numerous cheap excursions provided to the English capital, the desire for travel is suddenly developed, and multitudes of the French, who have never before left their country, are availing themselves of the opportunities afforded. The scenes at the

depots of the Channel journey, the Gare Saint Lazare and the Gare du Nord, have been typical illustrations of the manners and temperament of the untravelled *bourgeois*. The scene of an evening is thus vividly pictured by a local writer:

"Processions of railway omnibuses, cabs, motor cars, and motor 'buses carried Parisians and their luggage and their bicycles to the great termini, and left them there to fight with station officials and porters. The scenes at the chief railway depots on Saturday evening almost baffle description. When the rush of people is greater than usual, the French official seems to lose his head, and all notion of order or organization is abandoned. It must be admitted that the French crowd is by no means easy to handle at such times as these. What, for instance, is to be done with five hundred people who crowd on to a platform at eleven o'clock, in search of a popular excursion train for Trouville or Dieppe, advertised to leave at one o'clock in the morning? At the former hour the train has not even been made up, and the platform is required for other traffic. But it is no good telling the crowd that. They have come in good time so that they may make sure of good

places, and they refuse to go away. While the officials are trying to make the excursionists listen to reason, several hundred more people arrive with boxes and trunks to be registered. The personnel allotted to these formalities very soon finds itself unable to cope with the work, and the public adds to the confusion by rushing hither and thither looking for their luggage. On Saturday evening, at the Gare du Nord, the officials were in such a helpless muddle that they refused to register the baggage, piling up on every side of them, and on Sunday the platforms were littered with trunks, hampers, and valises whose owners had left them to be sent after them, or were waiting until it was possible to have them extricated from the heterogeneous mass and consigned to their destination."

The excitability of the Parisian populace is, or may be, any day's tragedy. The most apparently insignificant cause will incite a display that the inexperienced observer would regard as hardly less than a street riot. The terrific visions that Zuloaga perpetuates on canvas are rivalled by the fierce and sudden tumults in a Parisian crowd, excited by the scramble for places. Even at the regular omnibus stations

in the city, where each passenger must procure his ticket before entering, the spectacle is usually a more or less startling one to the novice, although the method adopted is really in the interest of preserving order and safety.

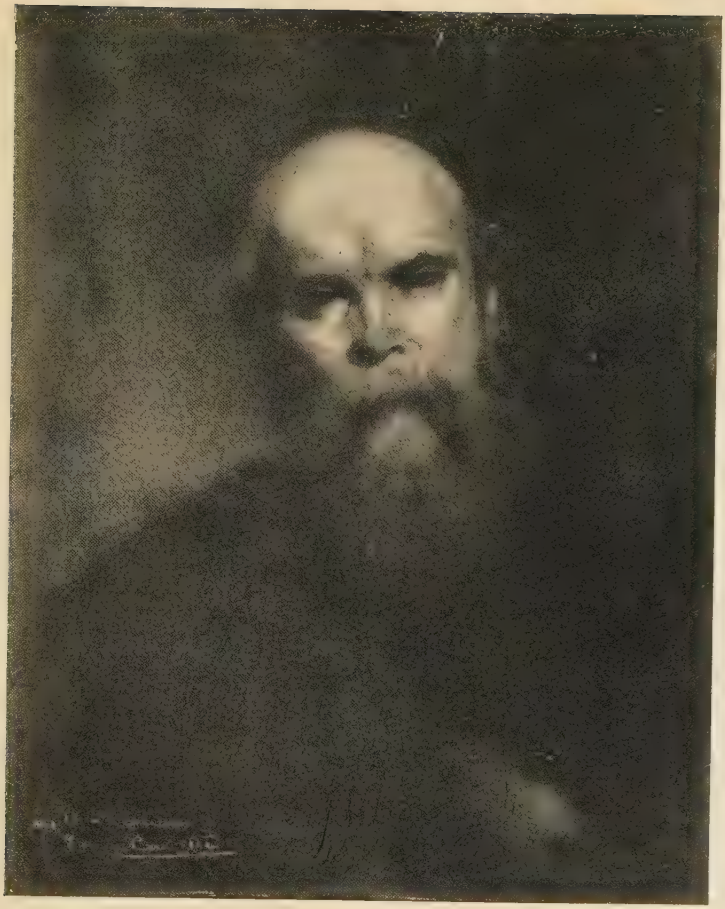
The National Fête (commemorating the fall of the Bastille) was until within the past two or three years, celebrated in Paris with unparalleled taste and artistic beauty. The Boulevard Michel would be festooned by golden globes; the Champs Élysées would be decorated in colors, till, in the evening, when the electric illumination glorified the spacious avenue and the chestnut groves, the scene was a fairy-land. Of late the decorations have not their former beauty; but one curious feature of the day is thus described:

"Not the least impressive ceremony of the French national holiday is the demonstration which takes place every year in the Place de la Concorde, before the statue of Strasbourg. For the last twenty-seven years the Ligue des Patriotes has annually deposited flowers at the foot of the statue, and draped it in black. Veterans who had fought in the war, Alsatians and the sons of Alsatians, stand silently in tears, looking on, and listening to the speeches. M.

Paul Déroulède, the president of the league, as usual, headed the demonstration this year, and came to Paris specially for the purpose. A number of friends went to shake hands with him, but not a word was spoken. He headed the procession, followed by the band, a delegation of ladies, and the bearers of the great wreath of immortelles, bound with the colors of Alsace and Lorraine. The cortège went round the Place de la Concorde, and then came to a halt in front of the statue of Strasbourg. When the wreath of flowers had been deposited at its foot, M. Déroulède stood up on a small platform alongside, over which the national colors were flying, and, with dramatic voice and gesture, repeated the watchword of the league, 'Vive l'Alsace-Lorraine Française!' Thundering applause immediately followed from the crowd in the square, and was taken up by the thousands who stood along the Rue de Rivoli, and in the gardens of the Tuileries. The procession then started on its way to the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, in the Place des Pyramides, singing the 'Marseillaise.' Flowers were also deposited at the foot of the statue of the national heroine."

It is not without significance that the twen-

tieth century was inaugurated in Paris by that magnificent spectacle of the Exposition, in which the arts, the sciences, the inventions, the industrial products, all registered the progress of civilization, while the nineteenth century had been ushered in with tragedy and terror. A hundred years had seen the most remarkable development of the nation and of Paris itself. *Evolution* of the most impressive character had succeeded *Revolution.* In its onward course a monarchical government had given place to the Republic. Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality was no mere rhetorical phrase, but was informed with life. Letters and art had flourished. The nineteenth century was that of Madame de Staël (who lived until 1817); of Maximilian Paul Émile Littré, whose greatest achievement was the French Dictionary; of Père Lacordâire, Laplace, Madame Récamier, De Tocqueville, Châteaubriand, Montalembert, Béranger, Comte, Dumas, *père et fils*, Michelet, Cousin, George Sand, Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, the brothers Goncourt, Renan, Prosper Merimée, Balzac, Eugène Sue, De Maupassant, Sainte-Beuve, Alphonse Daudet, Cherbuliez, Zola, Paul Verlaine; of Arsène Houssaye, Gautier; of Corot, Millet, Delacroix, Decamps,



PORTRAIT OF PAUL VERLAINE. *Eugène Carrière*

Meissonier, Doré, Rousseau, Daubigny, Rosa Bonheur; of Gounod and Chopin, — not to speak of Puvis de Chavannes, Falguière, and other artists, whose work extended into the twentieth century, and of those modern artists like Rodin, Carolus-Duran, Raphael Collin, and Besnard, besides the scientists and *littérateurs* who enrich the twentieth century, and whose best work, perhaps, in some instances, is yet to come. Baron Haussmann fairly reconstructed Paris, creating the splendid chain of boulevards and the broad avenues that endow the city with its spacious beauty. It would require volumes to chronicle, in any adequate sense, the marvellous transformations that Paris has undergone from time to time. The charming city has had as many " states " as a painter in his work. Henry James speaks of " the deadly monotony of the Paris that M. Haussmann called into existence," and proceeds to declare that, " its huge, blank, pompous, featureless sameness sometimes comes over the wandering stranger with a force that leads him to devote the author of these miles of architectural commonplace to execration. The new street," he continues, designating the spacious Avenue de l'Opéra, " is quite on the imperial system;

it must make the late Napoleon III smile with beatific satisfaction as he looks down upon it from the Bonapartist corner of Paradise. It stretches straight away from the pompous façade of the Opera to the doors of the Théâtre Français, and it must be admitted that there is something fine in the vista that is closed at one end by the great sculptured and gilded mass of the former building. But it smells of the modern asphalt; it is lined with great white houses that are adorned with machine-made arabesques, and each of which is so exact a copy of all the rest that even the little white porcelain number on a blue ground, which looks exactly like all the other numbers, hardly constitutes an identity. Presently there will be a long succession of milliners' and chocolate-makers' shops in the basement of this homogeneous row, and the pretty bonnets and bonbonnières in the shining windows will have their ribbons knotted with a *chic* that you must come to Paris to see. Then there will be little glazed sentry-boxes at regular intervals along the curbstone, in which churlish old women will sit selling half a dozen copies of each of the newspapers. . . ."

Mr. James is the most charming of analysts,

and his genius for penetrating into mental subtleties may predestine him to demand tortuous and winding thoroughfares; but for the average citizen or visitor the broad streets and gleaming boulevards, all laid out on the star system, radiating from a common centre — a centre that is invariably a small park or circle, with sculpture and with trees — cannot but be a signal charm in the beauty of Paris.

M. Victor Cherbuliez, writing of Renan, has observed that to Renan life meant " a bundle of great things, and of workers who refused to be discouraged by unfulfilled purposes." This observation might almost be applied to the city as a whole. It is said there is really a new Paris every ten years. To picture it in its splendor would require the magic of Sebastien Mercier. It is a vast aggregation of keen and forcible individualities, any one of whom may largely determine the destiny of the hour in some momentous direction.

For instance, so powerful is M. Francesque Sarcey, as the great dramatic critic of the day, that he is considered to " hold the future of a play in the hollow of his hand." Of no one critic of art in any other city could this be said, however great his prestige or unerring his judg-

ment. That this is true in Paris is simply due to the great emphasis laid here on individuality.

"*C'est l'imagination qui gouverne le genre humain*," said Napoleon, and in this assertion he touched a truth especially characteristic of the Parisian. Never was a city more swayed by imagination; more determined by it in its praise or its execration (for there is no middle ground among this ardent people); more governed, indeed, in every detail by an impress made on the imagination.

The various Expositions, — from the first one in 1798, which lasted thirteen days, to that magnificent one of 1900, which continued from May till October inclusive, — these Expositions, mile-stones, as it were, in progress, have especially impressed the French imagination. The Parisian fairly hears with his eyes. He thinks with his eyes. In these displays he reads the synthesis of the century, and sees reflected the genius of France. The marvels of astronomical research, of chemical discoveries, of electric power and inventions were all demonstrated at this vast spectacle. On both sides the Seine, from the Jardin du Tuileries to the Trocadéro, were these palaces erected. Who can ever lose the memory of that glittering Fairy of Elec-

tricity on a high dome, typical of a potency unseen, yet capable of holding the stars in their courses? Of the scene by night, when one might fancy the constellations had fallen from the heavens and were radiating their glory before the eye? A colossal group of sculpture showed "Humanity Guided by Progress," — the figures symbolic of water, fire and light. There was the salon where, in a celestial glow, was a replica of the planetary system; the sun shining; the stars and planets faring on their celestial way. There was the Salle des Illusion,[1] more wonderful than all. The Doge's palace in Venice, the Kremlin in Russia were in replica; an artificial volcano imitated its original; the spectacle of the Mareorama, whereon one sailed in a magic ship to magic lands; Algiers, the Golden Horn; the submarine panorama, where one seemed to actually descend and see what really takes place at the bottom of the ocean, — not to speak of the art of the civilized world shown in the salons of the Grand Palais des Beaux, or the multitude of expositions, and the valuable congresses and conferences, — these

[1] This remarkable feature of the Paris Exposition of 1900 is described in "The Florence of Landor;" Boston: Little, Brown, and Co., 1905.

are all unforgetable. Never was the very spirit that animates a people more absolutely translated into color, form, and life than was that of the French nation in this Exposition.

Life in Paris has a perpetual fascination. It is invested with learning, dignity, power and significance. It is enriched by noble beauty and by picturesque interludes. One may wander into the Madeleine, that wonderful temple copying Grecian art at the head of the Rue Royale, for the midnight mass on Christmas Eve, and watch the throngs who kneel before the cross of flowers laid on the floor, — *L'adoration de la croix*. Here, where Père Didon held his audiences for two hours under the spell of his wonderful eloquence, the visitor may listen to music by the great artists of the Grand Opera, and later go forth to supper and join in the *Réveillon*. On November first all the bells of the city toll from their towers and at Saint Gervais is given Palestrina's impressive Messe Solennelle.

The art of conversation is still, as in the days of the classic salons, a fine art in Paris. There still exists the nucleus of the party which hopes against hope for the restoration of the monarchy; those who are *plus royaliste que le roi*, and who feel that the absence of a court is fatal

to society; who refuse to accept the receptions at the Palais d'Élysée as any substitute for the royal occasions, and who intrench themselves behind their own iron gates. The attitude that the remnant of the *ancienne noblesse* still left assumes toward the Palais d'Élysée is not different from that held by the " blacks," the adherents of the Vatican, in Rome, toward the court of the Quirinal. The Faubourg still refuses to recognize the official society of France. But the official society life proceeds, all the same, and sometimes even one of those exclusive mortals is lured to an occasion of brilliant life. " The indispensable is always secured in one way or another, and even sulky people consent to dine," says a French wit.

The Faubourg cherishes its faith that there is nothing to live for, but society in general dines and dances. " There is not now, as heretofore," remarked a Parisian, " a common centre of attraction, but different systems of worlds, a Legitimist, a Republican and a Bonapartist, though the first and last often meet on the same ground; and, indeed, all three occasionally come together, under the common impulse of the love of luxury and mundane pleasure. There is so much money in Paris, and some of it must

be spent; and if birth, as such, sulked forever, wealth would still cry for its feasts and dances."

Paris society is largely, however, exotic. The stranger within the gates, if he be presentable and agreeable and remains long enough, or returns often enough to hold remembrance, is by no means an unimportant factor in the social life. The ideal of the salon that whatever was to be said must be cleverly said, still holds true in the modern drawing-room. Everything is discussed, — politics, finance, the latest book, the new play, philosophy, occultism. Every hostess has her *jour* and these five o'clock reunions are almost invariably occasions of brilliancy, and a meeting of wits, who converse on those topics of the hour full of significance and interest — not the less profound or real because of the subtle and fascinating manner in which they are discussed. " Egeria is no longer to be sought in a cave," says some one; " she gives little dinners, and she is accessible at afternoon tea." The conversation is not that aimless and formless expression of mental vacuity that it is in many gatherings in other cities, but, instead, it is realized that the wit and grace which was formerly the glory and the pride of Parisian life has by no means departed.

PARIS, THE BEAUTIFUL

Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard University has said[1] that, " At least, in America, the French are supposed to be frivolous and unprincipled," and he continues:

" The France evident to casual travellers and generally set forth in such French literature as comes to foreign notice is very different from the France you come to know for yourself. The external aspect of them is identical, no doubt; just as the language is. In both, too, as everywhere else on earth, is a regularly organized, orderly society, side by side with various vagary from social order. The true difference lies in the fact that those who know France from report are apt to suppose vagary to be the rule of French life, while those who know France from personal experience will probably agree that the most profound characteristic of the French is their conscientious devotion to their regular duties. The question accordingly becomes that of how such divergent impressions can result from a common cause.

" To begin with, we may well put aside some obvious reasons for the opinion usually held by foreigners. One general authority for it may be

[1] The France of To-day: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

found in the gossip of tourists. It is honest, gleeful or indignant as the case may be, and reducible to a simple fact true of travel anywhere. No matter where a stranger may stray, he will see instantly the most irregular, the least respectable, the most broadly commonplace phase of the society which surrounds the hotel where he has taken up his momentary abode. Throughout the nineteenth century Paris has been perhaps the most attractive capital in Europe. It has attracted to itself, at least, more visitors than any other. More than any other, accordingly, it has developed into what seem permanently established forms those various catch-penny devices for the allurement of strangers which make any great city, in certain aspects, more like a mere watering-place than one always quite understands. In fact, however, the Paris of travel — the hotels and the theatres, the streets, the museums and the restaurants, together with endless other places of public entertainment — is the least Parisian, and the least French Paris imaginable. It is only one more of the great places of amusement open — for human good or ill — all over the world."

With his usual clearness Professor Wendell, whose lectures and whose presence made the

most charming and apparently ineffaceable impression on Paris, thus characterizes the social life.

An atmosphere of light and color; of the keenest and most sympathetic human response in joy or sorrow; an atmosphere, too, that is peopled with lofty visions and with ideals of loveliness; that has its significance as well as its sensation; its inspirations of thought and purpose and the duty of high fulfilment, — an atmosphere in which the treasure-houses of art are opened to all with lavish hospitality; where drama and music make the hours enchanting, — this is the atmosphere in which one lives and moves and has his being in Paris, the Beautiful.

" Know you where it was I lost my wings? "
" Oh, poet, at the Mart of Sordid Things,
Where the merchants strive and barter all day long,
Where the clamor of the huckster drowned your song —
Oh, poet, at the Mart of Sordid Things! "

" Know you where it was I lost my wings? "
" Oh, poet, at the House of Pleasing Things —
At the place of noisy laughter, where the mirth
Of wine and feasting dragged your song to earth —
Oh, poet, at the House of Pleasing Things! "

" Know you where it was I lost my wings? "
" Oh, poet, at the Place of Trifling Things;
The little scorn, the spite, the lesser love —
These maimed your song and killed the sweets thereof;
Oh, poet, at the Place of Trifling Things! "

" Where, then, shall I find my wings again? "
" Oh, poet, in the Prison House of Pain —
From the silence, from the anguish, from the night,
Shall the sudden song of singing thrill to flight;
Oh, poet, in the Prison House of Pain! "

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

IX

THE SPIRIT OF PARIS

"Meanwhile the Cardinal Ippolito in whom all my best hopes were placed, being dead, I began to understand that the promises of this world are, for the most part, vain phantoms, and that to confide in one's self, and become something of worth and value, is the best and safest course."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE spirit of Paris could be no more perfectly defined than as that in which the individual confides in himself, and becomes something of worth and value. The general Parisian life offers characteristics peculiarly its own. Among the humbler classes there are thrift and comfort to a far greater degree than in London, and far more than is seen in the Italian cities. The laboring classes have their little reserve fund of money laid by; they live in comparative comfort and are always able to take a holiday in the Champs Élysées, or a picnic in the Bois, even if it extend no further than the limits of the electric

tramway. On a holiday, whole families will be seen ensconced in the comfortable seats in some part of the Bois, the children frolicking on the grass, the mother sewing, the father reading aloud to her from book or newspaper. Nothing could be more simple, sincere and satisfying. They are all comfortably clad, with a certain neatness and sense of taste that is a part of the French birthright, and they take their day's pleasuring with easy mind and contented heart. For all the sensational tales of immorality in Paris, it is yet a fact that among all the working classes the ties of family life are unusually strong. The wife is closely associated with the husband in everything. He does not go off to his work leaving her at home, but she is by his side. If there is a shop, they keep it together; if he pulls a fruit car, or vends other matter around the streets, she trots at his side and does the business with the customers. If he is employed as a porter, she will be in some service in the same house. Even when he is employed in repairing streets, or as a workman on new buildings, she is not unfrequently seen guarding some wall in process of construction that pedestrians may not go too near, or engaged in some similar way. The foreigner who looks on and

sees these things often jumps to the conclusion that the home side of life is lacking among these classes of the French; that they have no domesticity. On the contrary. The day's work over, the man and woman betake themselves together to their room or apartment, and he kindles the fire that she may cook the supper; or, more likely, they go out together to a table on the sidewalk (if it be in summer), or inside the café, if in cold weather, and partake of the dinner served for a franc. The children are, meantime, committed to the convent, or convent schools, where they are duly cared for; and while a comparison of the methods of the French and the American *ménage* is not unfrequently supposed to reveal the grave defects of the former, it is not certain that a more intimate knowledge of the French method would not ensure a balance in its favor.

Of course one does not make the rash assertion that there is no poverty — terrible poverty — in Paris. Of no large city could such an ideal condition of life be predicated. There are the *quartiers* of the *chiffoniers* — the rag-pickers; there are the localities of vice; but the writer of this volume has never seen those regions; has of them no knowledge from personal obser-

vation, or from statistics, and this volume does not make any pretension to offering the results of a complete study of Paris. It does not pursue the social economics of the city, nor even its philanthropics (the most beautiful element, indeed, in Paris, the Beautiful), nor its social institutions; these would require professional study and research, in order to deal with them in any adequate manner; and, more than that, all these aspects of the French metropolis have already been dealt with, in numerous volumes, by savant and statistician in a manner so complete, so accurate, and so able in both presentations and deductions that they stand to date as the final word.

This little record of the crystallized enchantment of many springtimes and early summers in Paris, — of flowers and friends and lights and loveliness, all blending in the luminous, opalescent haze of memory, — only aims to interpret some of the impressions of the ineffable beauty of rare mornings under the blossoming chestnut trees of the Champs Élysées, of hours passed in the rich galleries and salons of art; of summer sunsets, against whose glow the tall towers of the Trocadéro were silhouetted, and whose after-glow enveloped the twin sentinels

JEANNE D'ARC. *Raphael Collin*

of Notre Dame in a filmy mist of golden light, shot through with gleams of amethyst and sapphire, as one gazed down the vista of the river. It is only the calling up of lovely images, — of the little dinners and friendly *cinq l'heures* at the private hôtels of those luxurious individuals who have an entire house of their own (the term, hôtel, of course, in Paris, denoting the private residence, as well as a hostelry), or, as more customary, in some pleasant apartment, whose balconied windows look out on the Parc Monceaux, or on the stately beauty of the avenues radiating from the Étoile; of the profoundly interesting conferences at the Sorbonne, of wonderful visits to the Observatoire, of late afternoon drives through the wild wood paths of the Bois, of long morning saunterings in old churches and chapels and historic interiors. Or again, out of these memory pictures, there gleams one of a Sunday afternoon in the studios of Raphael Collin; in the studio *intime*, — the great working room, where immense canvases of his decorative paintings made the place resplendent; or, again, in the studio, which is a salon as well; partly lined with his cabinets where, behind the glass doors, are displayed his splendid Oriental collections; Assyrian vases, jars, and cups, and Indian

antiquities; a numerous array of the most exquisite Tanagra figures; a bronze Buddha, almost life size, serenely contemplating the *vie moderne*, and two lesser figures of Buddha of rare and curious workmanship; masks that hang on the wall; Oriental pictures; and a Japanese screen that incites the enthusiasm of the connoisseurs of *l'art Orientale;* where a portrait of the artist's father, in a sitting pose, reading a newspaper, is so informed with life that one involuntarily looks for this gentleman of the benignant aspect to lay down his journal and speak. A portrait of the artist's sister, Mlle. Collin, — herself an artist — full-length and life-size, in a bewilderingly pretty costume, is another feature of this studio, that enchains the guest; while more than all, is the impressive and intensely interesting presence of M. Collin himself, one of the most cultivated and charming of French artists, and one of the especially favorite professors in the Académie des Beaux Arts. Lingering in the studio of Professor Collin, one cannot but recall these words of Mrs. Browning, " I wish to live just as long and no longer than to grow in the soul," for they seem to express the intent of this artist, who is singularly poised, serene and beneficent; radiating influence and

lofty suggestion and all nobleness of aspiration and achievement in a manner that reveals his own life to be one whose object is to "grow in the soul." Great artist that he is; admirable teacher and counsellor in art, — his force and exaltation of temperament impresses one as being the rarer gift, or the finer inflorescence of character.

Like an incantation rises, too, the memory of afternoon hours in the studios of Émile Bourdelle, sculptor and poet, to whom M. Rodin wrote, in a personal letter:

". . . You have in you all the elements of true happiness; and I wish for you that force to regulate and conserve your work so that this force shall not escape. Work — work — *toujours* work — and you will arrive at great results."

At a banquet given in honor of Eugène Carrière, M. Bourdelle was the poet of the occasion, and in a letter acknowledging the honor paid him, M. Carrière wrote:

. . . "To you, *cher ami*, my great and profound emotion, dear friend, and great poet, and great sculptor that you are, I owe you a debt of gratitude."

In the studios of M. Bourdelle are a number

of striking groups of sculpture. One of the photographs obtained for this volume shows the sculptor himself sitting meditatively just behind the group " La Guerre," his face leaning on his hand, in his working blouse among his marbles. M. Bourdelle is considered as ranking only second to Rodin in the plastic art.

Reference has already been made in these pages to M. Rodin's uncanny statue of Balzac; but since that writing, so swift is the march of the days — " daughters of Time, the hypocritic days " — in this wonderful twentieth century, that Rodin has again expressed himself very clearly regarding this work, which, in the most recent of interviews, he declares to mark the crisis of a transition period in his art life. A Paris critic, visiting Rodin at his home in Meudon, writes:

" Au musée Balzac, inauguré il y a quelques jours, figure une maquette signée du grand sculpteur Rodin et représentant l'auteur d'Eugénie Grandet, debout, bras croisés, réfléchissant, appuyé à un angle de table. Cette œuvre est l'une des nombreuses études qui précédèrent le célèbre Balzac, tant contesté, et qui fut — on le sait — l'objet de polémiques fameuses.

" Or, l'un de nos confrères ayant recueilli

comme vraisemblable certaine rumeur selon laquelle la maquette du musée fut, en son temps, refusée par le comité Balzac, et le bruit ayant couru d'autre part que la statue définitive aurait été composée, en grotesque, par l'artiste vexé, désireux de se moquer de ses juges, nous sommes allé demander à M. Rodin son opinion sur ces appréciations singulières.

" Devant les échafaudages du temple qu'il fait construire pour abriter sa collection d'antiques, à Meudon, sur cette admirable terrasse d'où l'on domine un décor immense, nous apprenons au maître l'étrange nouvelle dont, tout de suite, il sourit."

Thus introducing his subject, he quotes M. Rodin as saying:

" Je ne me bats plus pour ma sculpture, dit-il. Elle sait depuis longtemps se défendre par elle-même. Dire que j'ai bâclé mon Balzac â la blague est une insulte qui m'aurait fait bondir autrefois. Aujourd'hui, je laisse passer et je travaille. Ma vie est un long chemin d'étude; me moquer des autres, ce serait me moquer de moi-même. Si la vérité doit mourir, mon Balzac sera mis en pièces par les générations à venir. Si la vérité est impérissable, *je vous prédis que ma statue fera son chemin.*

" Mais, à l'occasion de cette méchanceté qui fera long feu, je tiens à vous dire ceci: Il est temps que ce soit affirmé, et très haut. Cette œuvre, dont on a ri, qu'on a pris soin de bafouer parce qu'on ne pouvait pas la détruire, c'est la résultante de toute ma vie, le pivot même de mon esthétique. Du jour où je l'eus conçue, je fus un autre homme. Mon évolution fut radicale: j'avais renoué entre les grandes traditions perdues et mon propre temps un lien que chaque jour resserre davantage.

" On plaisantera peut-être cette déclaration. J'en ai l'habitude et je ne crains pas l'ironie. Je l'affirme donc très nettement: le *Balzac* fut, pour moi, un émouvant point de départ, et c'est parce que son action ne s'est pas limitée à ma personne, c'est parce qu'il constitue, en soi, un enseignement et un axiome, que l'on se bat encore sur lui et qu'on se battra encore longtemps. La bataille continue, *il faut* qu'elle continue. Balzac a contre lui les docteurs de la loi esthétique, l'immense majorité du public et la plus grande partie de la presse critique.

" Qu'importe, il se fera, par force ou par persuasion, une voie vers les esprits. Il y a des jeunes sculpteurs qui viennent le voir, ici, dans l'atelier, et qui pensent à lui en redescendant les

sentiers, dans la direction où leur idéal les appelle.

" Il y a des gens du peuple qui ont compris, des ouvriers, de ceux qui continuent, rares dans la foule, l'ancienne tradition des métiers où chacun créait son œuvre avec sa conscience et n'apprenait pas son art dans les catéchismes officiels.

" Quant au public, il n'est pas blâmable. La faute remonte à ses éducateurs. Le sens de la beauté et le goût de la raison sont perdus. Il n'y a plus chez nous de place ni d'estime pour les hommes qui modèlent leur âme tout seuls. Et puis l'immense majorité ne s'intéresse plus à l'art, ne voit plus rien de l'art que par les yeux de quelques arbitres assermentés.

" Pour moi, sachant la vie courte et la tâche grande, je laisse faire et je continue mon œuvre au-dessus des polémiques.

" Et voilà comment j'ai composé mon *Balzac*."

No translation into English could quite do justice to this inimitable French wit and divination of the unspoken opinions of others. Not that the opinions regarding this creation — which still remains the *dernier cri* in modern art even more than a decade after it was first exposed — have been at all inarticulate; not but

that the figure has been nearly a *casus belli* between nations, not to say individuals; still there remain depths of unspoken comment which M. Rodin feels, and thus answers. His affirmation that *des jeunes sculpteurs*, as they go down his hillside after visiting his *atelier*, will carry with them a new ideal, after seeing this figure, is as true as it is frankly naïve. Nothing could more effectually efface any lingering "*l'ancienne tradition*" than the responsive study of this figure, created, as M. Rodin assures us, "*avec sa conscience.*" It is manifest that M. Rodin has not, as yet at least, achieved any measure of the broken and the contrite spirit in relation to this work, and that he is in no mood of repentance or of reparation. The time may not be so far distant when Paris will regret that this masterly and marvellous interpretation of Balzac which has called his very innermost life into visible form, is not arresting the eager and ardent attention of every passer-by in the streets of Paris, rather than the more decorous and academic creation — fine though it is in its own way — of M. Falguière. Rodin chooses his subjects — in life as well as in nature — at the moment of fullest expression. That, to him, is the psychological moment. "Nature,"

he says, " is full of fine form, of design." He adds that he " observes long the model " and then . . . " *C'est par cette étude patiente que j'ai retrouvé, parfois, les procédés des Grecs, grâce au travail lui-même, et non en imitant leurs statues.*" The key to Rodin's work is to be found in his temperament, that holds itself aloof from the ordinary currents of life, not with conscious intent, but rather by the force of that atmosphere of mystic exaltation in which he lives and moves and has his being. One of the innumerable critics of Rodin has said that he " talks about art as a farmer talks about crops," to which M. Rudolf Dircks rejoins:

" . . . And these abstractions — the neurotic images of a Baudelaire, the horrors of the *Inferno*, the soul of a Victor Hugo, or a Balzac or a Rochefort, or a Peruvian beauty — are to him as much the affairs of his daily life and thought as corn and pasture are to a farmer. He talks incessantly of nature, of its secrets, of its beauty, as containing the whole problem, in art, that really matters. He does not approach nature with preconceived ideas. He does not wish to pose or arrange it; for it has its own poses, its own arrangement, which are sufficient

in themselves. '*La nature*,' he tells us, '*se compose elle-même.*' "

But *à nos moutons!* The memory pictures of lingerings in the studio of Émile Bourdelle bring before one the impressive bust of his creation, that of Jean Dominic Ingres, "Œdipus with the Sphinx," whose "Francesca da Rimini," and whose "Pope Pius VII" fascinate the lingerer in the galleries of the Louvre or in the Sistine Chapel in the Palace of the Vatican in Rome. Ingres (whose life extended from 1780 to 1867) entered on his work as a pupil of David, thus linking two generations of art. His bust, as modelled by Bourdelle, suggests the deep religious fervor and the impassioned devotion to color that characterized his art.

Eugène Bourgouin is another of the names associated with Sunday afternoon studio talks in Paris. Born in Rheims in 1880, this young artist has already arrived. Before he was twenty-five he had received medals and prizes galore and all that stimulus of sympathetic recognition and encouragement that France gives to her artists.

In the Église Sacre Cœur on Montmartre is the "Head of Christ," in relief, as modelled by

Bourgouin, — the upturned, pathetic face; the clasped hands, the thorns resting on the hair, — the pathos and the tragedy of the countenance irradiated by that luminous consciousness of eternal purposes, as contrasted with temporal suffering. It is a most remarkable work; and out of all the representations of the Christ in sacred art, — ancient and modern and contemporary, — this conception of the young artist stands out with an impressive distinction of its own.

One group of his sculpture entitled " La Mort et la Mer," is considered very highly in the latter-day art of France.

Bourdelle is celebrated for three busts he has created of Beethoven, each in a different pose of the head, as orders from Germany; and the expression of the divine composer, in its mingled power, pathos, and patience; the intent air

> " as if he heard and strove to render
> Feeble echoes of diviner strains "

is wonderfully depicted.

Auguste Lepère is one of those versatile Parisian artists — a brilliant *raconteur*, a delightful host, an artist whose studios offer the most curiously fascinating interior, — an etcher, en-

graver, illustrator, ceramist, printer, bookbinder, as well as a painter, — to whom the visitor in Paris is apt to gravitate on a Sunday afternoon. M. Lepère is, himself, more marvellous than his work, and yet his work is as many-sided as it is admirable. When it is recorded that his contribution to the Salon of 1908 (the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts) consisted of sixty-three paintings and also a series of drawings and sketches, engravings and etchings besides, it will be evident that his art has rank. Of course the paintings were largely of corners and bits of landscape.

One of M. Lepère's greatest works is an original etching of the Cathedral at Amiens. He is the illustrator of Maupassant's "Deux Contes" and "Les Images de Pierre Ronsard," also of the "A Rebours" of Huysmans. His leading characteristic impresses the visitor as being an almost phenomenal power of swift and complete comprehension of any subject in thought. He grasps an idea, *tout complet*, with the most incredible swiftness; his eyes take in all the details of a scene in the same way; and the anomaly is that there is nothing superficial about this gift. Lepère is the very incarnation of modernity. Pierre Hepp, writ-

ing of Lepère to the *London Athenæum* (in June of 1908), has said:

"Après avoir rendu l'hommage que veut une salle entière consacrée à l'œuvre peint et gravé de M. Lepère — bel artiste de tradition, sinon créateur de formes nouvelles — nous pouvons gagner les locaux de la Société des Artistes Français. Il est de règle de constater l'impression de désarroi que l'on éprouve en franchissant le seuil de celui des deux Salons qui se donne pour le refuge officiel de la bonne cause. Ne craignons pas de répéter, au risque d'être banal, qu'un réel découragement s'empare de qui se borne à jeter un coup d'œil rapide sur les kilomètres de toile peinte que suspendent à leurs parois les plus vastes compartiments dont le Grand Palais dispose."

M. Siroux, in a lengthy monograph on M. Lepère, notes that with all this marvellous celerity and plasticity of technique, his art is "essentially serious," and proceeds:

"He often arrives at that impression of profound emotion and high artistic serenity which is almost allied to semi-religious feeling. This contact with the 'silence of things,' this intimate and entire association with nature and the sublime is found in several of the works of

Lepère. A sentiment which seems to have profoundly moved Lepère in the finest of his works is the need for and search after ' unity,' and in this he sometimes reaches heights of real grandeur. It is only the ' Proteans ' of art, those who are able to approach her under the aspect of several different mediums, those who are not merely executants, but thinkers and theorists, who are able thus to attain to the creation of something superior to nature, that is to say, nature epitomized and transfigured in the calm mirror of one of its finest creations, the deep and transparent soul of an artist. Such glamour of synthetical art you find in the waves which Lepère paints on the flat Vendéan coasts, in the blaze of sunshine with which he illumines his clouds, in the groups of heavy peasants under the bright atmosphere of his villages of Vendée, in the grand peaceful lines of trees bordering his ponds and rivulets."

The artist's father was a sculptor, and he was reared in the studio atmosphere. He grew up with the conversation of the studio haunting his mind, and he dreamed of his ideals, — Manet and Monet. For he was an Impressionist born. He made an early success of engraving on wood, earning by this means the needful

funds for his art study. "As an engraver," says M. Siroux, "his technique goes back to the old masters of the sixteenth century, whose methods of strong design and cursive strokes he has adopted. But for all that Lepère is not archaic. For him, as for the old traditionists, to return to the past is simply to brush off the dusts of tradition and reject cumbersome theories."

One of his most beautiful works is an engraved silver placque in niello for "La Légende Dorée." An angel stands in the foreground, her draperies blowing about her, while three others —her sister band—are grouped just behind; the figures are all of indescribable grace and beauty.

The spirit of Paris is felt as that whose persistent aim is "to become of worth and value." While poverty and vice and the tricks of the vagabond and the criminal are no more absolutely eliminated in Paris than they are in London or New York, this affirmation still holds true. The poet, the artist, and the *litterateur* find here a more subtle and profound and instant recognition than perhaps in any other country. It is "at the Mart of Sordid Things;" it is "at the House of Pleasing Things;" the "Place of Trifling Things," that the poet loses his

divine gift; throws his power from him as Gyges cast his ring into the sea; and he finds his wings, as the poet tells us, "in the Prison House of Pain."

> "From the silence, from the anguish, from the night,
> Shall the sudden song of singing thrill to flight."

There are few, indeed, of these great artists who express themselves in painting, poetry or in the plastic art, who have not learned well their lesson "in the Prison House of Pain;" who have not profoundly recognized that discouragements and obstacles not unfrequently incite higher intellectual activity and stimulate the imagination to a degree wholly unattained in conditions of ease; that, as Matthew Arnold has said, —

> "The tasks in hours of insight willed
> May be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

The celestial visitors are apt to arrive in those "mournful midnight hours" which Goethe celebrates.

The artists, the scientists, the men and women who are the great forces of modern progress in France are those who know the Heavenly Powers. A large proportion of them are born

of the people, with no capital save that inestimable one of talent and of character. They have trodden the upward path, but they have not lost their souls " at the Mart of Sordid Things."

To the feminine guest in Paris one brilliant centre of interest is the Lyceum Club, which occupies a beautiful house in the Rue Bienfaisance, near Saint Augustin's. The vicinity is one of the most attractive in Paris. Quite near, at the corner of the Rue Monceau and the Boulevard de Courcelles, is the magnificent palace of Prince Murat, whose drawing-room windows on the first floor open on an expanse of terrace, stone-walled and green-hedged, that is hardly less enticing in its dreamy, elusive beauty than are the Colonna Gardens in Rome.

The *hôtel* of the old and famous De la Rochefoucauld family is not distant. This is still occupied by the present dowager Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, while the young Duchesse, (formerly Miss Mattie Mitchell, the daughter of the late Senator Mitchell of Oregon) is domiciled in the old Faubourg. Many an epigrammatic " maxim " of the old Duc de la Rochefoucauld, whose name is one of the glories of France, rises

to one's mind in passing the family mansion in the Faubourg.

The house occupied by the Lyceum Club — of which Mme. Besnard is the accomplished president, and Mme. Curie, the distinguished scientist, is one of the members — formerly belonged to an Italian prince. The richly decorated ceilings, the elaborate carvings of the solid mahogany doors, attest its claim to being one of the palatial houses of Paris. Nothing could be more simply cordial and hospitable than this club, whose membership includes the distinguished French women, and many of the American sojourners in Paris and its vicinity. The club life has already proven itself to be a strong bond of unity and mutual sympathies.

No more truly cosmopolitan life can anywhere be found than in Paris. While there are riches and rank and power, and a still existing nucleus of the *ancienne noblesse* who hold themselves in an exclusive society, there are circles not less patrician because more inclusive and liberal. There is a surprising — to the foreign visitor almost, indeed, a wonderful — *esprit de corps* among the artistic fraternities. "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" is no mere phrase of rhetoric; to a remarkable degree it is lived in the daily

life, and manifested in loyalty of zeal to a common ideal, and in mutual sympathies, comprehension and encouragement.

In the beautiful white marble church in the Avenue de l'Alma with the Gothic spire pointing upward making itself one of the impressive architectural landmarks on the horizon is fairly focussed the highest expression of the spirit of Paris. In Holy Trinity, or the "American Church," as it is sometimes called, there is always burning the living coal on the altar. The interior, all of white marble, seems, indeed, the temple of the Holy Spirit. It is of the purest Gothic design, the vast pillars and arches of the marble entwining in stately beauty. The La Farge windows in their glow of color and the exquisitely wrought reredos alone break the snowy whiteness of walls and arches and roof. The reredos depicts with the clearest presentation, perfect in its simplicity, the great essential truths of the Redemption of mankind, — the Nativity, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and the Ascension of Jesus, the Christ. Marvellously uplifting and beautiful as is this church when the sunshine without, or the electric lights within, fill it with a golden glory that seems not of earth, it is far more glorified by

the faithful and fervent ministry of its founder and rector, Rev. John B. Morgan, D. D., who in August of 1908, celebrated the thirty-fifth year of his work in Paris. Under Dr. Morgan's inspiring leadership this edifice, which stands pre-eminent in all Europe for the most exquisite architectural beauty of any American church on the Continent, has been built and completed and it is the expression in marble, — the crystallization, so to speak, of hopes and beliefs, of noble ambitions and generous aspirations, of faith fulfilling itself in tireless aid to those in need, and of prayer to God and communion with the Holy Spirit. All this beauty of holiness, of the faith that makes faithful, is wrought into this living temple of the Lord.

On every day of the year, at half-past eight in the morning, the Holy Communion is celebrated at the altar. Every week day the church is open to all from nine till five for private prayer. In Dr. Morgan's church faith constantly expresses itself in works. The church has extended itself in Holy Trinity Lodge, in the Rue Pierre Nicole on the other side of the Seine, where there is a chapel for services; an industrial school of which Mrs. George Munroe is the directress; an hospital; reading-rooms and a circulating

library; classes for a course in French following the lectures delivered at the Sorbonne; classes in French literature and in history; lectures and a musicale once each week. At this chapel, St. Luke's, there are two services each Sunday and on holy days, and it is always open for prayer and meditation. On the first Sunday evening of each month Dr. Morgan himself is the preacher at Trinity Lodge, and St. Luke's is in charge of Rev. Isaac Van Winkle, M. A. Dr. Morgan is assisted at Holy Trinity by the curate, Rev. H. W. G. Mesny. Miss Carryl Smith is the deaconess in charge of Holy Trinity Lodge and Mrs. Frederick Langley is the superintendent of the mission work. One of the features which Dr. Morgan's tender consideration designed in his church is a mortuary chapel where the dead may be placed in the interval before burial, or before carrying the body to another country, as is often desired. The customs in Paris had been peculiarly hard for those bereaved and this sacred room is of the greatest comfort and aid to those in sorrow. Under Dr. Morgan's ministry this church radiates its aid and makes itself one of the greatest forces for moral progress and for helpfulness to those in need. "Let every soul be subject

unto the higher powers" is the keynote of Dr. Morgan's teaching; he holds that life is for ministry and aid; and in his own noble and generous life is daily exemplified the words which he has chosen as the motto of the church paper:

"Work as though you would live forever,
Live as though you would die to-day."

The long and eminent ministry of Rev. Dr. Thurber in Paris is one of the great chapters of the English-speaking life in the French capital. For a long period of years his ministry in the Presbyterian Church was a noted feature of the American life and the fine social influence of Dr. and Mrs. Thurber will long linger in Paris. His resignation of his pastorate here to accept a leading one in New York was a matter of deep regret to a very large circle of friends as well as to his own parish.

No unimportant factor in all this aspiring, ardent, lovely and progressive life is that beauty which invests Paris with its atmosphere. "All beauty warms the heart," says Emerson, "is a sign of health, prosperity, and the favor of God. Everything lasting and fit for men, the Divine Power has marked with this stamp. What delights, what emancipates, not what scares and

pains us, is wise and good in speech and in the arts. For, truly, the heart at the centre of the universe with every throb hurls the flood of happiness into every artery, vein, and veinlet, so that the whole system is inundated with the tides of joy. The plenty of the poorest place is too great: the harvest cannot be gathered. Every sound ends in music. The edge of every surface is tinged with prismatic rays."

The suppression of the religious orders has wrought a great change in Paris, and has effaced many old landmarks of historic and sacred interest. It has inevitably produced some hardship and misfortune, while, in the larger view of the great aims of social advancement, it is generally recognized as a factor in the onward progress of the people. This progress is attested, monumentally, on every side. One drives past the noble group of sculpture in the Avenue Pasteur that commemorates the great benefactor of mankind; and the Pasteur Institute, occupying an entire block, is one of the Meccas of all scientific men and women who visit Paris.

It is currently declared, as a *mot*, that Americans make the best Parisians. Certainly the American residents who share the privileges of

the French capital are not wanting in effort to contribute to her beauty and richness of opportunities. The Petit Palais recently received a munificent gift of pictures and bronzes, valued at some half million of dollars, from an American resident who prefers to withhold his name. M. Dujardin Beaumetz (assistant secretary of the State Department of Fine Arts) and M. Henri Lapanze, the curator of the Petit Palais, have received and accepted, on behalf of the state, this splendid collection, which includes a "Clair de la Lune," by Jongkind, one of the most marvellous works of that artist, dated 1855; "The Seine at Trocadéro Bridge," by Lepine; "Les Scieurs de Long," by Sisley; "The Scotch Fisherman," by Raffaelli, "Les Cygnes," by La Touche, and also a number of original bronzes by Barye.

The American visitor to the temple under the golden dome of the Invalides, where rests the massive sarcophagus containing the body of Napoleon I, reads over the portals the words that embody the Emperor's intense love of his country. Something in the atmosphere of untold allurement and charm inspire this love of the sunny land in all her visitors and sojourners; and this inscription hardly implies

a greater devotion to France than her citizens and colonists continuously manifest. The République Français is the object of intelligent and ardent support, and of ever increasing loyalty on the part of the American, as well as the French residents.

Has the patron saint of Paris, Sainte Geneviève, left upon her city the spell of her consecrated energy and sublime faith? One may not dream amiss in believing that he can still recognize an influence that persists through the ages; that exalts and ennobles life, and that makes the great and brilliant city one in which the spiritual energy and greatness equals the loveliness and enchantment of atmosphere, and that both meet and are expressed in Paris, the Beautiful.

THE END.